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The
**BUSY MAN'S
MAGAZINE**

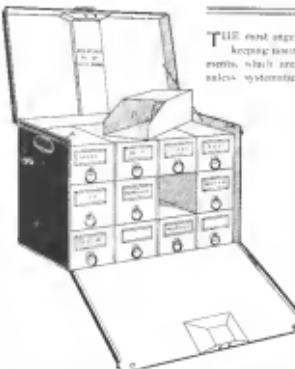
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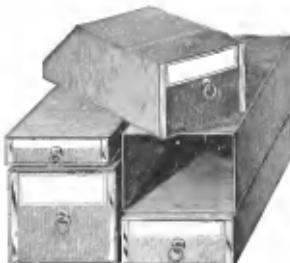
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THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

(Formerly "Business")

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1906

LIFE STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE

PAGE

Russia's First Walking Delegates By KELLOGG DURLAND 17
The story of Adalys, leader of the peasant and labor party in the Russian Duma.

A Magistrate Who Redemeats Orphans The St. Louis judge who has made an innovation in his treatment of prisoners accused of dishonesty. 70

The Real William Randolph Hearst By JAMES CREELMAN 100
One of the cleverest character sketches of a remarkable American.

HUMOROUS SHORT STORIES

The Casey-Murphy Handicap By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER 11
An amusing contest between two middle-aged brothers with a comical conclusion.

Casablanca, the Office Boy By MONTAGUE GLASS 20
How a plucky boy obeyed instructions to the letter and saved his employer a thousand lire.

The Yarn of an American Munchausen By A. W. G. BARNES 30
One of those incredible and irresponsible yarns which are usually told with the straightest face.

Mr. Minter's Hobby By FRED JAY 56
Mr. Minter's peculiar hobby was to support only the companies in which he held stock.

Phyllis' Follies By GELETT BURGESS 107
A sketch on the woman who tries to make herself beautiful by physical culture.

King Solomon was a Black Man By ST. J. GREENE 111
How an old dandy philosopher proves that King Solomon was black.

POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS

Birmingham—A Remarkable City By G. B. HARRIS 5
The unique connection which exists between Birmingham and its first citizen, Joseph Chamberlain.

A Visit to the House of Lords By MICHAEL MACDONAGH 25
An entertaining peep into the Upper Chamber, with some account of its character and work.

College Men in Business By H. J. HAPGOOD 32
Showing how intended turning away the college graduate, employer's client, their services.

Liberia, the Negro Republic By AGNES P. MARDINE 73
Parting out how the negro republic, started so auspiciously in 1848, is degenerating.

Small Expenses of Big Businesses By A. 85
How the unimportant items mount up and create a heavy drain.

DEVELOPMENTS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The Art of Inventing	By EDWIN J. PRINSLIE	PAGE
Shows how inventing is generally a slow and methodical process of a		77
whole other kind.		

Expensive Economics		PAGE
Examples of how transportation companies are spending large sums of		91
money to produce economies of time and money.		

ENTERTAINING ARTICLES FOR THE WORKERS

A Mine Owned by the Miners	By ARTHUR COOK	PAGE
The story of how a coal mine in Michigan was started and is being operated		37
by miners.		

The Life of a Locomotive Engineer	By W. S. STONE	PAGE
An article by the Chief of the Brotherhood, giving actual experiences.		42

Mining Diamonds at Kimberley	By JAMES S. HAMILTON	PAGE
An account of life in the diamond mines written by a young American who		45
worked there.		

The Men Who "Also Ran"	By CHARLES F. AKED	PAGE
Words of exasperation for the plodders who never attain to the high places.		49

A Small Business or a Good Position?	By W. S. GIVEN	PAGE
The fallacy of arguing that a man in business for himself is better off than		50
if on salary.		

The Value of Foresight		PAGE
The necessity for planning ahead if a worker will escape worry.		58

Some Wise Advice for Investors		PAGE
Pointing out the pitfalls into which investors are liable to stumble.		51

The Beautiful Pearl Industry	By WILLIAM DURHAM	PAGE
Explaining what the pearl is and how it is secured by the divers.		58

MISCELLANEOUS

New York—City of Mammom	By MAXIM GORKY	PAGE
Gorky's scathing condemnation of the American standard of morality.		52

The Humor of the Colored Supplement	By RALPH BERGENGREN	PAGE
An attack on the crudity and vulgarity of the comic supplement.		64

The Highwayman	By ALFRED NOYES	PAGE
An example of the poetry of the young English poet who has suddenly		96
gained fame.		

The Cayote of Old Edmonton		PAGE
A glimpse of the life of the capitol of Alberta, contrasting past and present.		113

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Inside With the Publishers

In order to give a somewhat lighter tone to the magazine, the editorial department have decided to include more fiction in the table of contents. Up to the present time one story a month has been deemed sufficient, but there seems no reason why we should not increase the number to half a dozen, in view of the fact that the short story is always so popular. The busy man needs mental relaxation perhaps more than any one else and stories are a good remedy for tired brains. To this end, we are interlacing several bright little pieces of fiction among the heavier articles in the present issue, trusting that the innovation will be approved by our readers.

Next month the magazine completes its first year under our management and to signalize the event, we intend to make the October number a particularly large and good one. It will be practically a special number. There will be half a dozen of the best short stories procurable and a department of humor will be introduced.

Another innovation, which we feel sure will be appreciated, will be the reproduction of fine drawings of comic pictures. These are always enjoyable and we want our readers to look forward every month to the pictures which we shall reproduce. We intend to make use of the best drawings in the comic papers of the day.

Words of approval of *The Busy Man's Magazine* are still being uttered and written. Mr. George Anderson, manager of the Crown Tailoring

Company, Limited, Toronto, writes: "I have been delighted with *The Busy Man's Magazine*. The articles are well chosen, are concise and well written. For a busy man I know of no other magazine that will compare with it."

From Prince Edward Island the voice of the Charlottetown *Guardian* is heard, raised in approval. "*The Busy Man's Magazine*," says the *Guardian*, "is one of the most appreciated monthlies which comes to hand. It is verily what its name denotes, containing the best thought, fiction, and achievement of the day and placing it in order before the busy men who have no time to hunt through the hundreds of magazines, which this periodical lays under contribution and selects from with such success."

There is a tendency to be noted in the United States to raise the price of magazines. This applies to those publications which do not rely entirely on fiction for their popularity. The story magazine always sells well but it is found by the publishers of those magazines which cater to more thoughtful readers, that a minimum price of fifteen cents per issue is imperative. Thus it is said that the price of *McClure's Magazine* will shortly be advanced to that figure. The meaning of this is that people will have to pay more for their magazines. In some cases this will result in a reduction of the number subscribed to. At a juncture like this a periodical like *The Busy Man's Magazine* comes in handy. It will fill the void caused by the absence of other familiar publications.

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

No. 5

Initiative

THE world reserves its big prizes for Initiative. Initiative is doing the right thing without being told.

- * But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once.
- * There are those who never do a thing until they are told twice; such get no honors and small pay.
- * Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay.

Elbert Hubbard.

Birmingham—A Remarkable City

BY G. BENTON BAERIS IN PERTINENTLY REVIEW

The home of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is a modest one, possessing several unique features. Among these the most prominent is the only which characterizes the actions of the men of the city—a unity which was not clearly demonstrated in the British party elsewhere. This close relationship between Mr. Chamberlain and the men of Birmingham is a riddle to many.

FOR long time now it has been the habit of some writers and speakers to refer to the municipality of Birmingham as having always been the great pioneer of municipal progress. It is to be hoped that those writers and speakers are not equally incorrect in the other statements they make, or it is feared they are not much to be relied on. For whatever may be the position which the municipality of Birmingham to-day holds in relation to other municipalities—and that position is a very high one—its title to distinction has only accrued within times which are too recent to be complimentary. Until recently its public buildings were barns and its shops warehouses, and when, at last, inspired by a sudden and eccentric aspiration to do something really great in the way of building—something that should at once stagger and appease criticism—they told their architect to build a town hall, it stood for years, as the Parthenon on a modern coal-ttip would stand, as a Puritan in Paradise, or an undertaker at a wedding

would stand, anachronistic, white-elephantine and alone. Men are yet quite young who saw their council house, their law courts, and their general hospital built, and then Corporation street driven through a collection of fetid courts and hovels to which even a cottage-property owner would have hesitated to give the name of houses, and these are the only notable public buildings the city possesses, though there is now fast rising into communion with the incumbent clouds, the domes and spires of a fane that will banish shame from the brow of the city for ever, and render imperishable the memory of the splendid and judicious energy of the illustrious personality with whom its foundation will ever be associated—the beautiful and imposing university buildings. Both in its business methods and in its buildings the City of Birmingham was without display of any kind. Display, even now, is invariably in inverse ratio to production. The most lucrative of the businesses are hidden away behind rows of cottages at four shillings a week

rent, and the only apparent approach is through narrow passages, in which two people could not pass with comfort. The expedient of municipalization, as applied to public works, was a gothic and unknown thing to Birmingham, even so recently as just before the time when, stung by the Aston riots, Lord Randolph Churchill thundered against the "Russian despotism," the "Venetian Espionage," and the "Oligarchy" of the city. Scarce a dozen moons have waned since the one primary essential—an exhaustless water supply—has been amply secured to the city, and the age of its open spaces may be told by the immaturity of their verdure. A pedestrian is still in imminent danger of his life in one of the busiest parts of its main street, a spot where five streets converge, from prehistoric things, dignified by the name of tram engines, which exhale pestiferous fumes, make an ash-heap of the street and exude oleaginous secretions which render the foothold of men and of horses alike always extremely precarious, and sometimes deadly. Even their tram-systems have not yet been municipalized. The city still refuses to give its lord mayor a salary, and thus exhibits to the world the unparalleled spectacle of a community, the most democratic of democracies, placing the lodestar of all civic ambition far beyond the reach of those of its units, however worthy, who do not happen to be rich men. In an age of municipal progression Birmingham, as a city, remained stationary. In an impassable age Birmingham, as a municipality, remained impervious. It called itself democratic, and exhibited, both in its general civic inaction, and in its extreme deliberation over the few civic motions it had ever made, a conservatism

deeper rooted than its own industries; a conservatism the more implacable and unrelenting, because it habited along in the vestments of democracy. By nothing had it ever justified the assumption on its heraldic shield of the majestic apophthegm of "Forward." In almost every salient feature unique amongst the great municipalities of the empire, the City of Birmingham, as a corporate thing, was only rescued from derision and obloquy by the refracted glory it derived from the unofficial enterprise of the men of Birmingham.

Birmingham men were all born to business, and to politics, as the sparks fly upwards. They were cradled in business-like cradles. They were nurtured on methodical and business principles. They wore business-like clothes. Everything they touched was touched with an eye to business. They wooed without sentiment, married for, lived to make, and died to leave, money. That was always the way in Birmingham. During their lives they interfered in nothing but their business, their religion, and their politics. Indeed, even their religion and their politics were as much matters of business as were their means of livelihood. The affairs of their religious denominations were conducted on strictly business lines. The balance sheet was as much an article of their religious, as of their secular, rurik. Should the morning lessons from the pulpit refer to the passage of the Red Sea, their practical minds incessantly conceived a much easier mode of transit by means of ferry boats, worked by their own turbine boilers. Should any portion of the service refer to the construction of Solomon's temple, visions of lost contracts for iron girders danced before their chagrin eyes. But it

was on politics that they more especially brought their business instincts to bear. Even in ordinary times, when the political affairs of the nation were going forward, calmly, under a blue sky, the local organizations proceeded in a rhythmic, business-like way. Committee meetings were held at regular intervals, and the pulse of the city was always under the foreinges of a vigilant, but unobtrusive, executive. When the blue sky became dotted with drifting storm-clouds, the strings of organization began to vibrate and to tighten automatically. The subsidiary committees in the wards heard the tinkle of the bells, for danger had been scented at the "central." If it turned out to be only a false alarm, or an insignificant disturbance, there was a low grumble, of which the correspondence columns of the local press became the safety valve; and it was all over for the time. But if their political programme or their industrial were hit, or likely to be prejudicially affected, the country heard about it in double-quick time. Their protests were not confined to talking. The verb "reform" was, with them, a very active verb, and when they did begin to conjugate it, it always ran into the future tense. They never looked back after they had once started. They reflected first, and being convinced of the justice of their demands, they suppressed all wild and wanton opinions, and moved slowly forward with determination, honesty, and zeal, for from long experience of political agitation they had realized that—

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control:

These three alone, lead life to sovereign power."

And history is not silent of how the

Parliaments of England, not once or twice, but many times, in this "rough island-story," have shrank from collision with the grim visages of the democracy of Birmingham. In times of crisis, a Birmingham political demonstration was not a matter that could be lightly treated. Inspired by no other motive than zeal for their cause, employers voluntarily closed down their works, toilers offered to give up their day's wages, great industrial enterprises marked time, the pyrotechnic genius of Brock and the resources of railway companies were enlisted, and special trains were run in order that the men of Birmingham might demonstrate in a manner that should be national in its proportions. Lord Randolph Churchill, Colonel Bursbys, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Charles Darling, Mr. Lloyd-George, and many other courageous but intrusive strangers could all have told what a business-like proceeding a political demonstration in Birmingham was.

Most of the representative Birmingham men at one time or another have served on some kind of public body, and possess slightly more than a citizen's knowledge of local administration. But they never allowed that to interfere with their legitimate businesses. The meetings, therefore, were held in the evenings, and were attended by them on their way home from business before they had washed the dust of the day from their faces and hands. They generally reached home about ten o'clock, and going straight to bed, slept until six the next morning. It has always been a peculiarity of their commercial life that their nearest friends are never quite sure what their particular businesses really consist in. Often, indeed, they themselves are not quite

ware. The general impression is that they "have something to do" with iron, brass or gold. That is to say, they are, in one undefined way or another—often in more ways than one—peculiarly interested in the process of melting, burning, and twisting this raw material into shapes recognizable by the wayfarer of life. It may be pens, pins, needles, or toy pistols. It may be the chaotic setting of orient pearls for the white bosoms of civilization, or the rude welding of polished steel for the dusky nostrils of barbarism. It may be the molding of a lectern for the rites of Christendom or the bronzing of a fetish for the eye of idolatry. A gossamer wire, or a tubular bridge, pop-guns or heavy ordnance, tubes drawn or welded, a steam engine, or a dog collar, it may be all or any of these, or it may be something else. Nobody knows for certain, and nobody cares. The businesses also by which they make their money are invariably not the businesses in which they started life. The most successful of the businesses are carried on by men who, in their early days, least some other business. Being, however, thoroughly versed in general commercial methods, they are able with unconcerned volition to vary their occupations, according to the exigency of the moment. If they are beaten in the open market by rails from Belgium, they are able by a quick transition, and often apparently without change of plant, to turn out iron sheets for corrugated roofing. If American or German competition makes it not worth their while to continue the manufacture of tubes for cycles, they turn to bedsteads, collar-studs, or hairpins. Iron and brass are their staple material. Anything that it is humanly possible to make out of that

material the men of Birmingham can and do make; and the kind of thing they make out of it depends entirely upon whether the demand at the moment is for a tubular bridge or a trumpet, a toy for the hand of a lady, or sheet armor for a helmed crusader.

Their wealth is not realized so much by what may be called profits in market overt as by their capacity to "buy" well, in deriving means for reducing the cost of production, and on discount for ready cash. Social consequence is the corollary of a big banking account and a big house. Even a big banking account, however, unaccompanied by a big house, gives little social consequence to a man in Birmingham, and men are continually dying there with a private record of £100,000 whose existence, if it had ever been known, had been forgotten until it ceased. Genealogy they care nothing about; for uniformity of occupation breeds no class distinctions during life, nor violates the levelling democracy of the grave after death. They are all manufacturers, and if some manufacture in a little shed at the back of their dwelling-house they are equally manufacturers with those who cover acres with their groaning machinery and employ five thousand hands in the canal-banked expanses of the adjacent Black Country. All interests are identical. The touch of occupation makes the whole race kin. A sympathy in tool insures a fellowship in danger. If, therefore, a stranger hit one he hits the lot; and the outrage is resented down to the latest dusty neophyte at the anvil. Withal, they are a very proud, independent, and virile race. What though they wear monkey-jackets, and are, in working hours, scarcely distinguish-

able in outward appearance from the artisans they employ, they hold in very slight estimation the silk hat and frock coat of the outer world. The homogeneity that distinguishes their occupations, their facile volition in commercial resource, extends also to their modes of thought, their motives, and their conduct. The same qualities in a public man that appeal to any of them appeal to all of them. The same impulses that move the individual move the multitude. Hence, though they are often engaged in fierce trade disputes and competitions amongst themselves, they always present a common front to an outside enemy. The expression, "the men of London," "the men of Liverpool," "the men of Glasgow," as designations of the inhabitants of those cities, possesses a wholly different meaning from the expression, "the men of Birmingham," as applied to the inhabitants of the capital of the Midlands. The "men of Birmingham" are by birth, instinct, training, associations, and interest Birmingham men. This doubtless accounts to a great extent for their racial inseparability. Hence when they speak to the country and when they demonstrate they do so, not as Englishmen merely, but more particularly as Birmingham men, with one aim and with one voice, stolid and unmistakable.

While they have always been, and still are, in their own affairs the most conservative body of men it is possible to meet, in politics they are the most democratic. But they have always been loyal and true, except when unmercifully attacked by irresponsible bairns like Rupert. It is true that the men of Birmingham do not think deeply. They are inspired, controlled, and protected by a kind of natural instinct or sagacity that is congenital in them, and which, when applied to the scrutiny of political propositions, enables them unerringly to distinguish the practical from the chimerical. Having always been in the van of politics in the past, their knowledge is not of the ad captandum kind which makes men unduly elated or dejected over political questions. Their political knowledge is sound, their political traditions are historical. They understand that there are principles even in politics, and so they are able to look upon the undulations of politics with a due regard to the rules of perspective. Hence they have invariably been the first to realize political possibilities, and to agitate for them, as is evidenced by the saying, "What Birmingham demands today the country will want to-morrow." Their actions are always straightforward, and their methods are never devious. They always know what they want, and go for it as one man, without pausing to consider those side-issues which often obscure the vision of more subtle but less practical minds. As for altruism, though they may not know the meaning of the word, they practice the thing. They are, alike in their business and in their public aims, absolutely unselfish. Utilitarianism has never been better illustrated than in their methods. That there may be men outside Birmingham possessing a certain kind of artistic or "flash" ability, men who arrive at just conclusions by means of rigid logic, men who, when they go wrong, do so with great ingenuity, Birmingham men would be the first to admit. But with Birmingham men the only indication of sterling, abiding talent is the rapid accumulation of wealth from business. To them there is on-

ly one raison d'être of talent: to amass wealth quick and easily. The abstract kind of talent which leaves its possessor in a small house they not only do not understand but entertain great contempt for. They only look at material results. Whether those results are really due to what is known as talent or to a fortuitous combination of negotiations they do not stop to inquire. The tree is judged by its fruit.

This unrehearsed materialism obtrudes itself even in the nomenclature of their thoroughfares—Corporation street, New street, Bristol road, Wheelers road, Carpenters road, Arthur road—no poetry, no sentiment, no imagination; stern business to the

end of the chapter. Truly a race of iron-sides—grave, determined, and baular, possessing little, if anything, in common with the rest of the nation, a race with whom Plato would have delighted to hold communion, and such, probably, as he would have chosen for the experiment of his model republic. That, then, was the character of the municipality; and these the characteristics of the men of Birmingham. In the case of the one it was distinguished by its immutability in a period of endless mutation; and in the case of the other by a rugged independence and an implacable materialism to the exclusion of the sentimental and the imaginative in every shape and form.

Making the Best of Things

There is scarcely anyone who does not think but that he has been unjustly dealt with, in some respects, either by nature or fortune. What is to be done? If these individual imperfections can be remedied let us strive in every legitimate way to help ourselves. If not, why not make the best of them?

It is not so much our own actual condition of life that breeds happiness as the use which we make of our opportunities. Some people will be cheery and useful anywhere, and under any livable conditions. Others are correspondingly dismal. Therefore, as a matter of self-convenience at least, let us make the best of things.

The Casey-Murphy Handicap

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE

The author of "Pig is Fly" is here seen in his favorite role, as the exponent of risk-trim humor. Two middle-aged sons of Erin become contestants in a mile race at the annual picnic of the Royal Pickle Factory's employees. The race is described in detail and will be sure to create much amusement.

IT never pays to boast. Casey and Murphy worked side by side at a table in the Royal Pickle Factory, corking pickle bottles and dipping the corked necks into red sealing-wax. They were both well along in years, but the spirit of unconquered youth still lingered on their tongues, and as they worked, they talked. The annual picnic of the Royal Pickle Factory Employees' Mutual Benevolent Association had been set for the eighteenth of July, and tickets were already for sale. "Lady and gent, fifty cents." The picnic was to be at the fair grounds, and there were to be games.

"I was a runner meself, in me young days," said Casey. "There was only wan other lad was faster than me in th' county, and ivy tolme we ran. I hate him. 'T was a joy, Murphy, t' see me legs revolvin' like buggy spokes, a leppin' over th' ground, and th' pigs hurry-skurryin' out av th' way, thinkin' I was an astymobile, only there was none in them days."

Murphy pushed in a cork.

"Sare," he said, "they was grand runners in th' Ould Country in thim days, Casey. I was wan av them. But 't is laughin' I am whin ye say th' pigs got out av ye way, Casey. When I run there was no tolme for them t' git anywhere. I was past before they suspected I was comin'."

"'T is well known, th' lassiness av th' pigs in County Clare," said Casey; "they be so fat an' lazy they move fer nawthin'."

"Are ye sayin' I c'u'd not run?" inquired Murphy.

"I'm sayin' gawthim," said Casey, "but 't is well known all over Ireland that a Kerry lad can run a mile whilst wan from Clare is remainin' two."

"T is not true," said Murphy, coldly. "When I was a lad I c'u'd run a mile amny day whilst ye was runnin' three, Casey. I was a grand runner, then days. And th' endurance at me! 'T was surprisin'!"

"T is and th' change that has come over ye since," Casey said. "No wan would suspect it now."

"Oh, 't is not so bad as that!" Murphy bragged, shifting from one rheumatic leg to the other, "there be many a run left in th' legs av me yet, Casey. There be more run left in wan av me legs than in th' two of yours, I wager."

"List t' th' curious felly!" jeered Casey.

"Come outside, where I kin give me fists full play, and I'll show ye I kin do as I say," Murphy dared him. "Let me but git wan av me fists agin th' face av ye, Casey, and 't will be a different opinion av me runnin' ability ye'll be havin'."

"Do ye run on yer fists, then, Murphy?" asked Casey, scornfully, "like a clown in a circus? No wan was sayin' but ye have a fist like a ham, and 't is a wonder th' pipe-stem legs of ye kin carry them two chunks av fist, but as for runnin'!"

The result was that the manager of the picnic put on the programme

of the day's sports an extra number: "13A, One Mile Running Race, Timothy Casey, Mike Murphy, for the Championship of the Sealing Table," and Casey and Murphy went into training.

Murphy began his training by running around the block on which his shanty was located. He ran half way around once, and then decided that it was bad policy to expend all his energy before the day of the race. There was no use tiring himself all out before the race; he would stoke up his vitality and have it intact at the pistol shot. He therefore began a course of absolute rest. When he was not working he sat with his legs stretched straight before him, letting them accumulate energy.

Casey, on the other hand, trained violently. He began, too, by running around a block, and the next day he did not go to work, being so stiff and sore that he had to lie in bed, but his spirit was undaunted. Each night he oiled his knee joints with machine oil to lube them up, and each morning he wrapped them in woollen rags soaked in arsenic. It gave the sealing room at the pickle factory a peculiar odor that did not mix well with the acid scent of the vinegar. All day, while at work, he worked his legs up and down, as if he was riding an invisible bicycle. This was to prepare him for the endurance needed in the big race, and to cultivate speed he increased the rapidity of the operation from time to time, while Murphy looked on with scorn.

"Luk at him," he said, "be do be thinkin' 't is a race on a sewing-machine he will be runnin'."

It was, indeed, peculiar to see Casey take a case of sealed pickle bottles and proceed across the room with them, his legs going up and

down at the rate of a mile an hour, and himself proceeding but twelve feet in five minutes. He looked something like those fat, prancing, high-school colts that are all up-and-down motion and no progress, but what is not uncommon in a plump horse is somewhat surprising when seen in an elderly, sober-faced Irishman. Casey, from the belt up, was the honest workman attending severely to his job, from the belt down he was cowering mile after mile of cinder path. He was so tired by the eighteenth of July that he could hardly stand up on his legs unaided, though he kept up a brave front.

When the twelve events that came first on the programme had been disposed of, Casey and Murphy removed their coats and vests and descended to the track. The picnic was held at the fair grounds, and as the two men looked at the half-mile trotting track stretching out in a tremendous oval of dust, and considered that they would have to traverse it twice, the world seemed but a sad and weary place to them. But for the gathered friends and fellow-employees, who gazed down upon them from the grand stand, they would willingly have let bygones be bygones, but until one is beaten there is no such word as recreant in the mouth of the true Irishman. Even so, Murphy and Casey approached the starting line reluctantly and slowly. Casey was clearly over-trained. His legs would not stand still. They pranced up and down, in spite of him. They were capering, prancing legs, and you looked around to see who they belonged to, and when you saw Casey himself, dismal of face and solemn eyed, you felt like hearing some one's pardon — either the legs' pardon or Casey's.

As the two men entered the track, the master of the games, the starter, and the referee approached them.

"All ready?" asked the master, in his made-for-public-use voice.

"I'm ready," said Casey, sadly; "me legs is wild t' be off." They were not half as wild to be off as Murphy's were.

"Wan minute!" said Murphy, "wan minute before you shoot off that gun! I claim a handicap for th' mile on th' back av me neck. 'T is unheard av, 't make me sun even wild Casey and me sufferin' th' tortures wid a mile on me neck ivry toime I move me legs."

"Go awn, now!" Casey said. "Did ye ever hear at a human' race gettin' handicap fer miles? 'T is no fault av mine ye hav a mile, Murphy, an' whr sh'd ye tax me for it?"

The referee looked at the boil and shook his head, in doubt what to do.

"'T is a bad wan!" he declared. "'T is a blam' bad boil 't ev got, Murphy, but how t' handseap fer a mile I dunno. 'T is not as if I was a professional handicapper, now, that knows all the rules av handicappin'. If 't was a game av pool, now, I w'd know; and if 't was billiards I w'd know, and if 't was th' record av ye over th' unile track I w'd know, but a mile is different. What

t' allow off fer a mile, I dunno. What w'd ye be givin' fer a mile, Dugan?" he asked the starter.

"Wan says wan thing, and wan says another," said Dugan, judicially. "Shoemaker's wax is good and wouks queek, but it draws hairid, and bread-and-milk poultice is good; and flaxseed is good, and wance I had a hole on me face an' nawthn' w'd stick on, an' th' ould woman says flour mixed in honey is good and sticks anywhere!"

"But 't is not!" began the referee.

"Aisy, now, aisy!" said Dugan. "I'm not recommendin' honey and flour mousli, fer the ould woman mixed a fine big gob at it and put it on th' face av me, when I wint t' bed, an' th' next mornin' I was honey and flour from head t' foot. 'T was in me hair, and everywhere but on th' face, an' th' bale settin' on me face and laughin' at me fit t' bust. But it did not bust. Not 'till three days."

"But we do not want t' care th' bale," explained the referee.

"Then we be a curious felli," said the starter, "fer if I had wan I sh'd want t' care it. There be some call them pets, 't is true, but—"

"'T is on Murphy, it is," the referee insisted, "and 't is how much handicap sh'd we give him for a mile, I'm wantin' t' know."

"'T is a bad mile," said Murphy. "I'm thinkin' ye sh'd give me wance around th' track fer the mile. Me build is such," he explained, "wid th' long neck av me, that me head bobs back an' front niv step, whin I'm runnin' me best. If I do not bob me head I kin not let out me full spes, and wid a mile on me neck I kin not bob."

"'T is too much!" objected Casey.

"No wan w'u'd give half a mile for a b'le. 'T is outrageous."

"In th' house races," suggested the starter, "they muck th' best horse carry extra weight t' overcome th' deficiency av th' difference."

"Sure, and 't is fair Casey shu'd carry weight t' even it up," agreed the referee. "He shu'd carry th' weight av th' b'le. How much it weighs, I dunno."

"Twenty pounds," "Wan oance," said Murphy and Casey simultaneously.

"Let Casey carry a brick," suggested the starter, and this was agreed upon. Casey decided to carry it in his hand.

The race, as is well known, is not always to the swift. Generalship counts for as much as speed, particularly in a mile run, and Casey and Murphy had had abundant advice from their friends as to how to run the race. They knew they should not expend all their strength at first, but treasure it for the final burst of speed on the homestretch.

Mr. Casey, with the brick, and Mr. Murphy, with the b'le, lined up at the starting line. One thought filled both their minds, to let the other set the pace and to follow at his heels until the homestretch. The starter raised his pistol.

"Are you ready?" he cried.

"Yis!" said Casey, briskly.

"I am!" said Murphy.

The blunt snap of the short-gased revolver was heard, the timekeeper noted the starting time, and Casey and Murphy were off! A cheer rang from the grand stand. It died, and a look of wonder and surprise passed over the faces of the employees of the pickle factory.

The runners were off! Casey was off, his legs popping up and down at

the rate of forty revolutions to the minute, the brick held balanced on his extended upturned hand as if it was some priceless, tender egg. And Murphy was off, his back stiff and his neck bent stiffly forward, as if he had to balance the b'le on it, and was afraid to tread hard lest it fall off. They were off, but the starter, the referee, the master of the games, and the timekeeper leaned forward and stared at them astonished. 'Round and 'round in a circle three feet wide went Casey with the brick and Murphy with the b'le, Casey at Murphy's heels, and Murphy at the heels of Casey, but from the starting line they did not move. They went 'round, and they went 'round, but no one could tell whether Casey was ahead or Murphy behind. Casey's legs were going the faster, but Murphy's stride was longer. Casey made the circle in ten steps, but Murphy made it in three, making a triangle of it. They were jockeying for the rear position.

The race officials crowded around them. There is no racing rule known that permits a referee to lay hands on a runner while he is running, and Casey and Murphy were undeniably running.

"Go awn!" shouted the referee. "Break away!"

"Tend yer own business," panted Casey. "I is runnin' I am. 'T is me policy t' fally close behint Murphy."

"Git a move on ye, Murphy," urged the starter. "Cut loose from him an' scoot! 'T is toime t' discontine pretiandin' ye are a merry-goround."

"L'ave me be," gasped Murphy; "me generalship is t' kape at th' heels av Casey."

The audience, puzzled, looked at its

programmes, thinking they had mistaken the event. It was undoubtedly the male race. The two men were certainly running. The audience cheered.

"Come awn, now!" begged the referee. "Git loose, and move off! Casey, run awn down th' track, that's a good felly."

"T is me policy!" Casey began again.

"Dang yer policy!" said the exasperated referee. "Will ye be runnin' 'round in wan spot fer ivar, then, loike th' earth on its axe, fer th' sake a policy? 'T is a long way have t' run yet, Casey, twice around th' track, and 't is a fool ye are wastin' th' little legs ye have goin' nowhere. Break loose, Casey, and start off."

"I will do it if Murphy will," panted Casey. "The brick is gittin' heavy. Let Murphy start off. I'll fallally."

"Go side by side," suggested the referee. "'T will be fair t' wan an' all. Now, ready, go!"

At the word, Casey and Murphy started down the track, side by side. Their speed was not record-breaking. As they ran the referee walked beside them giving them final instructions, and then returned to referee the next event, for it was evident that there would be abundant time for many events before the runners completed the mile. The green that the track inclosed rose to a knoll in the centre, obstructing the view of the far side of the track, and those who saw Murphy and Casey as they passed out of view around the turn noticed that they were running as if in distress. Murphy had one hand on the back of his neck, and Casey was carrying the brick over one shoulder.

There was a sack race, the long jump, and the hundred-yard hurdle before Casey and Murphy came into sight on the straight-away. It was hardly a dog-trot they were doing now, and as they approached the stand and started on the second half mile there were mutinies that Casey was running foul, that he had cheated his handicap; but as the runners passed it was seen that he was running fair. He had put the brick in his hip pocket.

The high jump, which had been arrested to let the runners pass, went on, and on went other games, and it was seen that when Casey and Murphy passed behind the knoll for the second time they were walking.

"Murphy!" said Casey, when the knoll had the grand stand, "are ye tired?"

"Divil a bit," panted Murphy, "but me legs is. I w'u'd give tin dollars t' sit down for a minute."

"Have I legs or have I not, I dunno!" said Casey, "but t' w'u'd do no harm t' rist a bit. 'T will be a grand finish they'll be expectin', Murphy, an' we kin aisy make up th' time we lose."

Murphy turned abruptly to the side of the track and lay down in the shadow of the fence. Without a word Casey fell beside him, and the two men lay here looking up at the deep blue of the sky, and breathing hard.

The minutes rolled away. The games before the grand stand proceeded, and ended. The sports were ended, and the audience and officials awaited only the finish of the mile running race.

They gazed up the homestretch and craned their necks to catch sight of the runners when they should round the bend.

"Come awn," said Casey, getting stiffly to his feet. "We must be

movin' awn, Murphy. They'll be missin' us."

"Howly! Erin!" groaned Murphy, sitting up and rubbing his knees. "I w'nd not run an' go lone mile for all th' money or all th' Rockefellers in th' world!"

He staggered up, and took his place in the middle of the track. Casey got beside him, and they started.

The judges, grouped in the middle of the track, peered earnestly up the homestretch. The picture stood on its seats, turned as one person in the same direction, and peered. No Casey! No Murphy! The wonderment grew intense.

Suddenly there was a patter of feet and a whoreson of breath. The officials turned sharply around, and the audience turned, too. With all their strength and final breath Casey and Murphy, neck and neck, were dashing to the finish tape, from the direction in which they had gone.

Neck and neck, making a grand finish, even if they were coming from the wrong direction! Casey's little legs were flapping up and down, and Murphy's long ones stretching out. Murphy ran more freely than before, his long neck darting back and forth like a serpent; but Casey, his fats doubled up, his face in the air, was a cyclone. He crossed the tape a foot ahead of Murphy.

Murphy lay down on his back on the track and gasped, and Casey leaned up against the fence and panted, while the cheers of the Benevolent Pickles tent the air.

"Man minute!" called the referee, sharply, as the judge was about to announce Casey's victory. "Casey, when's a th' brick?"

Casey's mouth fell open.

"Dang!" he gasped, "I left it — around awn-th' other side—av th' hill!"

"It is a foul!" exclaimed the referee. "Casey has thrown away th' handicap. It is Murphy's race!"

Murphy sat up and a smile of pleasure lighted his face.

The starter got behind him to help him to his feet.

"Wait a hit!" said the starter. "Wan thing I want t' ask Murphy first! Murphy, when did th' hole awn yet seek bust?"

"It was—t was when Casey lost th' brick," he answered, for he would not tell a lie.

"Then th' handicaps is even," said the referee, "and Casey wins, but what does he win, I dunno. 'T was a mule race on th' programme, but wan quarter they ran th' wrong way around, and does 't make thee quarters av a mile, or wan mile, or wan mile an' a quarter, I dunno. But anyhow, 't was a fast race for such slow runners. What was th' time of it?"

The timekeeper hesitated.

"'T was an hour an' some more," he said, "but how much more, I dunno, fer I was forgettin' t' wind me watch last night and it ran down on me, but 't is safe t' say th' toime as th' race was an hour an' mebby another wan."

Russia's First Walking Delegate

BY KELLOGG DURLAND IN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Aladyn, leader of the peasant and labor party in the Duma of Russia, is a man from whose nose will undoubtedly be toed to future posts. He has had a success by being for several years a refugee in Paris and London as these critics learned much to his loss.

ALADYN is a peasant—or he was. He is the leader of the peasant party in the Duma. Indeed, his influence is even wider. He heads the Labor party—the workingmen as well as the peasants. That is why he is a force to be reckoned with. But while he is a peasant deputy and a peasant leader, he is far from being a typical peasant. For one thing, he speaks excellent English; he is also as fluent in French as in his native Russian; I believe that he speaks Italian. His boyhood was of the kind that has turned out many a sturdy man in America. His parents were of the soil—poor to misery—overwhelmed, almost, by their poverty and suffering. But the boy of the family managed to survive infancy, and in due time went to work in the fields. He attended the local schools, and toward the period of adolescence he became imbued with the ambition and idealism which have been the making of so many boys in history, and determined to go to college. Animals interested him on the farm. People interested him as his horizon widened. People, more and more, came to be his passion. He craved to see more of them, to be more with them, to do for them. To be a doctor seemed a practical and worthy way of realizing this ambition; so to the University of Kazan he went. At the age of eighteen he was expelled for "doubtful propensities"; but he got back again, and eventually completed the first year in the faculty of medicine. But Aladyn

yin's mind was too comprehensive and keen to remain concentrated on medicine. It was not medicine that interested him anyway—it was people. He studied medicine only that he might help people. He could not be blind to the condition of the people about him, Kazan, like Samara, his native government, and Sembusk, his adopted government, was near the annual famine belt. Aladyn saw, and failed to keep his opinions to himself. Even then he began to speak too loud. An uncouth farmer, he was doubtless then considered. When he went up for his examination he was informed that it would be useless. The faculty had determined that he might not continue his studies.

Undaunted, Aladyn turned to the faculty of science. His university career was not untroubled, but he managed to stick to it for three and one-half years. Then came the final expulsion. He had learned much, however, in three years, and he was by no means dissatisfied. He went at once to the outskirts of Kazan, there to labor among workingmen. He organized trade unions. He dwelt upon the value and necessity of education. The workingmen listened, and were glad to be guided by him, young though he was at the time. At last the Government determined to impose a severe lesson upon him—a "children should be seen but not heard" sort of thing. He was arrested, but liberated on five hundred dollars bail (a goodly sum to him)

pending the delivering of a verdict. On the eve of this announcement he learned what the morrow would bring forth—four years in prison, solitary confinement, followed by eight years of exile in the frozen north, in the government of Archangel. Here he would be allowed seven kopecks a day—less than four cents—for food. The prospect did not please. He succeeded in crossing the frontier into Germany, but as he had so money he soon came into difficulty with the police. Belgium was the nearest point of escape. In Brussels he secured work and managed to eke out a living for a few months; then to Paris, where he remained one year. Often during that time he thought of turning to America, and at one time was on the point of setting sail when an old employer in Belgium sent him word of an opportunity on the technical staff of an electrical plant. He seized this opportunity, and during the next three years he prospered. But Belgium is a wee country. Aladyin longed for the open. Belgium's borders pressed upon him. London, over the narrow water, seemed to call, and he answered the call. In London he fared indifferently. He did not land on his feet at once. It was long before he was comfortable. The misery of his childhood days was nearly repeated. His wits were in any need of sharpening, they must soon have taken a ware edge. A more veritable Jack-of-all-trades could scarce have been found between West Ham and Ealing. At one time he was a dock laborer down along the Victoria Docks—one of John Burns' men—the Right Honorable John Burns, if you please! Then he was a journalist—a stevedore of the pen—a tutor in Russian. This last led to his becoming

ing a regular instructor in Russian to a group of officers. He worked for a time as an electrician. When hard put to it, he turned doctor. Once he did yeoman service for a lawyer, incidentally picking up many crumbs of useful information which are now proving of value in his parliamentary career.

Aladyin's spirit through all his vicissitudes remained indomitable. As he took to medicine that he might help people, so he never forgot in his days of struggle that others there were who were fighting just as hard as he. Nay, some harder—for theirs, perchance, was a losing battle, while he was ever conscious of marching on. However stiff the way, Aladyin always had a spare hour now and again for others. The settlement movement was in its prime then, and Toyahoe Hall, that oldest of social centres, was attracting crowds of workingmen. Aladyin felt his element. To Toyahoe Hall he went, in the heart of Whitechapel. Here he gave three lectures a week in natural science, and sometimes a fourth on a social, economic, or historical subject. All this time, though he knew it not, he was fitting himself for the real service of his life—in Russia. One cannot live long in Russia without coming to have a great faith in the mighty hidden forces which sweep on the destinies of life—forces incomprehensible in their workings, unfathomable in their depth, and leading one knows not whither. And not merely the elementary streams which are so apparent in the country itself, but also the tributaries which, flowing into the main stream, carry with them contributory forces in the forms of individuals. Aladyin is one such. Looking at his life from earliest childhood, and especially his life

abroad, one is almost startled to find how largely even the seemingly wasted years have all been preparatory for the great work which may make or wreck an empire.

Aladyin ever did his share of the world's work, and divided whatever benefit accrued to him with his neighbors, regardless of nationality, whether in Belgium, in France, or in England. This was the nature of the man; but, like most Russians, he had a deep and inherent love for his fatherland. He wished most of all to loose the shackles from off the slaves of his own country. When the famous manifesto of last October was issued, Aladyin was one of the first to return. He came to St. Petersburg via Finland. He went directly to the workingmen, and during the December strike he was one of the leaders. Finding the eye of the police upon him, he shortly found it prudent to leave the city. He journeyed to Sembirsk, and there found his family, of whom he had not had direct news in several years. When the Duma elections began to be talked of his villagers asked him to accept their nomination. He at once formed an electoral committee, but upon receiving secret information to the effect that he might be "taken" at any time he again cleared away. He returned to the capital, but took up his home on the edge of the Finnish frontier, and only came to the city by day. While here, the election took place in his own Government, and he found himself returned to the Duma as a Deputy. Immediately upon hearing of this he took steps to form a peasant and labor party. His residence abroad had shown him the value of organization. He gathered the strongest of the elected peasants about him into a kind of council, and

this body invited all of the peasant and Labor Deputies to hurry to St. Petersburg in order to perfect the organization as rapidly as possible.

This group is now the most important in the Duma. It has not a majority; that belongs to the Constitutional Democrats. But it has so powerful a minority that it may swing any and every vote. If the fortunes of political warfare were to give the Constitutional Democrats a majority, then the Constitutional Democrats would become the Government, and the working group the people. For after all is said and done the voice of the people is strained for something more radical than a constitutional monarchy. As things stand now the Constitutional Democrats are the Moderates—the centre-of-the-Duma, though to the present Government this party is rabid and radical enough. The Left is the Labor party, and Aladyin sways the Labor party. It is a position of great power and influence.

"Do you call yourself a Socialist?" I asked him, once.

"A cool-headed Socialist—more or less," he replied. The way he added "more or less," with a decided twinkle, was delightful. "A kind of Fabian Socialist," he went on, after a thought. Yet he is working for the nationalization of all land in Russia, to be locally administered. He is fighting for the complete abolition of the death penalty in Russia. He will be content with nothing short of a full amnesty—amnesty to terrorists as well as to lesser political offenders.

Each day brings sheaves of telegrams to Aladyin from all over the country. Telegrams from prisons, from whole peasant communities, from committees, and from individ-

uals. "How can I ask for less," he asked, pointing to his littered desk, "when these messages keep pouring in upon me? The Government's policy is one of foolhardiness and rashness. The whole people are uniting to give battle."

Now, this is perfectly true. Only no one else speaks so boldly about it in public—partly because no one else may with impunity. To exile or arrest a member of the Duma is much

more serious than arresting any number of ordinary citizens or university professors. Aladyn is conscious of his opportunity, and he is making the most of it. He knows that every word he utters in the Duma is carried the length and breadth of Russia. That is why he does not cuss his tongue—thus enfant terrible of three-and-thirty. That is why the Government insists that "Aladyn speaks too loud."

Casabianca, the Office Boy.

BY MONTAGUE GLASS IN MCLURE'S MAGAZINE

The little story has a very human interest, and the reader cannot help but feel an admiration for the trusty office boy who stayed loyally to the master and in the end saved his employer a serious loss.

MR. GOODEL'S desk reflected in its littered disorder, the need of an office boy, and to the end that one should be procured, he had inserted an advertisement in the morning paper. The applicants blockaded the corridor, and from the odor and hue of the atmosphere, the majority of them had been smoking cigarettes, a practice which Mr. Goodel abominated.

At the end of the line that reached from the door to the elevator, stood a shawl-wrapped figure clasping a youth of fourteen by the hand. Mr. Goodel had almost fallen over the latter who reached approximately to his knee and as he forced his way past the candidates for employment, it occurred to him that it might be a good thing to supplement his own feeble ideas of discipline by the stern parental authority which evidenced itself in the forbidding countenance of the lady near the elevator.

He accordingly invited her to enter with her charge, who made the

journey to Mr. Goodel's sanctum by a series of short energetic jerks in the wake of his mother.

"Is this your son?" he asked mildly.

"Yes, sir," she replied and then addressing the boy, "Take yer hands out'n yer pockets, you."

He obeyed with an alacrity that augured well for Mr. Goodel's service.

"How old is he?" Mr. Goodel went on.

"Fourteen," she replied, "an' he just graduated from the grammar-school."

"Is he a good boy?" he inquired perfunctorily.

"He will be that," she said with a tightening of the corners of her mouth. "An' if he ain't," she continued, "just let me know, that's all."

Mr. Goodel tried to think of something else to say and then turned to his desk.

"All right," he said, "I'll engage him."

The lady huffed austere.

"Thank ye kindly," she murmured.

"Now pay attention to the gentleman, Jimmy," she said to the boy, "an' do wot he tells yer. D'ye mind me?"

She nodded again and swept out of the office.

"Sit down at the desk outside, boy," said Mr. Goodel, "and when I want you, I'll ring."

A muffled buzz of conversation without reminded Mr. Goodel of the unsuccessful candidates.

"Here, boy," he called. "Run outside and tell 'em all to go away."

Jimmy disappeared and an instant later a piping voice was heard in the corridor.

"Beat it youse," it said. "I got de job."

Then began a tramping of feet and the sound of scuffling followed by Jimmy's reappearance smoothing his hair with one hand and tenderly fingering a rapidly swelling lip with the other.

Mr. Goodel looked up sharply.

"Boy," he said, severely, "where's your necktie?"

"Oh, Gee!" Jimmy exclaimed and ran out into the hall again returning with his necktie adjusted.

"I dropped it outside," he muttered. It was one of the kind that fasten with an elastic loop to the collar button.

"Can you copy letters?" Mr. Goodel demanded.

"I damno. Mehhe I could if I seen it foist," he answered.

There was not the faintest trace of impudence on his thin face when he spoke and Goodel, without further comment, showed him how to make a transfer of the letter into a tissue-

paper book by means of the conventional copying press in the corner.

"Now copy this one and lets see how you do it."

Goodel handed him a second letter which Jimmy proceeded to copy in the manner exemplified by his employer. "Evidently he is observant," thought Mr. Goodel. "But a trifle unteachable. He shall be taught politeness."

"Boy," he called again. "What's your name?"

"Jimmy," the boy replied, omitting the expected "Sir."

"Jimmy what?"

"Jimmy Brennan," he replied glibly.

"Look here, boy," Goodel thundered. "When you speak to me, say 'Sir.' Do you hear me?"

Jimmy flushed in embarrassment. "Yes, sir," he muttered.

"Now go out and mail these letters," Goodel concluded and leaned back in his chair.

Mr. Goodel was on the threshold of forty and had the appearance of well-fed prosperity that beokens an easy conscience and no wife. The sign on the door read, "Investment Securities & Commercial Paper," but the care of an estate of some magnitude, inherited from his father, absorbed as much of his time as was not taken up with half a dozen clubs and a taste for writing innocuous verse.

Once in a while, he bought a note of some sound mercantile house, well endorsed, and occasionally purchased railroad bonds and other securities technically known as gilt-edged. Unfortunately for the leisure that he loved, his patrimony had consisted mostly of real property which demanded much of his attention and contrived to detain him from his office; hence the advent of Jimmy as office boy.

When Jimmy returned it was close on noon and Mr. Goodel rose and prepared to leave for luncheon.

"I shall be back at two," he said. "If anyone calls, get them to stay until I return, or leave a message. Do you understand?"

He delivered this injunction with an air of solemnity that made the words sink in.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy dutifully. "All right," Goodel replied, and left the office.

At a quarter to two a messenger boy came with a draft from Mr. Goodel's bank. He was a slender young man of mild and engaging manner, attired in well-pressed garments. He stood perhaps a head taller than Jimmy who was easily his superior however in general physique.

"Is Mr. Goodel in?" the messenger inquired.

"Nah, he ain't," Jimmy replied. "Won't be in till two o'clock."

"All right, I'll be in later," said the messenger.

"D'hell you will," rejoined Jimmy. "You'll sit here till he comes back or leave a message."

"What's that?" asked the messenger.

"I said," replied Jimmy slowly, "you got ter leave a message."

"Got to, hey?" the messenger jeered.

"Dat's wot I said," Jimmy answered. "You gotter leave a message or stay here till he comes back, Dem's my instructions."

He had risen and stood menacingly between the door and the messenger, who attempted to brush by him. Then followed a very pretty bout, catch-as-entch-em, which ended by Jimmy putting the messenger neatly on his back in the middle of the floor. He was sitting in triumph on his van-

quished foe's chest as Mr. Goodel opened the door.

"What's all this about?" he shouted. "Get up from there, you young dog."

Jimmy rose to his feet and brushed the dust from his clothes, and the messenger picked himself up painfully.

"What's all this about?" Goodel demanded.

"Dat guy dere wouldn't leave no message and he wouldn't wait till yer came back," Jimmy replied.

"What of that?" Goodel continued.

"Well, you said for to get 'em to stay or leave a message, an dat's wot I was doin'," Jimmy said, and commenced to smile. He had seen his duty plain before him and the injustice of this rebuke out him to the heart.

"He's bigger dan I am, anyway," he whimpered.

Mr. Goodel scratched his chin. He distinctly remembered his parting injunctions, and could not therefore blame Jimmy for so literal a construction of them. He took his pocket-book out of his trousers.

"What's the damage?" he inquired of the messenger boy and without waiting for an answer thrust a five-dollar bill into his hand.

"Don't ever fight in here again," he said to Jimmy, severely, "or I'll fire you on the spot. Now go to lunch."

In hiring an office boy, he hadn't bargained for a Casabianca, but felt well satisfied nevertheless.

"Got any money?" he asked Jimmy, who was going out of the door.

"No, sir," Jimmy replied.

"Well, here's a quarter. Hurry back."

Jimmy took the quarter, and returned in ten minutes wiping the

crumbs from his mouth. He handed Goodel twenty cents.

"What's this?" Goodel asked.

"Dat's me change, sir," Jimmy said, and sat down at his desk.

Goodel prepared to go out again.

"Jimmy," he said severely, "I'm going uptown and I'll return at five. If any one calls, ask 'em to leave a message. If they won't do that, ask 'em their names and make a note of it. If they won't leave their names, ask 'em to return and if they won't return—well—if they won't return, I guess you'll have to let it go at that."

"All right, sir," Jimmy said, and smiled for the first time that day.

Mr. Goodel returned at five and with him there entered a benevolent looking man of middle age. Penderous and dignified was his person and he sat down in Mr. Goodel's easy-chair with the calmness and solidity of three hundred pounds.

"The bonds, Mr. Goodel, are absolutely beyond cavil. It is true the concern is not well known," he went on. "But to a person of your financial acumen, investigation as to its condition will present no difficulties."

"Fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Petrie, is a large sum," Goodel replied. "However, I inquired of Mathias & Co. this afternoon and they think well of your proposition. If I confirm their information to-night, I shall send you a certified check to-morrow morning and shall expect to receive the bonds in return."

Mr. Petrie bowed and rose to take leave.

"To-morrow morning at eleven, then, I'll leave you this bond to aid you in your examination," he said, and passed heavily out of the room. As he closed the office door behind him, he excreted four or five fancy

dancing steps with surprising agility for a man of his bulk, and repaired with all haste to his elaborately furnished office on lower Broadway.

Awaiting him there were two gentlemen whose noses negatived the dictum of Barks that a curved line is the foundation of all beauty. They were not beautiful; they were not even passably good looking, but what had been denied them in that respect was compensated for by a very keen gift of trafficking and barter.

"Mr. Feldstein and Mr. Levy I believe," said Petrie. "I asked you to call so that we might go into the matter of the office fixtures. I have accepted your figure at \$500 and shall have ready to give you possession at half past eleven to-morrow morning when I shall expect you to move everything without delay."

He then sat down at his desk and examined with chinking satisfaction, forty-eight bonds of the Ningara & Northwestern Power Co. for \$1,000 each, printed fresh that morning at his request, by his brother in Brooklyn, and one bond of the same company, the handiwork of a reputable bank note company and authorized by the officers of the Power Corporation.

At a quarter to eleven the next morning, Mr. Goodel called Jimmy into his private office.

"Jimmy," he said carefully, "you followed my instructions yesterday minutely. To-day I desire you to do so absolutely. Here is a certified check for \$50,000, and one bond. You are to receive from Mr. Petrie at his office No. 40 1/2 Broadway, forty-nine bonds the same as this which I give you. If they're all right let him have the check."

He looked Jimmy squarely in the eye.

"Do you understand me," he said slowly.

"Yes, sir," Jimmy replied, and went out without further ado.

Goodel smiled as the door closed behind him. He had no doubt of Petrie's standing and the bonds were gilt-edged.

Jimmy had been gone about ten minutes when a man burst into the office.

"Goodel, about those bonds, Petrie's a sharper. We just found it out."

"Great Heavens! Mathias," Goodel cried. "The boy is down there now with the check. He's given it to Petrie by this."

He rose and grabbed his hat.

"Let's go down there and see if we can intercept the soundreel."

He sprang to the office door and caught an elevator on the run.

In the meantime Jimmy had entered Petrie's luxuriant office and waited by Petrie himself.

"Well boy," he demanded, "got the check?"

"Wot's all the sweat?" Jimmy replied calmly. "Gimme a look at the bonds."

"Here's one of 'em and here are the rest. Look at 'em quick. Now gimme the check," Petrie cried and then snarled under his breath. "Damned young pup!"

Jimmy compared the two genuine bonds leisurely.

"Now gimme de wader ones," he said.

"You young brat," Petrie snorted thoroughly aroused, "give me that check."

He grasped the boy by the shoulder.

"Quit dat, yer fat slob," Jimmy cried. "An' let me see 'em."

Reluctantly he surrendered the remaining bonds and Jimmy thumbed them carefully.

"Well what's the matter with them?" Petrie growled.

"I ain't seen but one 'em," Jimmy said calmly, "I'm lookin' at the rest now."

Petrie could stand no more.

"Give me the check I say," he almost screamed, and sprang at Jimmy. They fell heavily to the floor, Jimmy underneath and there they rolled and scuffled for some minutes. To Petrie's surprise, Jimmy made no outcry but kicked and fought with all the vigor of his East-Side training. At length Petrie stunned him with the butt of his revolver just as Goodel and Mathias broke in the door.

Both made a rush for him at once, a fatal move, for he evaded the common onslaught and, as their heads came together with a star-flashing bump, he sprang out of the office and took the stairs three at a jump. Goodel lifted Jimmy whose face showed a ghastly white where it wasn't hidden by blood.

"Did he hurt you?" Goodel cried.

Jimmy shook his head and opening his mouth, voided a little wad of paper.

"No, sir," he said politely, "I ain't hoited."

Goodel undid the wad with trembling fingers. It was a certified check for \$50,000.

A Visit to the House of Lords

MICHAEL MACDONAGH IN THE MONTHLY REVIEW

To many the House of Lords is but a name. As to its appearance, its construction and its functions, the average person as he reads the Atlantic knows but little. The illuminating article, which follows, is but introductory to a long description of the character and work of the upper chamber.

"The Gilded Chamber!" Gladstone's descriptive phrase springs at once to the mind. It is glowing in gold and colors. All the glory of the "tiger moth's deep damasked wings" is seen in its splendid decorations. Yet there is nothing gorgeous in the scene. The subdued light of a cathedral—"dim and yellow" as Shelley found it at Milan—prevails, making things that might otherwise strike upon the senses as garish a delight and refreshment to the eye. Everything heightens the impression that one is in the beautiful shrine of an ancient cathedral rather than in a modern legislative chamber. The lofty stained glass windows have blue and crimson figures of the kings and queens of England. Wieldy-minded men and women were most of them, but like snails they look in their antique garments, seemingly deep in rapt meditation and ecstatic introspection. On pedestals between the windows are large bronze statues of knights, telling of times when the battle of principles was fought, not with words employed by subtle-minded and ready-tongued men in frock coats and silk hats, but with sword and battle-axe, wielded by brawny soldiers in armor on prancing steeds. These are the heroes who, in the dawn of English freedom, beat out the eternal provisions of Magna Charta with their mailed fists. Bold men they were, and wicked too, many of them. But here they look like patriarchs and apostles.

At the top of the chamber is the imposing canopied throne. Superbly carved, glistening with gold, sparkling with precious stones, it looks like an altar, flanked on each side by magnificent candelabra of brass, having wax candles in their elaborate branches. The throne of England is often spoken of constitutionally or in the historic sense. If there be a real, tangible, material throne of England it is surely this imposing structure, for here the sovereign sits at the opening of Parliament in presence of the three estates of the realm.

There are two chairs of state under the canopy. Formerly there was but one. The old chair was designed by Augustus Welby Pugin. It has been in the House of Lords since the chamber was first used in 1841, and Queen Victoria sat in it on the occasions that she opened Parliament in person. But an historical innovation marked the first opening of Parliament by King Edward VII. on February 14, 1901. By command of His Majesty the throne was provided with a second state chair for Queen Alexandra. It was the first time, perhaps, in English history that a queen consort accompanied the king in equal state to the opening of Parliament. The new state chair—that on the left of the throne—is almost an exact replica of the old in design and ornamentation, the only difference being that it is an inch and a half lower. Both chairs, with their fine carvings, gilt with English gold-leaf, and the rich embroideries of the royal arms on their crimson velvet

backs, greatly enhance the imposing splendor of the throne.

Everything in the chamber helps to indicate the large place which the House of Lords has so long filled in English history and tradition. You feel in the presence of an institution of which ages are the dower. Here is manifestly a survival of an ancient constitution of society. "There is no more reason in hereditary legislation," said Benjamin Franklin, "than there would be in hereditary professors of mathematics." How is it then that this strange anomaly, this curious hereditary ruling chamber, this assembly of men who are lawmakers merely by the accident of birth, still lifts its ancient towers and battlements high and dry in an apparently secure position, above the ever rising tide of democracy? Perhaps in the lessons which are taught by the frescoes in this temple of the hereditary principle the explanation of its survival is to be found. There are three above the throne, set in archways with elaborate gilt moldings. The centre one is "The Baptism of Ethelbert;" and on either side are "Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on Edward the Black Prince," and "Henry, Prince of Wales, committed to prison for assaulting Judge Gascoigne." Behind the strangers' gallery are three other frescoes of the spirits that are supposed to reign over the deliberation of the peers—"Religion," "Chivalry" and "Love." This order of patricians has survived because it has taken to heart the lesson of a time which smiles at the claims of long descent—the constitutional as well as the religious lesson of the native equality of men.

It is only when the Lord Chancellor, a severely judicial figure in big

grey wig and black silk gown, takes his seat on the woolsacks—that crimson lounge just inside the light railing which fronts the throne—that the illusion of being in the splendid chapel of a great cathedral is destroyed. Seated at the table fronting the Lord Chancellor is the clerk of the Parliament, and his two assistant clerks, in wigs and gowns. Next, in the centre of the floor, are three or four benches which are known as "the cross-benches." On the first the Prince of Wales sits, when present in the House. The others are used by peers of "cross-bench mind" (as Earl Granville once happily described them), who owe no allegiance to either of the two great political parties. This is a fact of considerable significance. It indicates the independence of the lords, to some extent at least, of the party system. In the House of Commons there are no cross-benches. Nor are they needed. There is no such thing as an independent member. All the elected representatives of the people are pledged party men. Even in the House of Lords the non-party men are easily counted. I have never seen more than six sitting on the cross-benches. The peers temporal are divided into dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons—titles which take precedence in the order given—and certain of the crimson benches on each side of the chamber are allotted to each of these grades of the peerage. But except when Parliament is opened by the sovereign, this arrangement of the peers according to rank is not observed. They sit indiscriminately, dukes and barons cheek by jowl, on the right or on the left of the Lord Chancellor, according as they belong to the party that is "in" or "out." The spiritual peers, however, always

occupy the same benches on the Government side of the House, and close to the throne, no matter which party may be in office. In the popular fancy, fed on famous novels dealing with high-born society, the peers are glittering beings, always clad in magnificent robes and each with a golden coronet flashing with jewels upon his head. That notion, of course, is entirely erroneous. The lords attending to their legislative duties wear sober suits of customary black or grey, just like the Commons, and when a joint committee of both houses sit together for the consideration of a bill there is nothing—no, not even a strawberry mark—to distinguish the hereditary legislators from the elected. The lords dress simply and quietly, just as they speak and do all things. There is no ostentation of demeanor. Indeed, personal simplicity is perhaps the most marked characteristic of these noblemen. But the spiritual peers are distinguished from the lords temporal by their flowing black gowns and their ample lawn sleeves.

The presence of the bishops harmonizes with the religious atmosphere of the chamber. But they are rather an anomaly in this sanctuary of the hereditary principle because they are but life peers. To the eye of the stranger they may also seem an obtrusive element, on account of their distinctive garb. But really they play a modest and retiring part in the work of the House. It is true that in times past the bishops, mitre on head and crozier in hand, led the cohorts of the peers in stubbornly contesting every effort of the Commons to sweep away the disabilities, constitutional and educational, of Roman Catholics, Jews and Dissenters, to make civil and political rights

independent of creed, to guarantee all subjects perfect liberty of conscience and worship, in the odd conviction, it would seem, that these things of evil were the stoutest fortifications of the Church Established. They also strongly opposed the Reform Bill of 1832. But it would be impossible now to deny that their influence on the whole is most benevolent. For years they have ceased to act the part of narrow sectarians. They have been touched with a new spirit, singularly worthy of their great office as pastors. Politics give them no concern. But they are deeply interested in bills which affect in any degree the morals, the fortunes, the comforts, and the pleasures of the disinherited and the poor. Everything that tends to spiritualize the national life, every effort to lessen the sufferings of sobbing humanity, may count up their fullest support.

What a contrast is presented by the two chambers of Parliament in deliberation! The House of Commons is a responsive, emotional and hot-tempered assembly. Humor it most indigently encourages. Any joke will dissolve it into smiles and laughter. Party statements are punctuated with shouts of approbation or vehement dissenting roars. There are even disorderly scenes. The atmosphere of the House of Lords, on the other hand, is ever calm and serene. How quietly and respectfully are discussions conducted! There is little rivalry or competition. The attendance is scanty, except on an occasion when urgent summonses are issued for an important party division. The House is composed of close on six hundred peers; but three form a quorum, unlike the House of Commons, where forty members must be present to "make a House." It is,

however, provided by the standing orders that if on a division it should appear that thirty peers are not present the business in hand must be adjourned. But on normal occasions ten or twelve peers scattered over the expanse of red benches is a common spectacle. Oftentimes the low-voiced peer addressing them in the solemn hush of the superb chamber might be likened to some lonely and isolated being talking to a strange and indifferent company on a topic far remote from the realities of things. The nobles are politely listening to the speech, certainly. If there is no impudent haughtiness in their demeanor, there is what, perhaps, is worse—a coldness which nothing, seemingly, could melt. Their way of listening, some with an apathy chilling but well bred, others with a lounging listlessness, adds to the curiously unreal effect of the proceedings. The restlessness and aggressiveness of the Commons are here unknown. Nothing heartier than a faint and perfectly polite laugh disturbs the solemnity of the chamber. A low murmuring "Hear, hear" does duty for a shout of approval. The stirring sense of life that pervades the representative chamber is usually altogether wanting. It is only on the faces of the bishops that you will find that look of anxious sympathy which is the secret of those who come into close contact with people and things. On the episcopal benches there is usually a glow of apostolic zeal.

No wonder, then, that over the visitor in the gallery, especially if the spell of the past be strong upon him, there steals a sense of loneliness and solitude. The strange and beautiful chamber seems to become filled also with the immensities of time

and space. And are not these placid, irreproachable, and intensely modern gentlemen in frock coats and tall hats sitting on the red benches below, but the statues, and the barons on the pedestals above arrayed in all the panoply of combat, from plumed crest to spurred heel, the living, pulsing things? See, the heads of the knights are bent as if they were listening with the deepest attention. Surely, if they were but addressed by an orator of intense and glowing mind, they would raise their voices in tempestuous uproar and shake their swords and lances with thunderous menace!

On great party issues, or on subjects of high national importance, debates in the House of Lords are often sustained throughout at a higher level of ability than debates in the House of Commons. Discussions, of course, are of shorter duration in the upper than in the lower chamber. The Commons take a week or a fortnight to thrash out a topic which the peers will exhaust in a single sitting. More eloquent speeches are made in the representative chamber; but there are also long intervals of dull and pointless talk. In the hereditary chamber, on the other hand, only the ablest and most distinguished peers venture to take part in a big debate; and the speeches give the impression that they are delivered because there is really something to say, and not—as is too often the case in the House of Commons—because something has to be said in order to get into the newspapers.

The debates in the House of Lords are not only models of grave discussion. In them is displayed to a remarkable degree matured statesmanship and administrative experience. Archbishop Magee remarked that no

thing struck him more in the House of Lords than the large amount of special knowledge it possessed. No matter how generally little known the subject of discussion might be, he said, some obscure peer was certain to rise on a back bench and show that he had made a special study of it. The House is not composed entirely of landed aristocrats, of great hereditary magnates, who are law-givers only by the succession of lineage. In it also are merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, soldiers, bankers, civil servants, administrators of distant portions of the empire who have been promoted to the peerage for their success in business or their services to the state. Moreover, many of the peers who succeeded to seats in the House have had the advantage of previously serving in the House of Commons. John Wilson Croker, in a letter written shortly before his death in 1857, mentions that going over to the lords from the Commons one evening he noticed, as a fact, "not unimportant to constitutional history," that every one of the thirty peers whom present had sat with him in the House of Commons. "It shows," he says, "how completely the House of Commons has been the nursery of the House of Lords." There are usually in the House of Lords about two hundred peers who have sat in the House of Commons.

Memory Exercises

In half an hour we skip through our morning paper in the train, and scan something like 20,000 words. This intellectual quick lunch kills the power of remembrance. The cure is to glance at the headings of the articles and paragraphs, select those that interest us, read them carefully, and leave the rest alone. At the end of each item we should pause and think of what we have read.

Here is a good memory exercise. Glance into a shop window for one second only, and then try to name all the things displayed in it. At first you will recall only two or three, but this number will rise to thirty with practice.

Another good plan is to sit down at the end of the day's work and think of all you have done since morning—where you have been, whom you have met, what you have spent, and so on. In time you will be able to recall exactly what you said and did at a certain hour, and the advantage of possessing this faculty is obvious. Incidentally, it will keep you from wasting your time, for it is not pleasant to remember that you did nothing at all.

If your weakness lies in forgetting faces, make a mental note of such details as the color of the hair, the straightness of the nose, and the curves of the mouth.

The Yarn of an American Munchausen

BY A. W. G. BARNES IN PEARSON'S

THE MUNCHHAUSEN at his best could hardly beat chirality of the hard-faced Americans, which the most remarkable story, without aught of a scuffle. He has little Watson, has a most extraordinary adventure with an artesian well, which hark him ay-hark and keeps him suspended in the air for many months.

"YES, sir," said the hard-faced American, "you have some queer occurrences in this little island of yours, but the strangest tale I ever heard was about old Hank Watson, the Mayor of Dryville, in Oregon. If you have ten minutes to spare I'll tell it you.

"They used to run very short of water there every summer, and a great deal of inconvenience and loss of money was caused by the shortage, so one year Hank proposed that they should have an artesian well sunk. The citizens agreed to this, and the company of well-sinkers sent down some men and tackle to hore for water.

"Well, sir, they drove down about 873 feet, but no water was tapped, and the well-sinkers were talking of giving up the job. They said there couldn't be any water there, or they'd have struck it long since. Old Hank was standing over the hole which had been sunk, looking very crestfallen, for he was nats on the boring bix, it being his own idea, you see, when all of a sudden a tremendous rush of water took place, and spouted up in a column about a foot in diameter to a height of 300 feet. The crowd shouted for joy, but in a minute or so their joy gave place to consternation. Why? Well, now, you're no doubt seen eggs balancing on water jets at fairs and such-like at which people shoot? Yes? Well, sir, I daresay you will hardly believe it, but that spout of water carried up old Hank just like one of those eggs I

mentioned, and before anyone could say "knife," there he was, bobbing about, 300 feet up in the air.

"By George, sir, the sight made me feel queer, I can tell you, but being a practical sort of chap, I grabbed at a bit of board and buzzed it into the spout. Of course it shot up at once to the top, and, as soon as Hank saw it he got hold, and with a bit of manœuvring managed to bestride it. In a few minutes we saw he could balance himself and sit quite comfortable.

"Then long Mike Gorman, the carpenter, got a bag of nails and a hammer and saw, and a few other tools, wrapped 'em in a bit of oilskin, and sent 'em up to Hank, while the other chaps shored a lot of shingles and odd bits of timber.

"Hank, of course, being used to his position now, set to work with the tools and made a strong platform on which he could stand and walk about, for the water kept very steady all the time.

"Well, sir, all day long we kept sending up things to Hank, and by nightfall he'd got a wooden hut set up with a stove in, and chairs and a table, and all the rest of it. You see, we couldn't get Hank down, so we thought we'd make him as comfortable as possible while he was up there.

"We got so used to it that after he'd been up there a week or two nobody took much notice, except strangers in the district. But these

told their friends away, and a heap of people came out to see Hank and his cottage, etc., on the water-spout. I've heard of some queer things bein' up the spout, but Hank was the only live man I'd ever known to be up.

"Excursion trains were run to Dryville from all parts of the United States of Amerrica, and Hank used to talk to the trippers by the telephone he'd rigged. You see, mister, he knew it was no use worrying about trying to get down to earth so long as the water showed no sign of abating, so he'd quite settled down or settled up, whichever you like.

"All the samoner Hank was up aloft, and I give you my word for it, sir, we got so used to seeing him sitting outside of his hut of an evening smoking, and reading the paper, that we took it quite as a matter of course.

"Well, summer passed, and the cold weather set in. Frosts came,

and it got colder and colder, the river a hundred miles away began to skim over with ice, and everything betokened a severe winter.

"One morning, hitterly cold it was, too, I was awaked by someone pounding on the front door. When I went down to see what it was about I was simply flummoxed to find Hank standing there.

"How did he get down? Why, the spout froze hard and solid during the night, so Hank just took his axe and cut steps all the way down to the ground.

"Yes, sir, you may hardly credit it, but that's an absolutely true story, and if old Hank was here, he'd bear me out in all I've told you. Perhaps you haven't heard about Jake Smithson and the Redskins. It happened— —

I remembered an important engagement and left hurriedly.

I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life; that one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic; that power leaves a bitter taste in the mouth; that meanness, and hardness, and coldness are the unforgivable sins; that conventionality is the mother of dreariness; that pleasure exists not in virtue of material conditions, but in the joyful heart; that the world is a very interesting and beautiful place, and that congenial labor is the secret of happiness.—A. C. Benson.

College Men in Business

BY H. J. HAPGOOD IN WORLD TO-DAY

Nowadays there seems to have come about a complete reversal of opinion among employers on the subject of college graduates. Instead of refusing to employ college men, they are actively seeking their services. Before the end of the century poor wage earners began active preparations for entering the business of the graduating class.

WHEN the business history of the United States is finally written and the reasons for the phenomenal success of various enterprises are traced out, considerable attention will be given to the rise of young college men. It will be an interesting story. It will tell how at first the young graduate had to fight for a chance even at the smallest wages; how, in spite of his success many employers for years refused to believe in him and how at last in the early years of the twentieth century his value began to be generally recognized. Employers who once closed the doors of their shops and offices to him are now actually spending money in an effort to induce him to enter their particular line of business. As a result of this competition, the salaries at which the college graduate can start in business have risen from \$8 or \$10 a week to \$12 or \$15.

Of course, every employer aims to secure young college men at the lowest possible figure. This is one reason why he endeavors to paint in glowing colors the opportunities offered by his business. One of the large railroad companies has been particularly successful along this line. Although it starts men in its engineering department at much less than the market price, it secures year after year many of the most capable young civil engineers because it has created the impression that it gives an unusually valuable training and that a man can afford to sacrifice many dollars for the sake of being

able to say that he has been in its employ.

Human ability is and always will be an uncertain quantity. No matter how good it may appear, its true worth can be ascertained only by a long thorough trial. The average young college man is not worth anywhere near the salary he is paid for the first few months. He is engaged not on the strength of his present value, but because of his possibilities. Employers appreciate that many young men may not be adapted to their particular business or may drop out before they have fairly begun to learn it, and naturally enough they want to start them at the lowest possible figure so that they can afford to have a few failures. They have carefully estimated the amount they can pay and the number they can afford to have leave within the first year in order to make a profit on those who remain permanently. Despite this shrewd buying, however, the salaries of young college men have been steadily advancing and promise to go even higher.

Nothing about the young college man impresses employers more favorably than the fact that he looks for the opportunity to advance rather than the salary at the start. He is content to begin at a bare living wage, if he feels that there is a chance to earn more as he proves his ability, and to become permanently connected with a good house. Some employers have a fixed system of salary increases for the first year or

two, but in the majority of cases the advances depend entirely on the man, and the first one may come at the end of his first month. One thing is certain, that if he does not advance within a reasonable time he is not wanted, for the routine work at which he starts can be done as well, if not better, by a younger and less capable man who will be content to work for a long time at a small salary.

"I'll give you \$12 a week for the first month and if you are not worth \$15 to me at the end of that time, I don't want you," is the way many employers express their ideas on the subject. This system of advancement as they earn it seems to be a much more satisfactory method of handling young college men than the unchanging civil service scheme of promotion. Ambition is one of the chief factors which makes the college graduate superior to the man who has had only a public school education, and an arrangement by which his pay is increased just as fast as he increases in ability, is the best possible way of stimulating his desire to get ahead.

The idea that because there is no use in a business for Latin, Greek or higher mathematics, therefore the man who has spent four years in studying such subjects has no business value, is obsolete. The training the young man receives in acquiring a knowledge of Latin, Greek and mathematics has prepared him to master more quickly any work, whether it be digging ditches, building bridges, adding accounts or selling shoes. This has been proved whenever college men have been given a fair trial. The president of one of the largest street railway systems says, "We always give preference to college men for positions as motormen, conductors,

ticket sellers, etc., through the summer. They are courteous, faithful and intelligent, and we can break in a college man in about half the time it takes to instruct the general run of applicants."

Another theory long since exploded is that while college men may be all right when things are going smoothly, they are lacking in grit and energy, and will go up in the air when they have to face difficulties. If any refutation of this idea were necessary there could be cited scores of cases which have come to my attention during the past few years, of young graduates who set out with a purpose in view and accomplished it in spite of adverse circumstances which would have discouraged men much more accustomed to the hard knocks of the world. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but deeply rooted in the average college graduate is the habit of getting what he goes after. And if there is one thing demanded in the business world more than any other it is results.

Signs of this habit are to be seen in the way he goes after a position. A young man now holding a responsible position with a steamship company in New York City is a good example of this. On his graduation from a western state university two years ago, he determined to seek an opening in the transportation business. First he went to Cleveland, where he had heard of a good opportunity, but on reaching there found it had been filled. Leaving of a similar opening in New York City, he spent almost his last cent on a ticket to that point. He landed the job and began work Wednesday morning. He would receive no pay until Saturday, and having barely money enough for his meals and being too proud to

borrow, he slept the first night in the park and later found evening work in a hotel to pay for lodgings for the rest of the week.

There are as many different ideas regarding the kind of college men who make the best employees as there are employers who use them. As most of the graduates have had little or no experience in the lines they enter, they have to be judged principally by their personality, their references and the records of what they have done in college. A college man, no matter how capable, can not succeed in every line of work, and to decide just what he is best fitted for is no easy task. Much of the prejudice against college men has been due to neglect of this fact on the part of employers.

Every employer has his little whims and the young man he engages must meet them in every particular. There are only a few points on which all are agreed. One of these is that men from the country who have earned their way through college, either wholly or in part, are most likely to make the best employees. The only department in which this preference is not often shown is the sales, where city bred men of good address and accustomed to meeting people are generally wanted.

This preference for the poor country boy who started for college, as all the story-book heroes do, with only his own head and hands to rely upon in getting through, is not based upon sentiment but upon the undeniable fact that the largest percentage of successes is found among men of this type. The man from the country may be rough and awkward, but he knows what a real day's work means. His habits are usually good, and being little acquainted in the city he has no outside interests to distract his attention.

Except with a few employers of technical men, the rank a man has taken in his course amounts to little or nothing, but with every one who uses college men to any extent, the character of an applicant is a subject of the closest scrutiny. An absolutely green man who shows signs of honesty, loyalty, self-reliance and capacity for hard work, will be engaged in preference to one of considerable experience but of weak character. As a preliminary test of character one company asks in its application blank the following questions with the injunction to "let no mock modesty, on the one hand, nor egotistical vanity on the other, enter into what should be a plain, manly statement of your candid opinions as to the first two."

"Habits, tastes, ideals, ambitions.

"Do you want work or opportunity, i.e., have you debts or obligations, to meet which you must sacrifice the future for the present, or are you in a position to begin at the bottom and receive promotion as you gain experience and find your work?

"Write essay equivalent to one typewritten page, on one of the following: The Art of Self-advancement. Obedience vs. Initiative, a Basis for Compensation. The Art of Executive, a Basis of Valuation. Egotism. Vanity vs Self-reliance, a Factor of Success."

This company, which is capitalized at \$15,000,000 and has been using young technical men long enough to be an authority on the subject, recognises by these questions the importance of securing men of the right sort. The information it seeks regarding the character of applicants is typical of the attitude of the best employers everywhere toward college-trained beginners. A large part of the value of a young man, even

though his training has been in technical or professional lines, is lost unless his mind and character have been properly molded.

In large companies college men are employed in almost any department. They are started as salesmen, correspondents, or in straight clerical work with a view to teaching them the business and training them to fill more responsible positions. The idea of many employers is that it does not make much difference where they are started so long as they are men of brains and determination. The president of one manufacturing company last year scattered scores of young technical graduates through the various departments, letting them go ahead more or less on their own initiative and work out their own salvation.

"Our business is largely in an experimental stage," said the chief engineer of this company, "and if we can secure enough bright college men during the next few years and keep them with us, I think they will be able to develop this as they did the steel business." It is an end like this which most employers have in mind when they begin a search for young college men. Most of them have no use for beginners merely as cheap labor; they want men who will some day be worth large salaries. They try to secure only the best and feel a personal disappointment in failure.

Once having secured the men he wants, the employer's difficulties are by no means over. It is not the easiest thing in the world to handle young college men properly and train them up in the way they should go. The first difficulty is found in the hostility of many of the foremen and department heads, under whom they have to work. These men, if they

have come up from the ranks, are usually hostile to college-trained men and will do all in their power to make their way hard. The general manager of one company which recently tried a number of young graduates with poor results, frankly admitted that the failure was due to the unwillingness of the foremen in his plant to give the men a fair show.

Then there are many difficulties with the college men themselves. They are frightfully ignorant of even the simplest matters at the start. The mistakes they make during the first few weeks furnish a supply of humor for the whole establishment for years to come. The story of the man who was told to fill out some report blanks, having one column above which was printed "Write nothing here" and who scrawled the word "nothing" in that column on every one of the blanks, is true, and he was not one of the men who failed either. It was six or seven years ago that he made this mistake and to-day he is at the head of the department in which he was then learning the business. The trouble was simply that he was too eager to follow instructions and did not take the time to look at his task from the right angle.

Another difficulty is found in the over-eagerness of the college men for promotion. The wise employer always has to guard against their tendency to become impatient for more rapid advancement and to make a change in position if it is not secured. Sometimes their discontent is due to the fact that the work and its opportunities were misrepresented to them.

The general manager of a New England manufacturing company wrote to

the president of his old college a few years ago, asking for the names of some of the seniors to whom he could give positions in his office. The president, in his desire to serve a prominent alumnus, did not merely send the names, but instead called the senior class together and painted the opportunities offered by this particular firm in colors that fired the ambition of every man in the class to secure a position with them. As a result the general manager was overwhelmed with applicants and selected six very capable men. At the end of two months the entire six came to him in a body and announced that they were going to leave because the opportunities for advancement were not as represented. On investigation

the general manager found that the college president had practically guaranteed that their salaries would be fully doubled in two months, and that before the first year was over they would be earning from \$2,000 to \$2,500.

The next year, when the general manager wrote the president concerning more men, he requested him to send only their names and college addresses, and on no condition tell them anything about the work and the opportunities for advancement. "If it is necessary," he added, "to paint the rose or perfume the violet, I prefer to do it myself and thus avoid any possible misunderstanding."

A Mine Owned by the Miners.

BY ARTHUR COOK IN TECHNICAL WORLD.

In Saginaw, Michigan, there is a coal mine which is owned by the workers who dig out the coal. It is apparently a refutation of the statement that there is no chance for the little independent man to make headway against the combination of operators.

It is not so very long ago that Mr. Russell, the English economist, declared, after careful investigation and consideration, that co-operative institutions must inevitably prove unsuccessful in this country. One of his principal arguments was the impossibility of obtaining supplies, as the influence of the trusts was so great that the dealers were afraid to sell to the independent organizations. Others have reported similarly; and it is, accordingly, not surprising that foreign labor, whose only knowledge of conditions here comes from these men, should acquiesce in this stricture on our democracy.

But situated within the limits of the city of Saginaw, Michigan, is a little coal mine that is a complete refutation of this attack upon the democracy of the country. It is not only co-operative but in many respects it occupies a unique position in the mining world, and represents a freedom, from the labor standpoint, that the most independent of the Old-World companies have been unable to attain. It is co-operative not only in the disposition of the coal, but in the actual production of it. It is essentially a mine of the miners, a "Workingman's Mine," as it styles itself. Moreover, at no time has the company encountered any serious difficulty in obtaining supplies. At the outset, one of the big hardware firms refused to recognize it or have any dealings with it; but this is the only instance in which obstacles of this kind have been encountered.

The company, at the same time, is

to-day one of the finest examples of a successful co-operative institution that could be encountered; and the history of its inception, organization, and operation is novel and instructive.

Socialism has many followers among the workingmen in Saginaw, and socialism cries out against the employers with some bitterness. Only a short time ago, a leading socialist explained his position to me with some fervor.

"The man who pays me my wages is my master," he said; "I am dependent on him for my bread and butter, and I am just as much his slave as if he had an actual title to me; and so is my wife, and so are my children. Oh! There isn't anything so low I wouldn't stoop to, to rid myself of the employers. I'd do anything—I hate them." His whole face was flushed and convulsed as he stood with clenched hands and chokingly repeated over and over again, "I hate them, I hate them, I hate them."

There were some among the socialists, however, who looked around for something more practical than verbal expressions of hatred; and among these the general plan of the Caledonia Company was formed.

It was planned to make this essentially a workingman's mine, the company to be composed of practical mine-workers. The idea of working for the benefit of another was to be largely obviated, for each member of the company was to have an equal share of the stock, and was, accordingly, to be equally interested in the

Proverbs for To-Day

People who do not plan their future generally do not have any.

It is a great deal easier to be a good critic than to be even a passable performer.

Don't cry over spilt milk—he glad it isn't cream.

You might as well aim high as long as you are shooting.

Ignorance is anything but bliss to those who are compelled to be its associates.

A candied opinion is generally liked better than a candid one.

Credit is a convenient garment, but it is liable to become a little too tight for free movement.

output. Thus, every man was, in a sense, working for himself, and whatever his ability and industry gained was of direct value to himself. The company was to consist of 100 men, with a total capitalization of \$50,000. (Recently it was voted to increase this to 500 men and a capitalization of \$250,000.)

In government, the plan of the company was democratic. The mine itself was to be under the direct control of the superintendent, who was accountable to a board of managers; and the decision of this body was to be at all times liable to review by the general assembly of the miners. The general business of the company was to be in the hands of the board of managers, always subject to review.

To a socialist mind, the plan had no small charm, and many were attracted to the company. The individual contributions were not large. Some were to pay in labor. If it was worth anything, it was worth the trial. Accordingly the formation of the company was soon under way.

There lacked only the coal land, and this was a serious defect. Although there was more or less coal available, it was imperative to have a favorable location; and the other companies had secured control of the best, economically located land. It was chance that the mine was not developed at Cournoe, instead of Saginaw; but fortune favored the new company.

Although they have since consolidated, there were at that time two main companies, or combinations of companies, in the vicinity of Saginaw. Lying in the midst of the land controlled by one of these, was a little tract of forty acres, on which advance royalties were being paid. To save these royalties, believing that the land could be picked up again with-

out difficulty when required, the company allowed the lease to lapse. Almost immediately the members of the Caledonia Company became apprised of the fact; the land was secured, and the preliminary work begun. The greatest secrecy attended this; and it was only when the work of sinking the shaft had actually begun, that the formation of the company became known. The shaft was put down with extraordinary rapidity; and on September 1, 1906, coal was sold from the new mine, which lay at a depth of 165 feet.

There still remained the work of clearing away the waste and rock, of securing proper entries, etc.; and it was well along in the fall before the company was prepared really to enter the market.

So far the operators had been, on the surface, at least, passive. Nevertheless, their influence had been felt when the mine attempted to secure a spur from the railroad a short distance away. This was to be 1,000 feet in length, the miners themselves to furnish the grading and ties. For the 1,000 feet of rails the company demanded \$3,000, and the mine is still unsupplied with track.

Meanwhile, the operators had advanced coal to the regular winter "trust" price of \$4.50 per ton. Coal could be sold at outside points for less; but at Saginaw, where it was mined, this was the required price. The Caledonia began to sell at \$4.25.

The operators were now stung to action, and endeavored to bring the little group of miners to a full realization of what it was up against. A conference was held at which they explained their painful duty.

"We have got to protect the retailer," they said.

"We have got to protect the public," was the reply. "And, besides,

if you are so solicitous for the retailer, why have you got your own retail wagons out running around the city in competition with him?"

But the operators were firm. "You know the price of life," they said.

The Caledonia's reply was instant and unmistakable. The price of coal was dropped to \$4, then to \$3.50, where the retail price has remained ever since. The action of the operators was equally positive. Coal was rushed to the south end of the city, and sold from the car, at a point directly in front of the Caledonia mine, at the startling price of \$1.75. The entire action was kept as secret as possible, and it was aimed to keep knowledge of the matter from the city at large. This was for two main reasons.

The greater part of the sales of the Caledonia mine were made in the vicinity of the mine, and it was hoped to cut off the customers of that company without affecting the general public. Thus the operators would lose little, and the socialist mine everything. At the same time, the move was expected to have immediate effect on the little mine; and it was thought that the latter would come to a full realization of the fact that \$4.50 was, after all, a fair and reasonable price.

The effect was lacking, however; and in a short time it became evident that the move was a losing one for the operators. The supply of \$1.75 coal lasted but two days. It was then withdrawn, and the general retail price for the city was fixed at \$3, delivered, fifty cents under the Caledonia price.

Immediately the retailers complained that they were being malreated.

"The operators are using us as a blind against ourselves," one of the retailers remarked, privately. "They

claim to be making the fight for our benefit, and we can say nothing. At the same time, they have fixed the retail price below that at which it is possible for us to sell. We have asked them to fix it so we may sell at cost, but they have refused. Now the alternative faces us, of either selling at the price set by their retail office and actually losing money on every ton of coal sold, or of losing our old customers, who would otherwise go over to the retail office of the operators."

Some of the retailers advertised coal at \$4, some at \$3.50; but beside the operators' big advertisement at \$3, this looked ridiculous and one by one they dropped to the operators' price. The Caledonia, however, clung to its price of \$3.50 with all the stubbornness of a mine mule.

But the little socialist mine, with its ridiculous little forty acres of coal, had already gained many friends, and these continued to stand by it. After all this mine is the key to the whole situation. It is only because of its presence that the operators conceded the low price; and if, at any time, through lack of support or for any other reason, the Caledonia had succumbed, the retail price would immediately have jumped again to the old figure. There have been enough people, who have realized this fact, and enough friends of the Caledonia mine, to keep it well supplied with orders; and it has thrived and flourished largely because of the difficulties which have beset it.

At one stage of the proceedings, the operators argued: "Your miners are working for themselves. Consequently they take greater pains, and there is less dirt in your coal." This is probably true, and must be accepted as one strong reason why the Caledonia Company has won many

excellent customers, manufacturers, etc., away from the great coal companies.

"We work especially for the retail trade," said the general manager of the so-called socialist mine. "We give the retail trade precedence over everything else. At the same time we are able to and shall take care of all manufacturing concerns with whom we have contracts."

One of the leading hotels signed a contract with the company. Afterward the operators' representatives called on the owner of the hotel.

"Here," he said, "You have a contract with me that holds until October. How do you come to be getting in Caledonia coal?" The answer was brusque and to the point:

"We can't make money so fast we can afford to burn up any more of it than we have to."

Many of the large consumers are now using Caledonia coal. The company was an experiment, but it has proven a successful one. The operators have all along predicted its fall, however. One of the leading operators said, early last winter:

"The Caledonia people are making a big mistake. Their price would be a reasonable one if every season was a busy one. They are making no provision for the dull summer months, during which there will be no demand for their product."

However true his statement may have been, the Caledonia Company has been saved the dull season, for, on account of the expiration of the agreement between the miners and operators of the State, this has been an abnormal season. However disastrous the great bituminous tie-up may be for the miners as a whole, for the particular group controlling the so-called socialist mine, it has proven most fortunate.

About the first of March, it became evident that there was little chance of an agreement between miners and operators. Fearful of being tied up through lack of fuel, every big consumer began to lay in an advance supply; and every mine in the valley was worked to its capacity to meet, as far as possible, the demand. The Caledonia, of course, shared in this prosperity; but this was not all. Shortly before the expiration of the old agreement between miners and operators, it was announced that the little mine would run right through, regardless of the strike; as the owners of the mine worked it themselves, they had no labor troubles, and were unaffected by labor disturbances. The result was a general rush for cover. The operators' commissioner bitterly assailed the position of the mine; but with prospects of a long, hard strike, and but one possibility of assistance during this, the consumers hastened to make overtures.

True to its promise, the Caledonia mine has run regularly and has more than given satisfaction to its customers. It is, of course, piled far ahead with orders; and to all appearance possesses more than enough regular large consumers to assure it a market for its product winter and summer from now on. At the same time, it has stood all along as the workingman's mine, a mine for the people; and positive assurance is given that the retail trade will receive the first consideration. The company has secured an additional 500 acres of land, part of it lying just outside the city, and is sinking a shaft there. If this is not in operation in time for the increased demand next fall, a double shift will be put on in the present mine, for the double shift can be worked more

easily in mining, perhaps, than in any other industry. Although the only mine operating in the State, the Caledonia has not raised the price of its product. The retail price remains \$3.50. The company now has practically the only coal for sale in the State.

If the Caledonia mine was an experiment, so far it has proven a most successful one. The freedom and independence of the miners from a social standpoint have been very grateful; but, aside from all this, looked at as a purely financial proposition, the members of the company are faring much better than those employed by the operators of the valley.

The wage scale of the company is based directly on the Michigan scale; but there are some differences of scale and application that actually make it considerably above that paid by the other operators. The scale is applied to the coal "mine run," a concession which united labor has been unable to obtain from the Michigan operators, by whom it is applied only to the screened coal. In addition, the scale is applied to a 36-inch vein of coal, although in other mines it is based on a 30-inch vein, which is much more difficult to work. Day men are paid ten cents per diem above the price fixed by the Michigan scale.

At present the Caledonia wages are based on the 1903 scale, which is 5.55 per cent. higher than the 1904-5 scale. The operators of the State were loath to grant this raise, and the inability of miners and operators of the Michigan district to come to an agreement resulted in a tie-up of at least several months' duration. The 1903 scale, however, was put into effect by the Caledonia mine early in April, when the United Mine Workers first decided to stand out for this. At

present the average wage paid in the mine is \$2.75 per day.

So far, no dividends have been paid. Starting last fall with very little actual capital, it has been necessary for the mine to pay for itself as it went along; and consequently all the profits, above the operating expenses, have been put into the development of the mine. It is promised, however, that the company will soon be in a position to declare dividends, and no doubt the coming year will see these paid.

It would seem that there is every reason for the success of the mine in the future. It has won considerable reputation in the valley—it has even had a brand of cigars named after it. It has the friendship and respect of its customers. The coal itself is of as high quality as any in the State, and considerably above the average. The management is in the hands of strong, capable men. The mine has no labor difficulties; every man is personally interested in the company and eager to do his utmost for its success. Of course the present mine, with only forty acres of coal, will not long suffice; but by the time this is exhausted the other 500 acres will have been brought into use, and at least two mines will be in operation upon them. The supply of coal is for the present quite sufficient.

At least two other mining organizations have been formed in the valley along similar lines. One of these has been founded entirely by practical miners, and has been doing considerable prospecting. One of the Caledonia men was secured to organize it. The other is partially cooperative without any socialistic principles—what principles it has are rather doubtful, but they are not socialistic.

But the point is this. The Caledonia Company has already exerted a strong influence on the mining world. No sane man believes a complete socialism possible; but this mine has pointed out a peaceable way to the

partial realization of some of the highest socialist ideals. Others have already begun to follow, and there is no reason why the plan should not be extended still farther in this and other branches of labor.

The Life of a Locomotive Engineer

BY W. S. STONE, CHIEF OF THE BROTHERHOOD

There are 34,600 locomotive engineers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, who stand together in the brotherhood. An Iowa man, Warren S. Strode, is the head of the order, which has held this post since the death of Peter M. Arntz. The description he gives of the life of an engineer does not as accurate as years of experience can make it.

I ENTERED college with the law in mind, but several of my brothers were railroad men, and the life they led, together with the wages they earned, lured me from school and into a fireman's place. In four years and a half I was given an engine. I was an engineer for twenty years, and never had but one employer.

I ran into an accident or two, but it wasn't my fault. I had a fast daylight passenger train part of the time and killed thirteen human beings in one year. That wasn't my fault, either. The terrors of an engineer's life are the idiots who walk on the track and the farmers who whip up and try to get over. Persons who drive horses seem to have a mania for heating the locomotive. If they would stop when they heard the whistle and the noise of the train, or would jog along as before, they would escape. But they will do neither. A good many of them stand up, look like wild men around the eyes, and lay on the lash. The next instant they are under the wheels or in a tree or a field along the right of way.

Common sense is the first quality of an engineer; but that is a universal need and is no more necessary to engineers than to any one else. Secondly, I would say a quick and reliable mind. If you are running sixty or seventy miles an hour you can't take a situation home with you for reflection and advisement. You have got to act and be in a hurry about it. Moral courage is required to run a train at a mile a minute.

Sometimes the lights are on the other side and the fireman, stripped to his undershirt even in zero weather, springs forward to the seat, never uses and calls the signals. The engineer repeats them back, looking straight ahead, and the fireman, chilled to the bones, sweating at every pore, goes back to his everlasting shovel. Chores are taken at full speed. Towns are passed with the throttle wide open. Yards dancing with clear, red and green lights, each of which is a voice and a sign to the engineer, are here one minute and gone the next. There must be physical courage in the teeth of all this, not greater and better still is the

moral courage of the man in the cab—his confidence in others as well as in himself, and his readiness to assume responsibility on the spot.

If a fast man is late three times he is out and another engineer takes his place. This silent, but relentless, threat is over him night and day if he likes his job. There are plenty of good engineers who would not take a fast train if they could get out of it. They are not afraid, but they don't enjoy the work. Allen Tyler, who was chosen to run over the division out of Cleveland with the eighteen hour New York and Chicago special, came to me the day before he was killed and told me how proud and happy he was for the chance. The brotherhood of locomotive engineers is growing at the rate of 4,000 engineers a year. The freight traffic in this country doubles every decade, and it requires a good many new men to meet the natural expansion of business. Three hundred and eighty-one engineers were killed on duty during the last two years. Notwithstanding our growth, we haven't enough men to supply the demands of the railroads. Information which has been obtained carefully shows that the average life of the engineer is but ten years. In that time he either dies on duty or from natural causes or is disabled totally.

The average age of our members is 41 years, yet there are engineers of 70 who are running fast trains. When you see an old man in a cab, however, you can wager your last dollar that he is delivering the goods.

It must be remembered that engineers suffer more from exposure than does any other class of workers. This especially is so in the west,

When the front window of his cab is covered with snow or frost the only thing the engineer can do is to hang his head out of the side window. He may be running forty or 50 miles an hour and the wind may be coming right into his face at the same velocity. Flesh and blood give way under such terrible conditions and hundreds of engineers go to pieces every winter. Some of them recover and some don't.

A fireman must serve from two and a half to three years before he gets an engine, but in the meantime he must be a man of iron and willing to work like a horse. Firemen on modern freight engines shovel from eighteen to twenty-five tons of coal every trip. The limit of human endurance has been reached with them. It is no longer a question of larger and stronger engines, but the problem is to stoke the engines already in use. It seems to me that a machine will have to do it. Two firemen sometimes are employed on a single engine but that arrangement is hardly practicable. One man works, gets overheated, sits down, and takes cold. The other man when his turn comes has the same experience.

The best figures we can get, and they cover ten years, show that only 17 per cent of the firemen on American railroads become engineers, and that only six per cent get passenger trains. Some of them, having little stamina, give up, but more of them lose their health. Nowadays a fireman doesn't straighten up from the time his engine gets under way until his run is over. Furthermore, the door of the firebox on a modern engine is about face high and the intense heat often rains the fireman's eyes. At least 15 per cent of the

firemen who serve their time fail to get engines because of defective sight. Even if the eyes can be made normal with spectacles the fireman cannot become an engineer, although he may have grown up on the road and been a steady and competent man. After he runs an engine for awhile he may be permitted to wear glasses, but he is barred from certain trains and from all employment as an engineer on other lines.

Then the age limit is discouraging to young men. I am 46 years old, but no more than six roads in the United States would give me an engine if I should want one; all of the others now refuse to hire new men who have passed the age of 45. In fact, the limit is 40 on many roads and the Pennsylvania company has lowered it to 35. The brotherhood is opposing the theory that an engineer of 40 or 50 is on the down grade. A general manager said to me recently: "Well, Stone, you must admit that you can't get into a cab as easily as you could twenty years ago." Such talk is rubbish and so I said: "I am not an aeronaut, but an engineer."

The fireman who has served his time goes gayly about his business, and at the end of two years is ordered to headquarters for another examination, a biennial performance which continues so long as he lives. He is compelled to know his engine and how to get it to the next station if it breaks down, and must understand the electric dynamo, which often is in front of his cab. He must be familiar with the mechanism of air brakes and pumps. Consequently an engineer not only runs his engine but hests his train and frequently lights it.

A tenth of the engineers in this

country are not in our organization. We give them no trouble and make no effort to deprive them of their places. All that we do is to insist that they be paid brotherhood wages, work brotherhood hours, and be given all of our own conditions and privileges. These matters we arrange with the railroads and not with the men themselves. Some of those who are out would be welcome and some would not be accepted by us under any circumstances.

In Canada, where wages are the lowest an engineer gets \$2.80 a hundred miles. In this country he receives \$5.25 for a hundred miles. I would say that the pay of an American engineer is from \$120 to \$160 a month. Firemen are paid from \$2 to \$3.10 per hundred miles, and usually a hundred miles is a day's work.

The policy of the brotherhood has been to mind its own business. We are condemned for our lack of sympathy and so on, but we reply: "Look at our results." We should be in trouble all the time if, for instance, we should refuse to haul "unfair goods," or the products which come from factories, mines, etc., where there are strikes. We constantly are bettering our wages and conditions and, therefore, point to our achievements as a justification for our policy.

We live up to all of our contracts. In the fall of 1904 the engineers on the elevated roads and in the subway of New York had trouble with August Belmont, their employer. I got a settlement which gave the men \$3.50 for nine hours on the elevated lines and ten hours with a fifteen minute layover in the subway. In the five months the engineers, some

400 in all, quit without saying a word to the brotherhood. They violated their contract, and I suspended all of them. Now they are work-

ing ten hours for \$3. This incident illustrates our business principles and methods of discipline as well as the advantages of our organization.

Mining Diamonds at Kimberley

BY JAMES S. HAMILTON IN WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH)

In view of the reported scarcity of diamonds, the following description of the diamond mines at Kimberley will serve of interest. The writer is an American who went to South Africa in 1893, just after peace had been declared. He spent two years in the diamond district and writes from his broad knowledge.

KIMBERLEY is a town of about twenty-five thousand population, grown up around a great hole in the ground—that's all. Stuck in the midst of a desolate valley, devoid of crops save where here and there a spot is made to produce by irrigation, the little mining town is practically dependent upon the mines. Its one redeeming feature is that it is situated upon a tableland, and has an altitude of 4,050 feet above the sea level, with a constant breeze. The business houses are built of sun-dried brick, and the residences, rarely more than a single story, are made either of corrugated iron, or brick, covered with a coating of stucco.

The Kimberley mine proper is in the heart of the town, the streets lying alongside the enclosure. But the shaft and the entrances are so well guarded night and day that no person ever gains admission without proper authority. Every person in the city is under a rigid watch. Much money is expended every year to enforce the "L.D.B." laws, the enactments to prevent illicit diamond buying. Even with these safeguards illicit diamonds are sold every year in Europe to the value of \$750,000.

It was thirty days after I had arrived at Kimberley and had applied

to Mr. Williams for a position before I was employed. I was appointed to a place of moderate authority with one of the shafts that go down into the mines to drill and blast. Such agents do not have to submit themselves to the rigid searches of the guards on coming out of the mines, and their personal freedom is not restricted, but they are always under the eye of some guard in the enclosure. And no employee lives long about Kimberley before his movements, habits, and temperament are fully reported by detectives to the general office.

Each of the great mines has its several compounds where the Kaffirs are imprisoned. These are enclosures, with walls sufficiently high to prevent escape, and around the walls is a stretch of roofing sufficient to prevent the inmates from tossing diamonds to the outside to be picked up by confederates. In the early days the Kaffirs used to throw diamonds over the walls in tin cans, so that their wives or friends might come and pick them up.

When the Kaffirs go to Kimberley from their tribes, they agree to submit to live in compounds. The shortest period is three months, but there are many who have never been out of

the compounds for two or three years. Those who go underground are, for the most part, drillers. They take a chisel and a hammer and drill holes in the hard, rocky ore, called blue-ground, in which the diamonds are invariably imbedded. These holes are for blasting the rock and reducing it to a crushed state. Tons of dynamite are used in the mines, and the stifling smoke makes it no pleasant task to remain underground after the explosions.

At the Kimberley mine there are 1,500 Kaffirs who work underground; the De Beers mine has 3,000; the Bultfontein mine has 3,000; the Du Toit's Pan mine has 3,000; and the Wesselton mine has 4,000. In addition to these there are several shifts of white men, some of them miners, some of them engineers, some drillers, and some in charge of moving the ore out of the mines. The work never ceases. It goes on all night and all day Sunday.

The first step in the mining is the drilling the holes for the blasting. Then the blasts are touched off, and the crushed blue-ground is conveyed to the shafts of the mine, which is fourteen hundred feet away from the tunnels where the mining is actually done. At the foot of the shaft the ore is dumped into a huge bucket, or "skip," and this, fastened to a great cable, is rapidly drawn out of the mine by powerful engines. Such diamonds as have been accidentally found have been washed from placer beds beside some river. The finding process is the modern way of finding diamonds. Thousands of men, mostly negroes, with no higher aim in life than to earn 5s. a day, are perched upon the blue-ground rock in the tunnels, drilling with a chisel and a hammer. The spirit of adventure

has been eliminated by the stupendous devices of the mechanical engineer.

The task of separating the diamonds from the blue-ground required months. From the shaft the ore is conveyed to what are called the "floors"—great stretches of ground cleaned off like a tennis-court. The ore is taken there in trucks, or cars, which are fastened ten feet apart to an endless cable, propelled by the power from the engine-room. Each floor is four hundred feet square, but their combined territory covers a great area of land, one mine alone having "floors" which extend five miles. These "floors" are nothing more than dumping grounds. Upon their smooth surface is spread the blue-ground to a depth of about ten inches. Being very susceptible to the action of air and water the blue-ground disintegrates after being exposed several months, and in the crumbling such indestructible crystals as diamonds or garnets are released. This is facilitated by harrowing the ore after it has been exposed six months and is beginning to become pulverized. The harrowing is done by steam plows drawn back and forth over the "floors" by a cable. Any of the blue-ground that is not decomposed by the long exposure is taken to the crushing machine, where it is pulverized. All the pulverized blue-ground is taken to the pulsator, or separating rooms.

The quarters where the separating is done contain large washing apparatus and an incline plane covered with a coating of a thick talcous substance. First, the pulverized blue-ground is washed thoroughly in huge tubs or tanks. The water dissolves the softer dirt and leaves only the hard pebbles, crystals, and coarse

sand. This coarse matter is poured over the inclined plane, or pulsator. In descending the plane the dirt and gravel pass on to the lower end, and the diamonds become imbedded in the talcous coating. From 98 to 99 per cent. of the precious stones are thus extricated, the diamonds often burying themselves in the soft substance.

The talcous stuff is scraped off, placed in a cauldron, and melted; becoming thin and oily under heat, it is poured off, and the diamonds are found at the bottom of the cauldron. The diamonds are sold in the rough. A syndicate of diamond merchants in Europe buy them at about one-third the price a jeweler charges for the finished stones. Taken from the cauldron to the general office of the De Beers Company every day, these rough diamonds are separated according to value and size, and are then ready to be sold to the Diamond Syndicate, 75 per cent. of whose stock, by the way, is owned by the De Beers Consolidated Mines Limited.

The De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, pays in a single year dividends to the amount of £2,175,000. It contributes insurance money for the benefit of its employes amounting to £100,000. It lays aside annually £2,175,000 for further investment, and, after all this, it has a balance of £746,000.

The Kaffir with his chisel and hammer makes 5s. a day. He is paid at the rate of 1s. for every foot he drills into the hard rock. Sometimes he drills the required five feet in three hours, but oftentimes it takes him the full eight hours of the shift. With this 5s. he must support himself, for he has to buy his own food, clothing and cabin furnishings. Somewhere he has a wife or several wives

out on the veldt. A Kaffir is always anxious to have as many wives as he can, for with these Kaffir tribes wives are an evidence of one's wealth. The wives sometimes go to Kimberley while their husbands are in the compounds, and there live in quarters set aside for that purpose. But they are never permitted to enter the compounds. On pay days the wives flock to the gates of the great compounds and clamor for the pay of their husbands. They give their names at the gate to a guard, or the numbers by which their husbands were entered, and send within for money. The money is sent outside by a guard. Many of the women carry to the gates a child or two strapped to their shoulders.

The risk of life in the mines is great. What is known as a "mud-rush" sometimes happens by the inundation of water from the surface. Rain-water goes flooding down into the vast craters of the mines. In these craters lie various kinds of clay and other strata. This earth becomes very soft and slippery after a soaking, and it often breaks through underlying beds and goes thundering into the tunnels of the mines. On one occasion a "mud-rush" imprisoned a score of Kaffirs in the tunnels of the mine in which I worked. Several of them groped their way through the plastic mass, but when the mud was cleared away some of the Kaffirs were found standing erect just as they had been the instant the mud-rush fell upon them, chisel in one hand and the other raised as if to strike a blow.

The expense of living in Kimberley is very great. The food supply is so inadequate that a steak costs half a crown, and every article of wearing apparel costs twice as much as it

would in London. The necessity of preventing the illicit diamond traffic, too, has its baneful effect upon the lives of the honest and sensitive. A fair idea of this last condition can be drawn from the experience of one officer of the De Beers corporation. For three hundred and sixty-five days this man had been under the surveillance of the detectives of the company. The men at the general offices thought that he was spending more money than he was earning. One day after the detective had followed the man for a whole year had played poker with him, and watched every movement, another officer of the company approached him, and laying his hand upon his shoulder said:

"I want to congratulate you."

"What about?" asked the object of suspicion.

"Why, you're all right. You're an honest man."

"Of course, I'm an honest man. What do you mean?"

The explanation was made. The suspected man learned that the detective who had followed him had been his closest personal friend all those months, knowing every move he made, how much money he lost gambling, exactly how much he won, how much he spent in high living, and how much for the necessities of life.

"Now, according to our accounts of your doings for these weeks and days," said the official to the man under suspicion, "you ought to have just three pounds in your pocket this moment."

The man who had been shadowed three hundred and sixty-five days thrust his hand into his pocket and found just a trifle less than three pounds.

Why is it that nearly all of us are so much less anxious to be wise than to seem clever? Surely good education should teach us all that nothing good was ever easy. Now, educate yourself into the dread of being merely clever, for I am sure that anyone who will fairly review the errors of his practice will find that a very large portion of them must be ascribed to his having underrated the difficulty of that which he undertook—to his having tried to be clever when he ought to have been wise—Paget.

The Men Who "Also Ran"

BY CHARLES P. AKER IN THE YOUNG MAN.

There is a tendency in the world to-day to belittle the men who have failed in any achievement or who have seemingly lost position and are content to move along in a sort. It is an indication of the rather broad of "Also-ran" that the author of the bright article takes up his pen.

THE "Also-rans" are not a wild tribe of the Balkans, nor a lower range of the Himalayas, nor yet fine entomological specimens. They are all round about us, in our houses and streets, in our offices and churches. They are found in every grade of society. We all know them well.

The phrase is American. "Poor old fellow! he is one of the Also-rans"—so runs the half-pitying, half-contemptuous word. Clearly the "Also-rans" maintain some kind of relation, compromising or otherwise, with the "Good old have-beens," and occupy a position more discouraging and pathetic than theirs. The reference is not far to seek. The keen eye of a student is scrutinizing the columns of his evening paper—for the latest ecclesiastical intelligence, of course, or for the freshest item concerning "Clause 4"; it is inconceivable that he should seek such information by design—and his glance passes over the sporting news, so called. And there he chances—it is entirely an accident—to notice that in the account of that day's racing a number of horses are "placed" as winners, no seconds, no thirds, and the like. And then follow a number of horses' names—"King Bunghole the Second," "Joseph the Conqueror," "Arthur the Great," and all the rest of them—all thrown together in a heap, not worthy of any order or discrimination, and the lot neatly ended. "Also ran." They "ran"; that is all you know about them or

need to know. They started, you don't need to know how. They got somewhere, perhaps; but it is not worth while to find out where. They "also ran," and that is the best you can say about them. "Poor old fellow! he is one of the 'Also-rans'"—and so we have told the life-story of a man who has failed.

Yet is the story quite done? Have the high gods written "Finis" where we have written "Also ran?" Is there no more to be said? We had better go back to our Browning. "A Grammarian's Funeral" remains an inexhaustible battery for the recharging of heroic aspiration, for the everlasting comfort of high-minded men who "also ran," though they never swept past the winning-post in rainbow colors that flashed in the sunlight amid storms of cheers that made the welkin ring and fetched shrill echoes from the sounding earth. Let us make the contrast Browning asks us to make.

Men set themselves to the accomplishment of a useful and substantial piece of work, and they do it. It is within the compass of their abilities. It calls for a little effort, for a little energy, for a little sacrifice. So! The effort is made, the work is done. It was worth doing; the world, in a quiet way, is all the better for it, and the men who have done it have a reasonable satisfaction in "something attempted, something done." They have succeeded. And here are men who are wearing out their brains and their hearts in one of the divine-

ly-inspired moral movements of our time. They are beating their souls against the imprisoning bars of an evil social system. They are pouring out their lives in the strife against strong drink. They are battling with a zeal which is eating them up against war and the war spirit. The sorrows of Indiaadden them. They die daily in thought of the agonies daily done in the blood-stained forests of the Congo. And from all corners of the earth, on all winds of heaven, are borne the voices which tell them that the curse of sterility is on all their toil, that Mrs. Partington was wise compared with them—she had her bucket and her mop, at least, they have nothing—and the Atlantic against which they contend, with all its many-sounding waves, will howl in derision of their work. India? The Congo? Who cares? Who cares? An evil social system?—and the "Jungle" is hurled at our heads, and we swear that if the God of Arama, Isaac and Jacob were still alive He would blast Chicago off the face of the earth with a fiery rain from heaven! The Drink Traffic?—and there is more drink consumed per head of the population today in this country than there was sixty years ago, when the Temperance movement began? War against war?—and along the frontiers of Europe stand five millions of men, and twenty-six millions in reserve behind them, armed to the teeth, ready to loose hell amongst the nations! A young man gives himself with the mighty extravagance of youth to such a cause as these. He spends his years as a tale that is told. The "brown of his locks gives place to grey," as old friend Mackay used to sing, and then "age comes creeping, to silver the hair on his aching head"; and all

that he can say is that the evil which he sought to conquer is no sooner rooted up and driven out than it reincarnates itself in national life again! And so he dies, and leaves a world where the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, and not to the like of him. If history troubles about him at all, the most and the best it has to say is that he "also ran."

And yet the failure is not his who accomplished "nothing," and the success is not his who got "something" done. In any real estimate of the infinite significance of things the "Also-rans" are the heroes, the apostles, the empire-builders, and with them is fair-shining and wingless victory. This is not to say that the near, the real, and the solid should not be attempted. It should be attempted. It must be done. And they who do it deserve well of their fellows. But they, too, are great who "also ran," and their greatness breathes immortality. This is what Browning means when he bids us believe:

This low man seeks a little thing to do,

Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,

Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one.

His hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses a nail.
This has the world here—should he need the next.

Let the world mind him!
This throws himself on God, and, perplexed,

Seeking shall find Him!
So, then, we have to revise our es-

timates of success and failure. We have to set up a new standard of values. Who is the successful man of your dreams? Is it Sir Georgina Midas or Viscount Moneyhags, ensigning until the midnight air is cerulean because six of his six-foot footmen are not up to open the door to his ring? Is it the general who has burst his way across a continent, leaving a track of desolation to attest his soul-stirring achievements? Is it the purveyor of cheap lies, whose name is in everybody's mouth and whose honors sicken the air of *Cosmos*? Or is it Plumley of the Dash United, the Napoleon of Collar-studs, you know? Ask your world, ask your office, ask—also! that we should need to ask this—ask the pulpit sometimes, the Church sometimes, if these men are not the successful men of our time, a bright and shining light, each one of them, to guide the nations stumbling on their way. Yet here is a London schoolmaster who has not gathered one of the "plums" of the profession; and here is a village parson who has been not "passing rich," but cruelly poor all his life on £100 a year; and here is the plucky Sunday school teacher, and there the brave-spirited lad who has kept his end up in a sum mission-hall, and on every side of us are men who have kept their hands clean and their hearts pure and done the duty that lay nearest to them with a cheerful courage, and found time to help a lame dog over a stile now and then—and God knows that we must learn to call them "great!"

In a brutal sentence an atheist writer has given us his account of the final reckoning. He tells us that "the heroes who fell at Marathon and the last harrowful of litter wheeled out of the cavalry stables will be alike remembered." It is doubtful whether this old earth has ever rang beneath the footfall of a greater man than the "bear-eyed little Jew" whom history knows as the Apostle Paul. When he had fought a good fight, kept the faith, and finished his course, he was satisfied that a crown of righteousness waited him, the gift of his righteous Judge; but he hastened to add—the big-souled man—"and not for me only, but for all them also that have loved His appearing!" That estimate of greatness will do. It finds us. That will work! Wherefore, with the exultant Whitman—

With music strong I come, with my trumpets and my drums;
I play not marches for accepted vic-tors only;
I play marches for conquered and slain persons,
I beat and pound for the dead.
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for them,
Vivas to those who have failed;
And to those whose wat-vessels sank
in the sea;
And to those themselves who sank in the sea;
And to all generals who lost engagements,
And to the numberless unknown heroes as great as the greatest heroes known!

New York—City of Mammon

BY MAXIM GORKY IN APPLETONE'S MAGAZINE

In scathing language the Russian patriot, Gorky, condemns the漫漫ness of America as evidenced in the life of the people of New York. He does not gloss over anything but lays bare the heart of the American people relentlessly. The article is reproduced in part only.

FROM afar the city looks like a huge jaw with black, uneven teeth. It belches forth clouds of smoke into the sky, and sniffs like a glutton suffering from overindulgence. When you enter it you feel that you have fallen into a stomach of brick and iron which swallows up millions of people, and chews, grinds and digests them. The streets seem like so many hungry throats, through which pass, into some unseen depth, black pieces of food—living human beings. Everywhere, over your head, under your feet, and at your sides is iron, living iron emitting horrible noises. Called to life by the power of gold, inspired by it, it envelops man in its coils, deafening him, sucking his life blood, deadening his mind.

The horses and automobiles shout aloud like some giant ducks, the electricity sends forth its surly noises, and everywhere the stifling air of the streets is penetrated and soaked with thousands of deafening sounds, like a sponge with water. It trembles wavers, and blows into one's nostrils its strong, greasy odors. It is a poisoned atmosphere. It suffers, and it gromms with its suffering.

The people walk along the pavements. They push hurriedly forward, all hastily driven by the same force that enslaves them. But their faces are calm, their hearts do not feel the misfortune of being slaves; indeed, by a tragic self-conceit, they yet feel themselves its masters. In their eyes gleams a consciousness of independence, but they do not know it is but

the sorry independence of the axe in the hands of the woodman, of the hammer in the hands of the blacksmith. This liberty is the tool in the hands of the Yellow Devil—Gold. Inner freedom, freedom of the heart and soul, is not seen in their energetic countenances. This energy without liberty is like the glitter of a new knife which has not yet had time to be dulled, it is like the gloss of a new rope.

It is the first time that I have seen such a huge city monster; nowhere have the people appeared to me so unfortunate, so thoroughly enslaved to life, as in New York. And furthermore, nowhere have I seen them so tragically self-satisfied as in this huge phantasmagoria of stone, iron, and glass, this product of the sick and wasted imagination of Mercury and Pinto. And looking upon this life, I began to think that in the hand of the statue of Bartholdi there blazed not the torch of liberty, but the dollar.

The large number of monuments in the city parks testifies to the pride which its inhabitants take in their great men. But it would be well from time to time to clean up the dust and dirt from the faces of those heroes whose hearts and eyes burned so glowingly with love for their people. These statues covered with a veil of dirt involuntarily force one to put a low estimate upon the gratitude felt by the Americans toward all those who lived and died for the good of their country. And they lose themselves in the network of the many-

stoned buildings. The great men seem like dwarfs in front of the walls of the ten-storey structures. The mammoth fortunes of Morgan and Rockefeller wipe off from memory the significances of the creators of liberty—Lincoln and Washington. Grant's tomb is the only monument of which New York can be proud, and that, too, only because it has not been placed in the dirty heart of the city.

"This is a new library they are building," said some one to me, pointing to an unfinished structure surrounded by a park. And he added importantly: "It will cost two million dollars! The shelves will measure one hundred and fifty miles!"

Up to that time I had thought that the value of a library is not in the building itself, but in the books, just as the worth of a man is in his soul, not in his clothes. Nor did I ever go into raptures over the length of the shelves, preferring always the quality of the books to their quantity. By quality I understand (I make this remark for the benefit of the Americans) not the price of the binding, nor the durability of the paper, but the value of the ideas, the beauty of the language, the strength of the imagination, and so forth.

Another gentleman told me, as he pointed out a painting to me: "It is worth five hundred dollars."

I had to listen very frequently to such sorry and superficial appraisement of objects, the price of which cannot be determined by the number of dollars. Productions of art are bought for money, just as bread, but their value is always higher than what is paid for them in coin. I meet here very few people who have a clear conception of the intrinsic worth of art, its religious significance, the power

of its influence upon life, and its indispensableness to mankind.

To live means to live beautifully, bravely, and with all the power of the soul. To live means to embrace with our minds the whole universe, to mingle our thoughts with all the secrets of existence, and to do all that is possible in order to make life around us more beautiful, more varied, freer, and brighter.

It seems to me that what is superlatively lacking to America is a desire for beauty, a thirst for those pleasures which it alone can give to the mind and to the heart. Our earth is the heart of the universe, our art the heart of the earth. The stronger it beats, the more beautiful is life. In America the heart beats feebly.

A magnificent Broadway, but a horrid East Side! What an irreconcilable contradiction, what a tragedy! The street of wealth must perforce give rise to harsh and stern laws devised by the financial attorney, by the slaves of the Yellow Devil, for a war upon poverty and the Whitechapel of New York. The poverty and the vice of the East Side must perforce breed anarchy. I do not speak of a theory; I speak of the development of envy, malice, and vengeance, of that, in a word, which degrades man to the level of an antisocial being. These two irremovable curvets, the psychology of the rich and the feeling of the poor, threaten a clash which will lead to a whole series of tragedies and catastrophes.

America is possessed of a great store of energy, and therefore everything in it, the good and the bad, develops with greater rapidity than anywhere else. But the growth of that anarchism of which I am speaking preceeds the development of socialism. Socialism is a stage of culture,

a civilized tendency. It is the religion of the future which will free the whole world from poverty and from the gross rule of wealth. To be rightly understood, it requires the close application of the mind, and a general, harmonious development of all the spiritual forces in man. Anarchism is a social disease. It is the poison produced in the social organism by the abnormal life of the individual and the lack of healthy nourishment for his body and soul. The growth of anarchism requires no intellectual basis; it is the work of the instinct, the soil on which it thrives is envy and revenge. It must needs have great success in America, where social contrasts are especially sharp and spiritual life especially feeble.

Impurities in the body come out on the surface as running sores. Falsehood and vice, now festering and spreading in society, will some day be thrown up like lava streams of dirt suffocating and drowning it if it becomes heed not the life of the masses corrupted by poverty.

But, methinks, I, too, am turning moralist. You see the corrupting influence of society.

The children in the streets of New York produce a profoundly sad impression. Playing ball amidst the crash and thunder of iron, amidst the chaos of the tumultuous city, they seem like flowers thrown by some rude and cruel hand into the dust and dirt of the pavements. The whole day long they inhale the vapors of the monstrous city, the metropolis of the Yellow Devil. Pity for their little lungs, pity for their eyes shocked up with dust!

The care taken in the education of children is the clearest test of the degree of culture in any country. The conditions of life with which children are surrounded determines most cer-

tainly the measure of a nation's intellectual development. If the Government and society employ every possible means to have their children grow up into strong, honest, good, and wise men and women, then only is it a Government and a society worthy of the name.

I have seen poverty aplenty, and know well her green, bloodless, haggard countenance. But the horror of East Side poverty is sadder than everything that I have known. Children pick out from the garbage boxes on the carboneses pieces of rotten bread, and the dirt, there in the street in the stinging dust and the choking air. They fight for it like little dogs. At midnight and later they are still rolling in the dust and the dirt of the street, these living rebukes to wealth, these melanochromy blossoms of poverty. What sort of a fluid runs in their veins? What must be the chemical construction of their brains? Their lungs are like rags fed upon dirt; their little stomachs like the garbage boxes from which they obtain their food. What sort of men can grow up out of these children of hunger and penury? What citizens?

America, you who astound the world with your millionaires, look first to the children on the East Side and consider the masses they hold out to you! The boast of riches when there is an East Side is a stupid boast.

However, "there is no evil without a good," as they say in Russia, country of optimists.

This life of gold accumulation, this idolatry of money, this horrible worship of the Golden Devil already begins to stir up protest in the country. The odious life, entangled in a network of iron and oppressing the soul with its dismal emptiness,

arouses the disgust of healthy people, and they are beginning to seek for a means of rescue from spiritual death.

And so we see millionaires and clergymen declaring themselves socialists, and publishing newspapers and periodicals for the propaganda of socialism. The creation of "settlements" by the rich intellectuals, their abandonment of the luxury of their parental homes for the wilds of the East Side—all this is evidence of an awakening spirit; it heralds the gradual rise in America of the human life. Little by little people begin to understand that the slavery of gold and the slavery of poverty are both equally destructive.

The important thing is that the people have begun to think. A country in which such an excellent work as James's "Philosophy of Religion" was written can think. It is the country of Henry George, Bellamy, Jack London, who gives his great

talent to socialism. This is a good instance of the awakening of the spirit of "human life" in this young and vigorous country suffering with the gold fever. But the most irrefutable evidence of the spiritual awakening in America seems to me to be Walt Whitman. Granted that his verses are not exactly like verses; but the feeling of pagan love of life which speaks in them, the high estimate of man, energy of thought—all this is beautiful and sturdy. Whitman is a true democrat philosopher; in his books he has perhaps laid the first foundation of a really democratic philosophy—the doctrine of freedom, beauty, and truth, and the harmony of their union in man. More and more interest in matters of the mind and the spirit, in science and art—this is what I wish the Americans with all my heart. And this, too, I wish them, the development of scorn for money.

Truth is the law of the whole wide universe. The stars are true to their course, the planets to their suns. Falsehood always means a broken law, and disaster sooner or later. The human life that is true, the human word that is true, are right with the universe, while a lie throws things out of joint, and must bring trouble and penalty after it. The theory that there are lies that do no harm is a mistaken theory.

Mr. Minter's Hobby

BY FRED JAY IN CASSELL'S MAGAZINE

The publishers of *Cassell's Magazine* may be justly proud of the "old" tales they have made in the author of this amazing story. It is full of a dry humor that will appeal to the public. More stories from his pen are awaited for publication in future numbers of *Cassell's* which should add greatly to the popularity of this excellent periodical.

"**O** BBY?" said the old man, "no, I don't feel no want for anything o' that sort myself. Wet with the 'ouse-work by a-keepin' out of 'er way and 'elpin' the landlord of the 'Owl' by sittin' on the hemb outside 'is place to attract visitors, I finds the time pass fairly pleasant. Then there's mother's little bit o' property to keep a eye on and see she don't get a-undolin' away—no, as I said afore, I can't say as I feels no call for a 'obby. Perhaps when mother goes I may begin to think o' somethin' of the sort."

The old man paused and relit his pipe. Detecting a patient listener, with a emanating breed of long experience, he motioned his victim with a wrinkled hand to join him on the seat by the roadside.

"Talking of 'obbies," he resumed, "it's wonderful, sir, ain't it, wet queer things some folk do find to interest themselves in? One o' the queerest I ever 'eard on were Mr. Minter's 'obby—if 'obby you could call it. Him were the gen-leman as used to live in that big white 'ouse on the hill there with the verandah room it. I were 'is 'ead gard'ner, so it ain't no made-up stuff I'm a-goin' to tell you.

"Well, 'e were very comfortable off indeed, were Mr. Minter, and wet's more, be made 'is bit fair and square in honest trade—rags and bones and such like—as fools like me

and gen'lemen like you would have thought rubbish. He 'ad been a very 'ard-working man, with never a thought for anything besides 'is business and 'is home.

"He were a fair good age afore they persuaded 'im to retire, when he sold 'is business and come down 'ere 'is family to live. Mrs. Parish, who were engaged to cook, recommended me for the garden-nice, pleasant woman she were, but a somethin' too thin for my liking. I mind wet she ses to me the first day I started up at the Lodge.

"'Mr. Stuhba,' she say, 'if you minds wet I tell you, you'll not be leavin' that coat o' yours about when you're a-workin'.'

"'Why?' ses I.

"'Well,' ses she, a-smilin', 'don't you know as 'ow the master were in the rag trade. I thought perhaps—'

"'Oh, did yer, Mrs. Parish?' ses I. "Well, you'd better keep out o' his way, for don't forget rags weren't 'is only line.'

"But to git back to this 'ere 'obby business. At first Mrs. Minter and 'er two daughters thought the old gen'leman would be very lonely having nothing to do, but for about a mont' he were very busy several hours a day in his study, arrangin' of the money he'd got out of the business. I thought that wouldn't last long, and expected he'd start potterin' round my garden a-undoin' all the good work I'd put in' like other

old gen'lemen I know of. But that wer'n't 'is 'obby, for, as we soon found out, 'is 'obby were investments.

"He put 'is money into all sorts o' trading concerns—'Commercials and Industrials,' 'e called 'em—and when 'e'd finished his arrangements 'e got 'is youngest daughter, who wrote a nice 'and, to make a list of 'em very neat, and 'e 'ad that list framed and 'ang it up in the 'all. Then he called 'is wife and daughters and Mrs. Ming, the 'ousekeeper, into 'is study, and told 'em 'en they was to learn the list all off by 'ear. And 'e hurried to explain that 'e were interested in all them companies, and said that everythin' they bought they'd 'ave to get from one o' them whose names they see on the list.

"Well, they argued with 'im that it were quite impossible and altogether ridiculous to suppose that their buying things would make any difference to his dividends. 'But,' 'e said it were the principle 'o the thing, and if all the shareholders did the same it would make a lot o' difference. And when they went on a-argin' 'e got in such a rage, which he'd never shown no symptoms of afore, that they all 'ad to promise to do wet 'e said.

"Just as they was a-leavin' the room, Mrs. Ming, whose sister's 'usband were the grocer in the village, turned round and ses, 'I 'ope, sir, as you'll excuse me a-making a observation, but I suppose you know that the local tradesmen won't want to serve you if you hangs most of your things in London?'

"'That's all right, Mrs. Ming,' ses 'e; 'I've thought all that out. For instance, if you wants some tea, you'll ask Mr. Sands, who keeps that rather dirty shop oppisite the pond,

for 'Anti-Tansin,' and if 'e can't or won't supply it I'll get it from the Stores in London where I'm a shareholder.'

"'Beggin' your pardon' once more,' ses the 'ousekeeper a-smilin', 'I thought as 'ow you'd want to buy everything in London so as the railway company, which I see is on the list, would 'ave the carrying' of 'em.'

"'Ah! a nice point, Mrs. Parish,' ses 'e, 'a very nice point. I'll think it over for a day or two and let you know my decision.'

"Well, they all see as 'ow 'e meant to 'ave 'is way, and as 'e were very liberal with the 'ouse-keepin' money, they soon gave up makin' a fuss about it, even when he went a-pokin' about the kitchen lookin' at the labels on tins and things; for, as the misses said, 'it's 'is 'obby, and we must humor him.'

"When they'd been living 'ere some long time—in the autumn it were—they began talkin' about goin' to the seaside for a 'oliday. The ladies wanted to go to the Isle of Wight, but the old gen'leman he said they couldn't, but might go anywhere they liked on the Great Eastern. They all grumbled about it being so cold on the East Coast, but 'e said that they were 'ealthy, and, as usual, they 'ad to give way.

"The next day the ladies went off to London a-shoppin', and they all come back lookin' very cheerful. Two days arter a great 'eap o' packages come down, and a letter were put on the old gen'leman's plate at dinner-time. When 'e opened it, and found a long bill for the things—all fars and such like—'e got very red in the face but I suppose 'e saw 'ow they'd done 'im, for 'e wer'n't so angry as

they'd expected. He only said as they'd been very extravagant and foolishly wasteful of 'is money.'

"Not wasteful, dad," said his youngest daughter. "Don't you see the name on the top o' the bill? Of course, we knew there were a big shareholder in Peter Robson's, or we shouldn't 'im' done it."

"Then he gets up an' kisses 'em all, and ses no doubt they'll look very nice in the things, and they all laughed, but I don't suppose 'is laugh were quite so natural as the others.

"On the day before they went away he come down the garden just as I'd managed to get the kink out o' my back after diggin' a lot.

"'Stubs,' ses he, 'you're a very careful man, ain't you?'

"Yes, sir," ses I, "I always see we gets the seeds from Pudds Ltd., Cambridge, and the tools from Bright & Co., Birmingham, and the ——'

"Yes, yes," ses 'e; "that's right Stubbs, quite right—but wot I mean is, you're pretty careful of your person, ain't you? You're not the sort to stick the fork through your foot, or to tumble over the barrow and break your leg through a-hurryin' it?"

"No, sir," ses I; "quick and sure, that's my way."

"Well," ses he, "I were wonderin' whether I'd insure you again accidents in the Employers' Liability or some other society I ain't interested in; but that can wait till I come back 'ome again."

"P'r'haps, sir, if you ain't a-goin' to insure me, I'd better not re-glaze them green'causes while you're away, what I told me?"

"Ah!" ses 'e; "well, I'll break my journey in London to-morrow and take out a policy with another com-

pany, and then you can get on with the job without no risk."

"Well, they went away, and they come back agin, but the old gentleman didn't seem to 'a' got much benefit from the change. I don't know whether them east winds had touched 'im up a bit, but 'e brought back a nasty, 'ækkin' cough. Then I heard as 'ow one of 'is companies were doing very bad, but it seemed to upset the missus much more than 'im. One day she were talkin' to the person on the lawn, and I overheard 'er say as it were very serious, and the person's say couldn't she try to persuade 'im to sell out of Highland Glen and invest in Pepp's Ltd. But she said it were no use interferin' where 'is 'ohby were concerned.

"After that I see 'ow things was goin', and I notice wot a lot of empty whisky bottles there was in the cellar. Then one afternoon as I appened to pass by the study window, 'e taps on the glass and beckons me to come round. When I gets in 'e were sittin' at 'is desk, and 'e says in a very strange way,

"Well, Stubbs, me boy, won't you have a glass for the good o' the firm?"

"Thankyou, sir," ses I.

"Why, damn it!" ses 'e, a-fillin' a glass, "why didn't I think o' you afore?"

"Just wot I've oftehns wondered, sir," ses a-hammarin' of 'im.

"Well," ses 'e, lifting 'is glass with a very shaky hand, "drink with me, old worm-turner—" 'e had a deal too much already—"drink with me, old worm-turner, to a declinin' insde, and may it boom again."

"Well, we both done our best to support that 'ere fallin' concern—'ow many supports I give it, I can't

say, for I don't know to this day 'ow or when I got out or were taken out o' that room. When I wakes up next morning, I see I war'n't fit for no work, so I gets back to bed again and tries to think how I can explain it to the missus. I gets up again in the evening, and was a-goin' to look for her when the cook stops me and ses I mustn't worry missus as the master were very ill indeed.

Then the end came. He got so bad 'e couldn't speak nor hear, and were a-worryin' terrible about somethin' which they couldn't understand. Then the missus sends for me just as 'e were sinking. "Let's try Stubbs," she says, "he always understood 'is master very well."

"So I goes upstairs, and 'e looks at me appealin' like, while they all

stood round. After thinkin' a bit I turns to the missus and ses, "I ain't quite sure, mum, wot it is, but if you'll wait here, I'll be back agin in a minute." Then I goes downstairs into the 'all, and 'as a good look down that 'ere list, and I think I see wot 'e wants. I couldn't remember it until I'd said it over to myself once or twice. Then I goes upstairs agin, and I see a 'opeful look in his face as if 'e knew wot I'd been after. And as I goes up to 'im, and taking 'old of 'is hand, ses very slow and清楚:

"It's—the—Neropolis—sir—you—wants."

"And as I spoke the troubled look disappeared, and 'e passed away with a smile on 'is face as would ha' done credit to a archbishop."

A Pocket Notebook

IT is not the usual custom of young people to take notes but as they grow older and their interest in the affairs of life widens, they will discover that a number of matters will come to their attention and will slip away again unless there is something to help the memory. While the suggestion may not be of use to many of you, for the benefit of the few who like to be systematic, the habit of carrying a little notebook with an alphabetical index is strongly recommended. In this put down at least a brief note regarding what you wish to remember, in each case entering it under the letter beginning the most prominent name or word connected with it. If you cannot put down the exact items you wish to remember, at least note where you found it. The amount of time saved by this habit as you grow older will enable you to read a large number of excellent books; for to seek in vain a bit of information is not only extremely irritating, but exceedingly wasteful of time. Particularly in reading will a little notebook prove a great help. It is better to choose a tiny book, so that it will never be in the way. —St. Nicholas.

A Small Business or a Good Position?

BY G. S. GIVENS IN WORKERS MAGAZINE.

According to the writer it is a folly to assume that an *inconveni* is better for a man to be in business for himself than to continue as an employee in somebody else's business. He presents but an argument to show that a man's opportunities are broader when working for others, but that in business one gets down to *it* *alone*.

Go into business for yourself," was the earnest and no doubt honest injunction of a recent magazine editorial. Some ominous views were expressed by the writer of the article with reference to the young man or woman continuing his or her pursuits as an employee. Some of his arguments are contrary to the facts as I have observed them during my few years' experience in mercantile life.

"It is well known," he argues, "that long continued employment in the service of others cripples originality and individuality. That resourcefulness and inventiveness which comes from perpetual stretching of the mind to meet emergencies, or from adjustment of means to ends, is seldom developed to its utmost in those who work for others. There is not the same compelling motive to expand, to reach out, to take risks, or to plan for one's self when the programme is made for him by another."

Continuing, he says: "As a rule men who have worked a long time for others shrink from great responsibility, because they have always had others to advise with and lean upon. They become so used to working to order—to carrying out the plans of other men—that they dare not trust their own powers to plan and think. * * * Some employees have a pride in working for a great institution. Their identity with it pleases them. But isn't even a small

business of your own, which gives you freedom and scope to develop your individuality and to be yourself, better than being a perpetual clerk in a large institution, where you are merely one cog in a wheel of a vast machine?"

The above writer seems to have lost sight of the significant fact that a small percentage of the workers in the world would be qualified to assume the role of proprietor; and, moreover, that fully 95 per cent, as confirmed by statistics, of those who go into business for themselves fail. This moment I can call to mind a dozen men of my acquaintance who have given up growing positions to go into business for themselves. All but one of them have repeated, and that one, I understand, has built up a fairly good business in shoe retailing in a country town. Six of the remainder sought their old positions back, while the other five have changed from pillar to post and give no startling evidence of immediately becoming bright and shining lights in the galaxy of commercial lights.

The character of a firm or a business organization of any kind is determined by the character of each of its employees. Therefore every inducement is offered by the proprietors of a prudent concern to elevate each of its attaches to his most efficient service. If a man makes himself necessary to his employer he will be retained and promoted, and

when known to be thoroughly reliable he becomes necessary.

I maintain that the man who applies himself consecutively, diligently, and thoughtfully in another's interests is not hampered. With present day methods in force he has the same opportunity to grow, the same freedom to exercise his talents and his powers as the one who undertakes to run an enterprise of his own.

There are just as many business men in the rut—I mean men who are in business for themselves—just as many, comparatively speaking, as there are those who are employees. The same temptation meets the young merchant, for he is quite apt to be tempted to pattern after his successful rivals in business rather than adopt an independent course — to build upon ideas of his own.

Referring once more to the article mentioned above, I quote another brief paragraph which seems an argument against, rather than for, a young man setting up in business: "A young man entering business with little capital these days of great complications like a soldier in battle who is reduced to his last few cartridges, must be doubly careful in his aim and doubly zealous in his endeavor, for everything is at stake. He must call into action every hit of judgment, courage, sagacity, resourcefulness, ingenuity, and originality he can muster; he must make every shot tell—every dollar count."

In that first sentence is visible danger and the command to halt rather than to go forward. It is because of the fierceness of the battle waging on the field of trade to-day that a man should consider well before he advances into the thick of

the fight. And as for the remainder of the paragraph, is it not a logical conclusion that a man must persevere do all these things if he would be a success anywhere in the world? The carpenter, the mechanic, the bookkeeper, the salesman—even the errand boy—must do these things, must act from the force of initiative—if he aspires to the top notch of superiority.

"Think for yourself; work out your own salvation;" is the great edict from the man in power.

Nothing will stimulate a high order of service, calling out the best efforts, like imagining that one's own capital is invested in the concern with which he is allied. Virtually an employee is working for himself on another's capital; the more thought and enterprise he exhibits, the larger will be his dividends. Thus, the idea of proprietorship becomes so predominant in the mind of the workers—made so by the management because it is the only guarantee of a high grade of service—that all the personal initiative of each individual responds readily to the encouragement.

Take, for instance, the great army of buyers in the big stores of our cities. Each is allotted a certain amount of capital on which to conduct the business of his department, and at once we see that it becomes that particular individual's burden and ambition to stretch that capital to its utmost, to make it earn the highest dividends possible. And on the whole these positions, most of them, are more attractive than a smaller business of your own; they include trips to Europe, whereas the limited proportions of a business of your own could not possibly give you

this splendid advantage of studying the markets of the old world.

Those who fill these positions, of which there are scores and hundreds in the great stores of the large cities—managers, superintendents and others in executive positions in these emporiums—are men of resource and individuality. Many of them are drawing salaries far in excess of what they could earn if in business for themselves on a small scale.

"The modern department store," says Mr. Louis Stern, the self-made New York merchant, "has opened many new positions for the ambitious young man. The general managers and buyers of the up-to-date first-class houses receive salaries much larger than the amounts they could have earned if in business for themselves, and they are free from the troubles and worries which often rest heavily on the shoulders of the owner."

Continuing, he adds that the "youth of to-day who starts on the lowest rung of the ladder of a great business house has every chance of reaching the top if he shows sufficient energy and will power."

In fact, the men for the most part who are at the head of our country's greatest business and industrial institutions are men who did not go into business for themselves, but grew up as employees, and, after years of faithful service, obtaining promotion after promotion, became managers and partners and finally presidents, many of them of the concerns in which they began as errand boy or stock boy or salesmen.

No finer example can be found anywhere than that of the late Marshall Field, who began his career as a humble dry goods clerk, and who, by a succession of promotions, was

finally taken in as a member of the firm with which he started in the early days of Chicago; then, by other succeeding steps, from junior partner to senior, and at last to be crowned "merchant prince of the whole round world." And down through the years in this one institution alone has come a royal procession of men and women, many of whom have achieved brilliant success, some of them retiring, as is well known, millionaires from the service.

No problems to solve? No emergencies to meet in these huge organizations, where every individual is placed on his own merit, his own responsibility, to become a thinking unit, and where individuality and originality are constantly being encouraged and developed in the process of making the character of a great enterprise? Surely our informant has been ill informed as to the methods in force in the broad policies of establishments, whose constant aim and ambition is to build up an efficient, self-reliant army of workers characterized by the power of initiative and imbued with the law of promotion by merit.

The business world to-day is advertising not for the man with stereotyped ideas and fixed modes of working, but for men who are actuated by a yearning to outgrow the present and to catch large visions of the future—men who are not conformed to the doctrine of the letter, but who are transformed by the spirit of the occasion.

In the earlier days when the birch rod instead of the motto of moral suasion hung over the door of the schoolhouse, there was also the chalk line in every mercantile house. It was not easy sailing in those days. Wages were small, hours long, and

the duties that were piled on to the fellow who began at the back door of the store to work his way up to the front were many and irksome, and if he didn't knock down and do things to suit the highookers of the premises he got the front door experience a good deal sooner than he had calculated on. But the chalk line idea eventually became eradicated and a newer and better idea came into force.

Individual capacity is extolled as opposed to the mere machine method. Creative force is placed at a high premium while the imitative is deplored. The old way dwarfed man's soul; the new expands them. The old was an iron clad system of trifling formalities while in the modern conception inherits all that is conducive to healthy growth and natural development.

The problem of success is not a question of whom you are working for—whether for self or some one else—but of the character of your working—a question of entering with zeal into that which you are doing. I do not believe in limitations. I believe that each one of us was made to grow, expand, and flourish wherever we are, but I do firmly believe that the great mass of bread winners in the world to-day are better off in the role of employee than employer, and that unless a young man feels signalized and strongly impelled to embark in business, he had best "give up the ship" on which he is sailing.

If he is a failure in another's undertaking he is quite likely to be such in an effort for himself; and on the other hand, if he is a success in his present engagement and ris-

ing toward the top, the argument is equally forcible for his continuing in his present line of work.

But in case he finds the idea indelibly fixed in his mind that he has the making of a good merchant, then about the only effectual proof of the matter is to try; it might be an expensive teacher, this experience, but it is really the only methods by which the individual possessing an overwhelming conviction can solve the problem. That is the way the ninety-five out of every hundred have found the answer to the cry from within—but theirs was a spurious conviction; and it is by this same method that the five successful ones determined the genuineness of the voice which spoke to them.

The crucial point of the whole matter is that the most careful consideration be given before the venture and then the overwhelming percentage of failures would be reduced and the 5 per cent of successes would be increased. But in the face of all the facts it seems to me that a far more sane admittance to our aspiring young men and women who find themselves in a business relationship in which the future does not look bright, would be to identify themselves with a firm where the chances for promotion and success are greater.

It is simply the old story of the big toad in the little puddle applied to business. If you want to accept the little puddle limitations the little puddle is the place, but the man who is willing to do big things and has the capacity for the doing, should get into the house where there is room for advancement, honor and money.

The Humor of the Colored Supplement

BY RALPH BERGSENHEIM IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The humor of the colored supplement is enormous and its popularity unshaken. It has come to be the Sunday diversion of children in colored houses. But let us add to the credit of the public, when we say people bold enough to speak out again in its behalf and its vulgarity. The following article is a clever satirization of the comic supplement.

AT no period in the world's history has there been a steadier output of so-called humor—especially in this country. The simple idea of printing a page of comic pictures has produced families. The very element of variety has been obliterated by the creation of types—a confusing medley of impossible countreymen, mules, goats, German-Americans and their irreverent progeny, specialized children with a genius for annoying their elders, white-whiskered elders with a genius for playing practical jokes on their grand children, policemen, Chinamen, Irishmen, negroes, inhuman conceptions of the genus tramp, boy inventors whose inventions invariably end in causing somebody to be mirthfully spattered with paint or joyously torn to pieces by machinery, bright boys with a talent for deceit, laziness, or cruelty, and even the beasts of the jungle dehumanized to the point of practical joking. Misable dictu!—some of these things have even been dramatized.

With each type the reader is expected to become personally acquainted—to watch for its comings on Sunday morning, happily wondering with what form of inhumanity the author will have been able to endow his brainless manikins. And the authors are often men of intelligence, capable here and there of a bit of adequate drawing and an idea that is honestly and self-respectingly provocative of laughter. Doubtless they are often

ashamed of their product; but the demands of the hour is imperative. The presses are waiting. They, too, are both quiet and heavy. And the cry of the publisher is for "fun" that no intellect in all his heterogeneous public shall be too dull to appreciate. We see, indeed, the outward manifestation of a curious paradox: humor prepared and printed for the extremely dull, and—what is still more remarkable—excused by grown men, capable of editing newspapers, on the ground that it gives pleasure to children.

Reduced to first principles, therefore, it is not humor, but simply a supply created in answer to a demand, hastily produced by machine methods and hastily accepted by editors too busy with other editorial duties to examine it intelligently. Under these conditions "humor" is naturally conceived as something pre-eminently quick; and so quickness predominates. Somebody is always hitting somebody else with a chin; somebody is always falling downstairs or out of a balloon, or over a cliff, or into a river, a barrel of paint, a basket of eggs, a convenient ictern or a tub of hot water. The comic cartoonists have already exhausted every available substance into which one can fall, and are compelled to fall themselves into a veritable ocean of van repetition. They have exhausted everything by which one can be blown up. They have exhausted everything by which one can be

knocked down or run over. And if the victim is never actually killed in these mirthful experiments, it is obviously because he would cease to be funny—which is very much the point of view of the Spanish Inquisition, the cat with a mouse, or the American Indian with a captive. But respect for property, respect for parents, for law, for decency, for truth, for beauty, for kindness, for dignity, or for honor are killed, without mercy. Morality alone, in its restricted sense of sexual relations, is treated with courtesy, although we find throughout the accepted theory that marriage is a union of uncongenial spirits, and the chart of petty marital deceit is carefully laid out and marked for whoever is likely to respond to endless unconscious suggestions. Sadly must the American child sometimes be puzzled while comparing his own grandmother with the visiting mother-in-law of the colored comic.

Lest this seem a harsh, even an unkind inquiry into the innocent amusements of other people, a few instances may be mentioned, drawn from the Easter Sunday output of papers otherwise both respectable and unrespectable; papers, moreover, depending largely on syndicated humor that may fairly be said to have reached a total circulation of several million readers. We have, to begin with, two rival versions of a creation that made the originator famous, and that chronicle the adventures of a small boy whose name and features are everywhere familiar. Often these adventures, in the original youngster, have been amusing, and amusingly seasoned with the salt of legitimately absurd phraseology. But the pace is too fast, even for the originator. The imitator fails invariably to catch the spirit of them, and in this instance is driven to an ungentle artifice. To come briefly to an unpleasant point, an entire page is devoted to showing the reader how the boy was made ill by smoking his father's cigars. Inevitably he falls down stairs. Meantime, his twin is rejoicing the readers of another comic supplement by spoiling a wedding party; it is the minister who first comes to grief, and is stood on his head, the boy who later is quite properly thrashed by an angry mother—and it is all presumably very delightful and a fine example for the imitative genius of other children. Further, we meet a male who kicks a policeman and whose owner is led away to the lockup; a manicured vacuum who slips on a banana peel, crushes the box containing his fiancee's Easter bonnet, and is assaulted by her father (he, after the manner of comic fathers, having just paid one hundred dollars for the honest out of a plethoric pocketbook); a nondescript creature, presumably human, who slips on another banana peel and knocks over a citizen, who in turn knocks over a policeman, and is also unrelieved off to undeserved punishment. We see the German-American child covering his father with water from a street gutter, another child dousing his parent with water from a hose; another teasing his younger brother and sister. To keep the humor of the banana peel in countenance we find the picture of a fat man accidentally sitting down on a tack; he exclaims, "ouch!" throws a basket of eggs into the air, and they come down on the head of the boy who arranged the tacks. We see two white boys beating a little negro over

the head with a plank (the hardness of the negro's skull here affording the humorous motif), and we see an idiot blowing up a mine with dynamite. Lunacy, in short, could go no farther than this pandemonium of undisguised coarseness and brutality—the humor offered on Easter Sunday morning by leading American newspapers for the edification of American readers.

And everyone of the countless creatures, even to the poor, maimed and disabled animals, is saying something. To the woeful extravagance of foolish nets must be added an equal extravagance of foolish words: "Out with you, intoxicated rowdy," "Shut up," "Skidoo," "They've set the dog on us," "Hee-haw," "My uncle had it taken in Hamburg," "Dat old gentleman will slip on dem banana skins," "Little Bester got all that was coming to him," "Aw, shut up," "Y-e-e-e Goode," "Ouch," "Golly, dynamite an' powerful stuff," "I am listening to eat der wild laves is sealid," "I don't think Pa and I will ever set along together until he gets rid of his conceit," "Phew." The brightness of this repartee could be continued indefinitely; profanity, of course, is indicated by dashes and exclamation points; a person who has fallen overboard says "blimb"; coarseness is visibly represented by stans; "blif" and "hang" are used according to taste to accompany a blow on the nose or an explosion of dynamite.

From this brief summary it may be seen how few are the fundamental conceptions that supply the bulk of almost the entire output, and in these days of syndicated ideas a comparatively small body of men produce the greater part of it. Physical pain

is the most glaringly omnipresent of these motifs; it is counted upon invariably to amuse the average humanity of our so-called Christian civilization. The entire group of Easter Sunday pictures constitutes a satanically of prearranged accidents in which the artist is never hampered by the exigencies of logic; machinery in which even the presupposed poorest intellect might be expected to detect the obvious flaws accomplishes its evil purpose with inevitable accuracy: jails and lunatic asylums are crowded with new inmates; the policeman always uses his club or revolver; the parents usually thrash their offspring at the end of the performances; household furniture is demolished, clothes ruined, and unpalatable eggs broken by the dozen. Devil is another universal concept of humor, that combines easily with the physical pain motif; and mistaken identity, in which the juvenile idiot dissembles himself and deceives his parents in various ways, is another favorite resort of the humorists. The paucity of invention is hardly less remarkable than the willingness of the inventors to sign their products, or the willingness of editors to publish them. But the age is notoriously one in which editors undertake and insult the public intelligence.

Doubtless there are some to applaud the spectacle—the imitative spirits, for example, who recently compelled a woman to seek the protection of a police department because of the persecution of a gang of boys and young men shouting "Hee-haw" whenever she appeared on the street; the rowdies whose exploits figure so frequently in metropolitan newspapers; or that class of adults who tell indecent stories at the

dinner table and laugh joyously at their wives' efforts to turn the conversation. But the Sunday comic goes into other homes than these, and is handed to their children by parents whose souls would shudder at the thought of a dime novel. Alas, poor parents! That very dime novel as a rule holds up ideals of bravery and chivalry, rewards good and punishes evil, offers at the worst a temptation to golden adventuring, for which not one child in a million will ever attempt to surmount the obvious obstacles. It is no easy matter to become an Indian fighter, pirate or detective; the dream is, after all, a daydream, tinted with the beautiful color of old romance, and built on eternal qualities that the world has rightfully esteemed worthy of emulation. And in place of it the comic supplement, like that other herald of horror, the juvenile comic

story, that goes on its immoral way unnoticed, raises us high ambition, but devotes itself to "mischief made easy." Hard as it is to become an Indian fighter, any boy has plenty of opportunity to throw stones at his neighbor's windows. And on any special occasion, such, for example, as Christmas or Washington's birthday, almost the entire ponderous machine is set in motion to make reverence and ideals ridiculous. Evil example is strong in proportion as it is easy to imitate. The state of mind that accepts the humor of the comic weekly is the same as that which shoulders at Ibsen, and smiles complacently at the musical comedy, with its open acceptance of the wild oats theory, and its humorous exposition of a kind of wild oats that youth may harvest without going out of its own neighborhood.

Positiveness is a virtue. It is well to have opinions of our own if they are well matured, and to hold to them with firm and tenacious grasp. A man with no opinions is sadly wanting in the quality of manly character. He never can be a force or an influence in the community. One must stand for something and people must know where one stands.

The Value of Foresight

SMITH'S WEEKLY

It will be found on investigation that the man with the most worries in his business is the man who has *fallen to* lay plans ahead. If he had exercised foresight and arranged matters with a view to future needs, he would have been able to ride smoothly over what has become a rough path.

WE all know the man who never has time. And yet he is not by any means the one with the most to do. Indeed, if we stop to consider the matter, we usually find that he is not really a busy man at all, and he is certainly never a successful one. Take any one of those "never-have-time" individuals, and you have no difficulty in classing him as a thoughtless, scatter-brained kind of person, often most amiable and a very good sort, but shiftless.

No one by taking thought can add a cent to his stature, nor can anyone by any possibility stretch 24 hours to 25. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, anyone can make time.

You mean, "You can get up earlier and go to bed later," suggests the reader. Not a bit of it. No need to change your hours. The thing is not to waste them. Not a single one of us but wastes time, how much he or she seldom or never realizes. Not work-time only, but play-time as well, and the simple reason why this waste takes place is that we don't look ahead.

Perhaps one should say rather, "We don't look ahead enough," for everyone who is not absolutely an idiot must take some thought for the future. But too many—far too many—only take an occasional glance into futurity instead of keeping one eye steadily fixed thereon.

The man who has no time is in that predicament because he does not consider each Monday what he

has to do during the following week, or each morning what his duties are for the ensuing day. He lives absolutely in the present, acts as if uncounted leisure was before him, and, consequently, is never ready for the small emergencies which arise everywhere in both social and business life.

Providence helps him who helps himself, and no one can better help himself than by parcelling out his time in advance, and so being ready to attend to each duty at its proper moment.

To take an example in everyday life. What housewife worthy of the name but draws up a scheme for her household work? Snub-and-such a day for washing, such for baking, another for marketing. On Monday the dining-room is turned out, on Tuesday the best bed-room, on Wednesday the hall and passages are scrubbed. Each morning the meals for the following twenty-four hours are ordered, while if she lives in the country the tradesmen's orders are given days beforehand.

Indeed the careful housewife looks further into the future than a week, for she makes arrangements long beforehand for such terrible upheavals as spring cleaning and chimney sweeping or for the annual holiday.

On a greater scale the case is the same in every successful business, and the man who is best able to look forward and provide against future emergencies is the one who rises

to become manager of such a concern. Heads of great banking and insurance and railway companies have to consider most carefully the probable trend of affairs, not only for a few months, but for twenty or thirty years ahead, and statesmen must take thought for even greater periods in advance.

Would, for instance, Rockefeller be to-day the richest man on earth had he not formed the opinion more than forty years ago that petroleum was to be the illuminant of the future, and steadfastly acted upon that opinion?

And yet all around one sees men—young men especially—who seem content to live in the present and drift. They are satisfied if they possess or are making a mere livelihood, and so go on from day to day as if they would be always young, always strong, and as if such a contingency as possible loss of money or employment was altogether out of the question.

Such a young fellow suddenly falls in love, and at once becomes madly anxious to get married. But he has no money to make a home or start housekeeping. Ah! he thinks, if he had only started saving a few years before! And there is bitterness in the thought. But it is too late now. He cannot recall lost time. Nothing for it but to wait, for years perhaps,

and meanwhile live hardly and work harder in order to accumulate the necessary sum which if he had only looked ahead might have been so easily saved in the past years.

Another, already married, has a chance to buy a house or make some valuable investment. But he has lived up to his income. He has no reserve in hand. The opportunities pass, never to come again.

Or he has an opportunity of placing his son in some excellent position if he can supply a small capital. But no. He has not looked forward, and his lack of foresight costs the boy his career.

The man who looks ahead lives carefully, saves as he goes, and when either opportunity or disaster meet him is able to seize or confront it as the case may be. Such a man insures his life, and even if he be not married nor has family ties, yet considers that he must in the natural course of events grow old and get beyond work, and so lays up against that time.

It may, in fact, be asserted, without the slightest irreverence, that every man, in so far as foresight goes, is his own Providence. The careful man leaves nothing or as little as possible to chance. He sees the emergency before it arises and is ready for it. Well-applied foresight is only another word for success.

The best thing any hero does for the world is simply being a hero; the deed we applaud, however great, is worth less than the personality which made it possible.

A Magistrate Who Redeems Drunkards

(THE AREA)

Judge William Jefferson Pollard, of the St. Louis Justice Police Court of St. Louis, has made an innovation in his treatment of prisoners brought before him for犯 of drunkenness. Instead of jail, he sentences to reform. By suspending sentence and requiring the signing of a pledge, he enables many victims of drink to save themselves.

LIKE Judge Lindsey, of Denver, whose faith in humanity and sympathy for the young led to the inauguration of the treatment of youthful offenders that has already saved to the nation numbers of children who would otherwise have become a curse to themselves and a burden to society, Judge Pollard, of St. Louis, has introduced a new method for the treatment of drunkards by which hundreds of men have been reformed instead of brutalized by judicial procedure. When he took his oaths the judge found himself confronted by scores upon scores of men brought to the bar for drunkenness. Among this number were some confirmed toppers whose characters had been so weakened that they no longer had the moral strength to resist temptation. Judge Pollard recognized the fact that to liberate such men on the pledge to abstain from drink and permit them to go free would in effect be like leading them into temptation. Only by taking from them the power to gratify their appetites and by enlisting them with an atmosphere of ethical enthusiasm and stimulation that would favor the strengthening of the moral fibre and the calling into action of the dormant will power, or by skillful scientific medical and psychological treatment, could permanent cures be hoped for in their cases.

But there was another class of prisoners brought to the bar by drink, far more numerous than the confirmed drunkards, who, he believed

ed, might be redeemed to the state and to their families by a double restraint, one an appeal to their manhood and all the better elements of their nature, the other the threat of the consequences of the violation of the pledge given to the state.

He knew that the old way, the easy way for the judge who did not feel the tremendous responsibility resting on a judicial official who holds the fate of human lives in his hand, was to fine every offender five, ten or twenty dollars, and in default to send him to the workhouse to break stone with many men more degraded, brutal and criminal than himself, until the fine was worked out. But he also knew that the result of such sentence was in most cases to further brutalize the victim of drink. After such a sentence the man, if he had not become a criminal by association and the sense of degradation, would still have less power and incentive to resist temptation than he had before he entered the workhouse, and thus the effect of the sentence would have been to force the victim farther on the downward road. The judge believed that the majority of these men might be saved to society and to their families if they could be enjoined against drinking; if they could be made to feel that the law and the courts were desirous that they be saved, and though society had to protect itself, still, if the offender would do his best the court would help him to make a fresh start. Such was Judge Pollard's be-

lief, and he proposed to test its practicability by giving those who had not become confirmed drunkards a trial. There was no precedent to justify him in his innovation, and the members of the bench and bar shook their heads incredulously; but his faith in humanity and his realization of the worth of a human soul, the value of a sober citizen to the state and the need of the victim's families for support all urged him to put his theory into practice. This he did three years ago.

When the drunkard who is not a confirmed topper is arraigned and the case heard, the judge imposes a heavy fine which will necessitate sixty days in the workhouse, breaking stone. This sentence, however, is held in suspense if the guilty party will sign a pledge which he has framed, to abstain from drink for one year.

Three years have passed since this innovation, which the conventionalist pessimists so freely predicted would prove a dismal failure, was put in operation, and up to the present time not more than two persons in one hundred thus put on their honor have failed. The effect of showing the victim of drink that the court is interested in his reclamation and is willing to give him a chance to prove his manhood, and the knowledge that if he fails to keep his pledge sixty days of hard work breaking stone in the workhouse are before him, exert a double check. The success of the innovation has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the judge and his friends.

"As long as the germ of good is not dead," said Judge Pollard in a recent interview, "I believe it is the duty of the court to save drunkards from themselves and for their families. I would rather make my court

a tribunal of reformation than of punishment. A judge on the bench must exercise common sense and good judgment. I try to do the best I can for the defendant and the city. Back of the man is his family, whose interests must be taken into consideration in fixing his punishment. To send a man to the workhouse to work out a fine breaking rock at fifty cents a day while his family faces starvation is a pretty serious thing to do. I would rather send the man back to his family and keep him sober than to send him to prison. It is better for the city, better for society, better for the individual, and a thousand times better for his family, to say to the drinking man: 'The court will forgive you for your past conduct, but you must pledge yourself to behave in the future.' Virtually the man is enjoined from getting drunk."

"In giving a defendant an opportunity to sign the pledge I always impose a suitable fine for his offence. I let him off on his promise of good behavior, with the distinct understanding that if he drinks again he will have to go to the workhouse. The man who knows he is going to be sent to the rock pile for getting drunk will keep out of the reach of temptation. I have learned by observation that after they have kept sober for a month they have very little trouble. It is during the first month after giving them the pledge that I have to keep a sharp lookout over them. They must report to me regularly every week either at the court or at my home. If a man is working and cannot get away without losing time I give him the privilege of reporting to me at night at my home. If he is a married man I require him to bring his wife with him."

There are, Judge Pollard holds, great numbers of good-hearted, honest men whose moral fibre has not been weakened or destroyed by drink, and they would be permanently injured if the court should "put the stamp of the workhouse upon them." "What they need," he says, "is a good strong moral stimulant. I produce the pledge and give them a chance to work out their own reformation. Then I back up that pledge with the law created by 700,000 people. The chances are that the man who knows the eye of the court is upon him wherever he goes will stay at home evenings instead of lounging around saloons.

"Here is a case in point. A delicate woman endured the abuse of her drunken husband as long as she could. He was a poor teamster, earning \$9 a week. He was the father of three children, ranging in age from three to eight years. Regularly every Saturday night he went home drunk, having spent the greater part of his wages for liquor.

"He mistreated his wife. His children were so afraid of him that they hid under the bed when they heard him coming. The furniture in his little home was mortgaged. His wife and children were in tatters. Finally in her desperation the wife had the husband arrested, and he was brought into my court for disturbing the peace. The thin little woman appeared in court, carrying her youngest child in her arms. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she told me of the indignities she had borne. She asked me to send him to the workhouse until reformed. I asked her how she would get along without him. She said she would take in washing and massage to eke out an existence. She was willing to make

any sacrifice if he could only be cured of the drink habit.

"I called the defendant to the bar of the court and had a heart to heart talk with him. He seemed penitent, and when I asked him what he would do if I gave him a chance to reform his countenance brightened and he said he would do his best to keep away from liquor. I asked him if he could keep sober a year. He said he would try. I produced the pledge and he signed it. Then I told him to report to me at my home once each week for a month, because he had no time to lose from work, and his family needed all the money he could possibly earn.

"He came to see me regularly every week. When he appeared in court he was a sorry looking sight, but week after week there was an improvement in his appearance. He was more cheerful and ambitious. It was not long until he told me the mortgage on his furniture had been paid off and that he was getting along better than for years. He wore better clothes and his general appearance was neater. I saw that he was a reformed man, and after the first month I released him from the obligation to visit me every week. I saw him a few days ago and he told me he was happy and prospering, that he had been promoted and never intended to drink again.

"If I had sent him to the workhouse he would have come out soured on the world and probably would have gone back to drink. During his incarceration his family would have endured many hardships. I have not the slightest doubt that he will keep the pledge, not only for a year, but for all time. His wife tells me that he treats her with the greatest possible

consideration, that his children have learned to love him again, and that he is ambitious to get ahead in the world.

"That is only one case out of hundreds. The records of the police courts of St. Louis show that thousands of persons are arrested annually and formally charged with petty of-

fences committed while they are under the influence of liquor. So many cases resulting from intemperance made me do some real earnest thinking.

"Any man after a forced sobriety of a year who has any moral stamina about him will not fall into his old habits of intemperance."

Liberia, the Negro Republic

BY AGNES P. MARSH IN APPLETON'S MAGAZINE.

It is interesting to note, even if it is not very encouraging, that the negro republic of Liberia is degenerating. This republic, started so prosperously in 1822, has been gradually declining. The nation grows for the reason that, away from the influence of white men, the negro seems to lose the desire and the ability to better himself.

MOTHER Nature deals out the vegetation of tropical Africa with a lavish hand, and no one need starve in Liberia who is willing to work, but the civilized negro in Africa, at least in Liberia, as I have observed after nearly five years' residence in the republic, seems to need the encouraging example of and contact with the right kind of white men. The success and flourishing condition of Sierra Leone, the colony established by the English for its freed slaves—many of them brought there from Newfoundland after the Revolutionary War, the West Indies, and also released from captured slave ships—shows that success can attend the efforts of the race to raise themselves, but this success seems to be largely due to the fact that a white man's hand is at the helm, although most of the principal Government officials are negroes. This colony is only one generation older than Liberia, having been settled in 1787, but at the present time it is several generations ahead in the development of the country. In Sierra Leone are rail-

roads running several hundred miles into the interior and in this way the native in the hinterland is able to send his produce down to the coast for transmission to European ports. The Government is doing many things to encourage the natives to produce for the foreign markets different things which grow with very little care or trouble in that part of the world. Take, for instance, cotton. The natives in Sierra Leone can secure free seeds and free transportation of their crops to the English markets for two years.

Poor Liberia seems to stand alone in her inability to make the most of her naturally rich country. I have seen cotton growing wild in Liberia in three different stages at the one time on the one bush. I have seen the coffee trees bearing three crops in the one year. With very little care—practically none after the "daughters," as the young banana shoots are called, are separated from the mother plant and stuck into the ground—bananas can be raised in great abundance. The natives live principally on rice, which they raise

themselves, but the descendants of the Liberian colonists seem to do nothing on this line, and here is what, in the opinion of many with whom I have talked on the matter, a great deal of Liberia's condition to-day rests upon: the disinclination of the average Liberian to work with his hands. Palm oil, palm nuts, or kernels, and cassava are exported in large quantities from Liberia, but the work of preparing them for the market and carrying them long distances (often on their heads, for there are no vehicles of any kind in Liberia and horses and mules are not able to live there) is entirely done by the native Africans, who came under the domination and rule of the Liberians when the colony was established.

An export duty is charged by the Liberian Government on all produce sent from the country, and an import duty of twelve and a half per cent ad valorem on all goods on which a specific duty is not imposed. These are the main sources of income for the country. This income at the present time is not as great as one would suppose it to be, for the reason that many of the employees of the Government are paid with notes issued by the Government, and these seem to depreciate in value very rapidly. The traders, taking advantage of the needs of the people and the small amount of ready money in circulation in the country, are always ready to buy the Government notes, in some instances being able to obtain for eight shillings in English money (or the equivalent in American or German money) a note which has been issued for \$5. These notes are then tendered to the Government as payment for customs duty. The Government, recognizing finally the low financial

condition this kind of business was bringing on the country, then made a law whereby only part of the duties may be paid with Liberian money, the rest being paid in either English, German, French, or American money. The drafts of the American Missionary Society are also accepted by the Government at their full value, though many of the traders charge the missionaries from two to four per cent for cashing the drafts.

There are no industries in Liberia to-day. All traces of the trade school established at the time the country was under the protection of the American navy and Colonization Society have entirely disappeared. Much money is made by a few through trading. That the natives have learned to like spirituous drinks is clearly evident when one goes into a native village and finds grave after grave outlined by an inverted row, or fence, of gin bottles. These gin bottles are used sometimes by the natives for other purposes, as I found out when two persons came to me for surgical help. They had been operated upon by a native doctor or "medicine man"—one had a swollen knee, and the other a swollen ankle—and in both instances each "medicine man" had lanced the swelling with a piece of broken gin bottle.

The Liberian Government has established schools in many of the towns, but the native Africans in most instances refuse to send their children to these schools, but will gladly send them to the schools established by the missionaries. Another phase of the situation which stands in the way of the further development of the colony under present conditions is the attitude of the descendants of the first colonists,

who are the Liberians of to-day, and the native Africans toward each other. Many of the latter have conceived a dislike and a distrust for the former, as a whole, which is unfortunate, considering that a few of the leaders in the community realize that Liberia is at the parting of the ways and are doing all they can to save the situation. What Liberia needs to-day is money and men to show them how to use that money to the best advantage in developing the country. Above all things a stimulus is needed to make the rank and file of the people willing to work, for in this will lie the success of the nation. Every facility is given at present by the Government to missionaries and teachers from other countries who go to Liberia to help better the conditions of the people there, and she also offers a home to people of her own race and color. But the Government in a recent message distinctly said that the poor negro emigrant need not come there, as under present conditions they would find it hard to make a living.

According to the opinion of many experts who have investigated the resources of the country there is plenty of natural wealth locked up in the land, because the Liberians seem not to have the money or ability to open it up, and the great danger is that some concession will be granted to syndicates of other countries whereby a few will be benefited at the expense of the nation at large. It is the opinion of many persons who have lived in Liberia, both white people and Liberians themselves, that sooner or later some other nation must assume a protectorate over the country. Some of their leaders think it far better to choose their own protectorate rather than have a protectorate forced upon

them by existing conditions, such as inability to pay their foreign loans or to secure more credit. As those who think in this way are in the minority, Liberia must struggle along until she can go no farther—and after that, what?

The native Africans far outnumber the Liberians, and Mohammedanism is rapidly spreading in the country despite the efforts made by the Christian missionaries to stem the tide. Their proselytizing agents are going around continually advancing their lines in all directions, until to-day in many sections of Liberia whole tribes will be found who are all practically Mohammedans. The history of all Mohammedan nations is not one of progress along civilized lines, so that little help is to be expected from the Mohammedan natives, and the Liberians must work alone in their efforts to better their own conditions.

Slavery and polygamy are two important features of the native life, and the Government seems to be unable to control either one or the other. It is true that no slaves are exported from the country, but they are continually passing from master to master to satisfy debts and other conditions. That the Government officially recognized one of these two institutions was evidenced when one of the prominent Liberian officials decided that two little girls who had been born during the time their parents were slaves must be given up to the former owner of the parents to be sold by him as slaves. These parents had by industry been able to purchase their own freedom, and naturally thought their children were free also, until their old master claimed them. The father appealed to the Liberian Government, which decided that the children must be

taken from their father and given up to the man who formerly owned him. The master had a purchaser ready for one of them, a Mohammedan native, who already had many wives, but wanted for another wife the elder child, about seven years of age and an attractive, winsome little creature. It is a common thing for natives to purchase girls when they are babies in their mothers' arms, in some instances leaving them with their mothers until they are old enough to be given up to the Zohra, or "country devil," who presides over the grec-grec bush, and who trains all girls before they are considered eligible—I will not say for marriage, for they are never married, only purchased by some man, who although he may have many wives seems always anxious to add more to his family. The father of the two little girls had not the money with which to buy his children's freedom and appealed to me, who was able by paying \$30 to save the children from being torn away from everyone belonging to them and carried into the interior, never perhaps to see their parents or each other again. In this instance the price or value was placed upon the children by the representative of the Liberian Government.

That Liberia to-day is in a more dead than alive condition, and is certainly retrograding on economic and industrial lines, is apparent not only to people outside of the race, but to many prominent Liberians, who recognize conditions, but are so few in number that they can only sink or swim with the multitude. During a conversation not long ago a prominent Liberian Government official has perhaps given the reason for that country's condition to-day when he said: "Twenty-five or thirty

years ago I could take a hundred Liberians, men who had come over from the United States (these men had been developed under white influence), and go into the interior against a thousand rebellious natives without the slightest fear." When I asked him, "Would you do it to day?" he answered quickly, "No indeed, I would not." A prominent official said at one time to me: "Thirty years ago if I wanted a boat I could have one made in Monrovia (the capital of Liberia), but to-day I must send to England or Germany for it."

When I first started for work in Liberia I was filled with the idea of helping the people to stand alone, but I have reached the stage others who are anxious to help the race have reached before me. I recognize that very few of those who have not at some time been under the stimulating influence and example of the Caucasian will ever become leaders. I have learned to look upon the race as children, who must be guided and led by the right kind of progressive men. Not many take the initiative, and of those who do the majority have been born outside of Liberia, or have a strain of white blood in them. I have wondered many times if Booker T. Washington would have developed into the leader he is had he not known the standards of the white men around him, and realized that to uplift his people he must train them to copy the better class of Caucasians. He has recognized that only a few can be developed into teachers and leaders, and is doing much to develop industrial training at Tuskegee, and Liberia needs this sort of training more than anything else.

Perhaps by the time this article reaches the public some country will

be collecting Liberia's customs and endeavoring to relieve the financial conditions, but this will be only temporary relief. The law forbidding the white man to hold property in the republic should be abolished or amended, and he should be encouraged to come in with his money and help the Liberians to develop out their own country. But the Liberians must be taught to realize that this can only be done by hard work and not by holding Government positions, as so many of the people do

to-day. Better than anything else would be the emigration to Liberia from progressive countries of large numbers of the race who have learned how to make the most of the talents with which they have been endowed, and are willing to work hard to uplift their own people. It must be in large numbers, for a few at a time would under the enervating surroundings and climate soon reach the condition of many who preceded them, and would content themselves with merely living, no matter how

The Art of Inventing

BY EDWIN J. PRINDELL IN SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

That inventing is not a haphazard result of imagination is demonstrated by the series of 44 preceding articles. In the country it is generally a methodical and slow process of a chosen subject. Hints are given as to the choice of a problem and the subsequent working out thereof.

IT seems to be popularly believed that the inventor must be born to his work, and that such people are born only occasionally. This is true, to a certain extent, but I am convinced there are many people who, without suspecting it, have latent inventive abilities, which could be put to work if they only knew how to go about it. The large percentage of inventors in this country compared with all other countries, shows that the inventive faculty is one which can be cultivated to some extent. The difference in ingenuity is not wholly a matter of race, for substantially the same blood exists in some other countries, but it is the encouragement of our patent laws that has stimulated the cultivation of this faculty.

The popular idea seems to be that an invention is produced by its inventor at a single effort of the imagination. It is, undoubtedly, true that

every inventor must have some imagination or creative faculty, but, as I shall seek to show, this faculty may be greatly assisted by method. While reasoning does not constitute the whole of an inventive act, it can, so to speak, clear the way and render the inventive act easier of accomplishment.

In the making of all inventions which do not consist in the discovery of the adaptability of some means to an end not intentionally being sought after, the first step is the selection of a problem. The inventor should first make certain that the problem is based upon a real need. Much time and money is sometimes spent in an effort to invent something that is not really needed. What already exists is good enough or is so good that no additional cost or complication would justify anything better. The new invention might be objectionable be-

cause it would involve counter disadvantages more important than its own advantages, so that a really desirable object is the first thing to be sure of.

Having selected a problem, the next step should be a thorough analysis of the old situation, getting at the reasons for the faults which exist, and in fact discovering the presence of faults which are not obvious to others, because of the tendency to believe that whatever is, is right.

Then the qualities of the material and the laws of action under which one must operate should be exhaustively considered. It should be considered whether these laws are really or only apparently inflexible. It should be carefully considered whether further improvement is possible in the same direction, and such consideration will often suggest the direction in which further improvement must go, if a change of direction is necessary. Sometimes the only possible improvement is in an opposite direction. A glance at the accounts of how James Watt invented the condensing steam engine will show what a large part profound study of the old engine and of the laws of steam played in his invention, and how strongly they suggested the directions of the solutions of his difficulties.

We now come to the constructive part of inventing, in order to illustrate which I will seek to explain how several inventions were, or could have been produced.

The way in which the first automatic steam engine was produced was undoubtedly this—and it shows how comparatively easy a really great invention may sometimes be made. It was the duty of Humphrey Potter, a boy, to turn a stop-cock to let the

steam into the cylinder and one to let in water to condense it at certain periods of each stroke of the engine, and if this were not done at the right time, the engine would stop. He noticed that these movements of the stop-cock handles took place in unison with the movements of certain portions of the beam of the engine. He simply connected the valve handles with the proper portions of the beam by strings, and the engine became automatic—a most eventful result.

A most interesting example of the evolution of an invention is that of the cord-knotter of the self-binding harvested. The problem here was to devise a mechanism which would take the place of the human hands in tying a knot in a cord whose ends had mechanically been brought together around a bundle of grain.

The first step was to select the knot which could be tied by the simplest motions. The knot which the inventor selected is a form of bow-knot. The problem was to find how this knot could be tied with the smallest number of fingers, making the smallest number of simple movements. As anyone would ordinarily tie even this simple knot, the movements would be so numerous and complex as to seem impossible of performance by mechanism. The inventor, by study of his problem, found that this knot could be tied by the use of only two fingers of one hand, and by very simple movements.

Thus the accomplishment of a seemingly almost impossible function was rendered mechanically simple by an evolution from the human hand, after an exhaustive and ingenious analysis of the conditions involved.

It will be seen from the example I have given that the constructive part

of inventing consists of evolution, and it is the association of previously known elements in new relations (using the term elements in its broadest sense). The results of such new association may, themselves, be treated as elements of the next stage of development, but in the last analysis nothing is invented or created absolutely out of nothing.

It must also be apparent that pure reason and method, while not taking the place of the inventive faculty, can clear the way for the exercise of that faculty and very greatly reduce the demands upon it.

Where it is desired to make a broadly new invention on fundamentally different lines from those before—having first studied the art to find the results needed, the qualities of the material or other absolutely controlling conditions should be exhaustively considered; but at the time of making the inventive effort, the details should be dismissed from the mind of how results already obtained in the art were gotten. One should endeavor to conceive how he would accomplish the desired result if he were attempting the problem before any one else had ever solved it.

In other words, he should endeavor to provide himself with the idea elements on which the imagination will operate, but to dismiss from his mind as much as possible the old ways in which these elements have been associated, and thus leave his imagination free to associate them in original, and, as to be hoped, better relations than before. He should invent all the means he can possibly invent to accomplish the desired result, and should then, before experimenting, go to the art to see whether or not these means have before been invented.

He would probably find that

some of the elements, at least, have been better worked out than he has worked them out. Of course, mechanical dictionaries and other sources of mechanical elements and movements will be found useful in arriving at means for accomplishing certain of the motions, if the invention be a machine. Many important inventions have been made by persons whose occupation is wholly disconnected with the art in which they are inventing, because their minds were not prejudiced by what had already been done. While such an effort is likely to possess more originality than that on the part of a person in the art, there is, of course, less probability of its being thoroughly practical. The mind well stored with the old ways of solving the problem will be less likely to repeat any of the mistakes of the earlier inventors, but it will also not be as apt to strike out on distinctly original lines. It is so full, already, of the old forms of association of the elements as to be less likely to think of associating them in broadly new relations.

Nothing should be considered impossible until it has been conclusively worked out or tried by experiments which leave no room for doubt. It is no sufficient reason for believing a thing won't work because immemorial tradition, or those skilled in the art, say it will not work.

In inventing a machine to operate upon any given material, the logical way is to work from the tool to the power. The tool or tools should first be invented, and the motions determined which are to be given to them. The proper gearing or parts to produce from the power each motion for each tool should then be invented. It should then be considered if parts of

each train of gearing cannot be combined, so as to make one part do the work of a part in each train; in short, to reduce the machine to its lowest terms. Occasionally a mechanism will be invented which is exceedingly ingenious, but which it is afterward seen how to simplify, greatly at the expense of its apparent ingenuity. This simplification will be at the sacrifice of the pride of the inventor, but such considerations as cheapness, durability, and certainty of action leave no choice in the matter. It will sometimes be found that a single part can be made to actuate several parts, by the interposition of elements which reverse the motion taken from such part, or which take only a component of the motion of such part, or the resultant of the motion of such part and some other part. Where a machine involves the conjoint action of several forces, it can be more thoroughly studied, if it is found there are positions of the

machine in which one force or motion only is in operation, the effect of the others in such position being eliminated, and thus the elements making up the resultant effect can be intelligently controlled.

The drawing board can be made a great source of economy in producing inventions. If the three principal views of all the essentially different positions of the parts of a machine are drawn, it will often be found that defects will be brought to light which would not otherwise have been observed until the machine was put into the metal.

It is desirable to see the whole invention clearly in the mind before beginning to draw, but if that cannot be done, it is of great assistance to draw what can be seen, and the clearer perception given by the study of the parts already drawn, assists the mind in the conception of the remaining parts.

That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.—Ruskin

Some Wise Advice for Investors

WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN)

Taking as his text the warning that "the average investor has no right in the world to buy or sell on margin," this writer proceeds to point out some of the pitfalls that investors have to avoid. These are numerous and carefully classified.

THE man or woman who has money to invest as object of deep interest to many people. All the business of brokers, bankers, and all the allied industries, depend upon the person with money. The object of the broker, the banker and all the other "money professionals" is to get that money in circulation.

This ambition may be either legitimate or illegitimate. Honest bankers and brokers invite and even cajole the investor to come and buy. They honestly believe that by following their advice he will make a profit, secure an honest income, and become a permanent customer. Dishonest bankers and brokers, on the other hand, wish the investor simply to provide them with the money that they need.

The object of this article is to throw more light into the darker corners of the investment world. For the way of the investor is to-day beset with more snares than ever before. There are more subtle methods of swindling investors. They are better masked. The class of men who prey upon the investors is better educated, better trained. The most subtle danger, however, is the temptation to speculate.

Every man, when he buys stocks or bonds, wishes to see those securities increase in value. That is a legitimate desire. But perhaps the enhancement is too slow. He buys a good bond. It goes up 10 per cent. in a year. During the same year, he sees that the common stock of the same

company has gone up 20 points. He begins to figure his actual profits against the profits he would have made if he had bought the stock instead of the bond.

It is an insidious thing, this watching the results of possible speculations. It gets into the blood. The average man is apt to forget that whatever goes up fast is likely also to come down fast. It is well to illustrate. Along in 1902, Union Pacific stock and Union Pacific first mortgage bonds sold at the same figure, 101. The speculator bought the stock, because every one on Wall Street said that it was going up. The real investor bought the bonds, because he knew that they were perfectly safe, and would provide a steady income. A year or so later, the stock sold in the '70's. The bonds were still around 101. The speculative buyer was an uneasy and unhappy man. The investor slept easy, nights, and he did not need to wake the papers to see whether he was rich or poor.

Perhaps, if he was worldly wise, and informed in the ways of Wall Street, he sold his bonds when the stocks reached their lowest point and used the proceeds to buy some of the stock, strictly for investment, but yet with a keen eye for speculative chances. This is one thing that the buyer of good securities may be able to do—namely, to pick his own time to sell. The speculative buyer of stocks, on the contrary, finds that in hard times, or even in a little fall-

ing off in the price of stocks in the midst of good times, he cannot sell without suffering a heavy loss.

Stocks and bonds that are heavily advertised are very often dangerous. Looking through the financial advertising columns of the big Sunday papers, one finds a veritable host of pitfalls. Mining stocks are offered in glowing terms. One reads, and reading cannot help but see visions of fortune and wealth. "Richer than the Amocoands," "The greatest Mine since the United Verde"—they flock into the public view. Yet nine out of every ten of these much-promoted concerns are simply blind lures to entrap the man with money to invest. This class of securities, however, may be dismissed with this brief comment. The warning has been sounded often and from many sources.

Much also has been written lately about the bucket shops. These are alleged brokerage houses, which tempt their clients into speculating on small margins, and bet against the client. If he wants to buy stock, they sell it to him. If he wishes to sell, they buy it from him. The transactions are merely sales and purchases on paper. The real result usually is that the client loses all the money he has put up. This class of institution is not of much concern to the average investor. One rule can be laid down, which will not only guard against this danger but will also guard against many other dangers of this kind. That rule is: "The average investor has no right in the world to buy or sell on margin."

In a publication that has recently been "exposing" the bucket shops, appears an advertisement that

deserves comment. It is an offer of certain bonds and notes, "to net from 8 per cent. to 10 per cent.," a little phrase which epitomizes the cause of more misery, poverty, degradation, and suffering than can ever be entailed upon an enlightened people by the whole miserable bucket-shop system. The man who tries to get 10 per cent. on his money from an investment in securities is riding down the broad and pleasant road that leads to the swamps of bankruptcy. In this age and in this country there are no legitimate 10 per cent. investments fit to be bought by the public.

In this whole field of investment, there is no other danger sign so plain as that. No man can expect to receive more than 5 per cent. from a conservative investment east of the Mississippi, or more than 6 per cent. west. That is the truth. The investor who is receiving better returns should closely investigate. Of course, this does not mean that those who bought securities years ago, and have waited to see them grow in value, cannot do much better than this. It means simply that securities now for sale to yield more than these returns will stand close scrutiny. As for such bonds or notes as those advertised, to yield from 8 to 10 per cent., they are almost as dangerous as the mining shares advertised in the Sunday papers.

There are, throughout the country, a great many companies that parade under the name "Bank," which are little better than swindles. If, in your mails, you find an attractive booklet setting forth the brilliant future that awaits the investor in some of "our 6 per cent. debentures, secured upon first mortgages on im-

proved real estate," beware of them. Generally, the debentures are issued by some company which calls itself a "Banking Corporation." That sounds big, but the sound is the only big thing about it.

In nine cases out of ten, these corporations are doing a straight business. They do buy real estate mortgages, and they buy good ones too, if they do not cost too much. Their debentures are secured upon these mortgages. The trouble about the scheme is that in nine cases out of ten the whole corporation is based upon the belief of the directors that they can do a banking business with your money and make it pay you your 6 per cent. and pay them something besides. They are simply schemes to get you to lend money to people you do not know and let these people use it in what amounts to real estate speculation. The plan runs smoothly until, some day, a real estate boom in St. Louis, Seattle, San Francisco or some other place flattens out suddenly. Then your interest stops, and you cannot find the head office of the corporation.

The same advice applies to a great many of the so-called "Co-operative Building and Loan Associations," and companies under similar titles, which are to be found in almost every town and city in the United States. These concerns, though perfectly honest in a great majority of cases, are based upon the belief of somebody that he can make a success out of trading in real estate, or building houses. Perhaps, he can, but sad experience has demonstrated that in a great many cases he cannot. When he can, you get your regular income from your investment, either in stock or in bonds.

When he cannot, all you have for your money is some more or less useful experience.

The term "bond" is a hardly abused term. Once upon a time, the word carried with it a great deal of assurance. It meant stability. It meant something based upon real property. The man who had all his money in bonds was regarded as safe and solvent. Nowadays, in too many cases, the word is another pitfall, dug for the unwary. There is one issue of so-called "income bonds," listed on the New York Stock Exchange, which has no right to receive any interest until after the capital stock has received 5 per cent. dividends! It is hardly necessary to remark that the holders of these bonds have never received any interest. One can name a list of a dozen so-called "bonds" whose security is so slight that it would not, even in this prosperous time, suffice to pay twenty-five per cent. of the principal of the bonds.

The buyer of bonds, it will be seen, must use good judgment. It is a notable sign of the times that many of the gold and copper mining companies of Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Nevada are selling bonds, debentures, and notes, instead of the old-fashioned stock. It should not require a great deal of judgment to see that a "bond" secured upon a mining claim, unless that claim is fully developed, is nothing in the world but a limited claim on someone else's prospects.

If these are some of the pits dug for the buyer of bonds, there are equally dangerous nets set to catch the unwary buyer of stocks. One of them is the periodical Stock Exchange "hoax." Clever men, old

in the ways of Wall Street, run the prices of stocks far up above their values at times. They do it with a purpose—namely, to sell the stocks to the public. It is one of the fundamental rules of the game as played in Wall Street that more people will buy a stock at high prices than will buy it at low prices. The public seldom, one can almost say never, buys very many stocks when the stocks are really cheap.

How, then, can the buyer of stocks who is not a Wall Street man avoid being caught? No man, or woman should buy either stocks or bonds for income unless persuaded beyond all question that the security is worth the price paid, even if it never went any higher. A fairly safe guide

and one that is easily used is to take a careful inventory of the prices that have obtained for the stock under consideration. Any broker can give you prices back over a period of years. These prices are an almost unfailing index. You do not want to buy at the top. Your record of prices will tell you what the top price is. Looking down the list, you will note occasions when the prices went soaring. Your broker will tell you that those prices represent "campaigns," engineered by certain large speculators. The price to-day will generally tell you whether or not you are likely to be merely another incident in a stock market campaign, or whether you can buy with a fair assurance of success.

Never whip your brain. All high pressure is dangerous. Study to think as quietly and as easily as you breathe. Never force yourself to learn what you have no talent for. Knowledge without love will remain a lifeless manufacture, not a living growth.—Professor Blackie.

Small Expenses of Big Businesses.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

The amount of money spent by big hotels and business concerns on what may be considered trivial things is astonishing. The annual bill for breakfast in a big metropolitan hotel would alone be equivalent to an income to the excess of that of an ordinary individual business, small in character, when added together produce factors.

MODERN businesses have grown to such colossal size that the mere number of millions which they turn over in a year conveys little or nothing to the blunted imagination of the everyday reader. One has to descend to smaller details to begin to realize the importance of some of these undertakings.

For instance, we frequently see in the daily papers mention of the gigantic income of Mr. Rockefeller, head of the Standard Oil Company. He is said to be in receipt of over four millions sterling a year. But this does not convey half so vivid an impression of the resources of the richest company in the world as the fact that it has recently constructed a pipe to bring down the oil by force of gravitation from the wells to the coast at a cost of £12,000,000, and that one branch of this pipe which runs from Indian Territory to Kansas City requires 20,000 barrels of oil to be poured in at one end before a drop comes out at the other.

There is an English brewing firm, whose head is a well-known peer honored by the friendship of the King, which pays away in freight charges to railway companies £300,000 a year. For labels this same company pays what would be to most of us an income almost beyond our wildest dreams—namely, between £4,000 and £5,000 a year.

A London firm of much more recent growth, which began business

only twelve years ago, and of which the specialty is the sale of inexpensive clothes of all sorts, and which conducts an enormous credit business, helps the Revenue by the expenditure of £3,200 a year on postage stamps.

A big hotel spends money in a score of ways that the public rarely, if ever, consider. For instance, the yearly water bill of the famous Waldorf Astoria in New York is £5,400. It also uses 7,500 pounds of soap in a week. Perhaps these figures will excite less wonder when it is mentioned that the hotel has 1,305 bedrooms and 800 bathrooms.

This same hotel uses Haviland china, and puts its bill for breakfast at £1,400 a year. At another New York hotel, the Holland House, Worcester china is used exclusively and the breakage account is set at £2,000 a year.

Probably London waiters are more careful than their fellows in New York, for, so far as the writer has been able to gather, no London hotel has a breakage account of over £1,000 a year.

On the other hand, the manager of one large London hotel has said that their yearly bill for what may be called "stealage"—that is, for property that mysteriously disappears, such as cutlery, ornaments, small plated and silver articles—is nearly £50 a month. Another large London hotel paid last year for flowers

and plants for decorative purposes £4,200.

The Waldorf Astoria, before mentioned, uses 140 tons of anthracite coal every twenty-four hours during the winter months. Its yearly coal bill is £40,000.

Speaking of coal, the amount which a large ocean steamer carries in her hold is, of course, enormous. A ship like the Oceanic or Celtic burns upwards of 2,000 tons on a voyage, and carries 3,000 in her hold. It throws some light on what this quantity really is when one hears that it takes sixty men working continuously for forty hours to put it aboard, and that the operation of coaling for each voyage costs the company £240.

The salaries paid to the crew of a ship like the Oceanic amount to £3,000 a month, and her breakage bill beats that of any hotel in existence. In one recent voyage there were broken aboard the Oceanic 1,000 plates, 280 cups, 428 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, twenty-seven decanters, and sixty-three water bottles, besides many other articles too numerous to mention. On a steamer of this class the average bill for breakages while at sea is £20 a day.

The cost of packing parcels for customers is no small item in the accounts of great businesses. Paper and string cost money. The United States Post Office boasts that it used 30,000 pounds of string last year. But there is a British firm of book and newspaper sellers which can give the U. S. post office points and a beating in this respect. The firm in question, simply for the purpose of tying up its newspapers into bundles, uses on an average fifty-

nine tons of twine yearly, or a total length of 5,271 miles.

One of the greatest businesses in this country is that known as the Oxford University Press. Mere statistics of the millions of volumes which it has sold are not nearly so instructive as the fact that the duty paid on Bibles sent to America amounted for several years in succession to an average of £12,500 a year. Now the Press has a branch of its own in the United States.

Again, take the British and Foreign Bible Society. This wonderful concern publishes Bibles in over four hundred different languages, and since its foundation a century ago has issued over 190,000,000 copies of the sacred book. Its yearly bill for translations and revisions averages £4,000, and the last revision of one Bible alone—namely, the Malagasi—cost the Society more than £3,000! Another interesting item of its accounts is £42,500 per annum paid to colporteurs.

You can, perhaps, hardly term advertising one of the smaller expenses of a great business, but it is rather instructive to notice that Mr. John Wanamaker, the owner, among other things, of the biggest shop in Philadelphia, pays the man who writes the advertisements for that shop the pleasant little salary of £3,200 a year.

Another American firm, Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, whose turnover is £200,000 a week, pays the boys who attend to the lifts in the establishment wages to the tune of £2,200 a year. There are in all fifty-four lifts in the various buildings.

This same firm keeps its accounts by calculating machines, called comptometers. There are £15,000 worth

of these in the building, and a staff of three men do nothing else but look after them. The chief of these mechanics gets twenty-five dollars (£5) a week.

Finding that London water was too hard for the best laundry purposes, the head of one of the great London stores promptly bored an artesian well 600 feet deep, at a cost of more than £3,000. This same man employs an analyst in his laundry to test the water, soap, etc., and pays him a salary of about £400 a year.

Mention of soap brings to mind the fact that a great Laundrashire firm of soap makers recently paid away £5,000 in sending 1,600 employees to Paris for a couple of days. Another firm, manufacturers of a well-known cash register, spend £700 a year on keeping up gardens for their workmen and women, and a similar sum is given in prizes for the best-kept plots around the cottages of their people.

One often sees accounts of the enormous sums expended upon the production of spectacular plays. When Sir Henry Irving produced *Dasie*, the little model of one scene, quite apart from preliminary sketches, cost £30. After this one is no longer amazed to hear that the

complete cost of the scenery was £10,000.

Steamship companies frequently pay from £60 to £100 for the small model vessels which are placed as advertisements in the windows of their offices.

A big circus is a terribly costly business. When Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show was last in England the expenses were said to be £1,000 a day. When one considers that the horses ate six tons of hay, 200 bushels of oats and about half a ton of bran daily, to say nothing of using up five tons of straw every 24 hours, this is more easily understood.

The small expenses of great railway companies would make an article itself. One British company uses over three tons of lubricating oil daily.

Those who grumble at having to pay a penny a mile to be carried in luxury would do well to remember another fact, that quite apart from immense bills in coal, wages, upkeep of permanent way and rolling stock, railways are the greatest ratepayers in the kingdom. The Great Western alone is mulcted in something like £500,000 a year by the local authorities through whose ground it passes.

Friendship, like everything else, is tested by results. If you want to know the value of any friendship, you must ask what it has done for you and what it has made for you.—James Stalker

The Beautiful Pearl Industry

BY WILLIAM DURAN IN THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

The pearl has in fact suffered from superstition as well as from the severity or account of its value as an ornament by the mediaeval. The pearl industry is carried on extensively in eastern waters, as the article shows.

UNDoubtedly the pearl has during all ages been considered the gem of gems. Even diamonds and the rarest jewels are less prized by the world of beauty and fashion than these exquisite products of the mysterious ocean depths. The genesis of the pearl is one of nature's most singular paradoxes. Most of the mollusca—aquatic creatures which tenant shells line these with a secretion which is laid over the harsh granular surface in extremely thin, semi-transparent films. The object of this provision is of course to prevent what would be intolerable friction on the extremely tender body of the mollusc. The films harden into a substance which is often characterized by the loveliest iridescence. This is called nacre by zoologists, and by traders mother-of-pearl.

Mother-of-pearl is the bed in which is born the "gem of purest ray serene," called by Oriental poets the "angel's tear," though the prosy modern savant prefers to describe the pearl as "a calcareous concretion of peculiar lustre produced by certain molluscs." Both in its creation and in its liberation from its prison house under from nine to thirteen fathoms of water the pearl costs pain and sacrifice, although after it is once secured it has this distinction, above all other gems, that it requires no human hand to hilt out its beauties. It is not surprising that the Orientals cherish many superstitions as to the cause of pearl formation. Their poets tell of how the monsoon rains,

falling on the banks of Ceylon and Bahrain, find chance lodgment in the opened mouth of the pearl-oyster. Each drop distils a gem, and the size of the raindrop determines the luck of the diver. Heavens-born, and cradled in the deep blue sea, it is in them eyes not only the purest but the most precious of nature's products.

That the pearl is the result of a morbid process cannot be doubted. One of my friends, an expert biologist, with a splendid collection of natural curiosities from all parts of the earth, showed me recently a large oyster-shell, of which he was very proud, as the inner surface was dotted with Chinese "pearl gods." Now the "pearl gods" furnish a striking demonstration of the manner in which pearls are generated. The Chinese Buddhist priests insert between the shell and the mantle of a live oyster little images of Buddha, stamped out of metal. These are rapidly coated with nacre, and are afterwards displayed to the ignorant as supernatural testimonies to the truth of Buddhism. Any irritation caused by the intrusion of a foreign substance will induce the shell fish to secrete an extra amount of nacre, and thus the gem is built up. Many a preacher has eloquently illustrated in his sermons the use of affliction by referring to this phenomenon.

Pearls are always precious. Other ornaments vary in value at different times, on account of the fickleness of fashion, but the popularity of the pearl is subject to no vicissitudes.

For long ages the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal and the Persian Gulf have been the chief fishing grounds, but valuable pearl beds have during late years been exploited at great profit on the coasts of West Australia and South America. The bivalve which produces really fine pearls is not the common edible oyster so familiar in Britain and the United States. The humble mollusc, which goes by the name amongst naturalists of "ostrea," does not produce either nacre or pearls of any value, but its magnificent relative of the tropical waters, which boasts of the sounding appellation "*Meleagrina marginifera*," is the subject of assiduous search by great fleets manned by thousands of sailors and divers. This wonderful shell-fish will sometimes measure from 12 to 15 inches in its greatest length, outside the shell. The more rugged and indented the shell, the better the prospect for the diver. These splendid shells are not only likely to contain fine gems, but practically the whole substance of both valves consists of mother-of-pearl, a commercial commodity of considerable value because of its great use in the manufacture of many elegant fabrics.

Great Britain owns a most valuable pearl protec-torate, about which our countrymen generally know far too little, for it is one of our most interesting imperial possessions. I refer to that wonderful region on the Arabian side of the Persian Gulf, where the sea is dotted by the Bahrain Islands. The chief member of this little but important archipelago is the Island of Bahrain itself. This is the head-centre of one of the wealthiest pearl fisheries in the world. The whole region is a supremely interesting and most romantic district. It is

a very ancient pearl-fishing territory. These pearl islands of the Persian Gulf are by the most learned authorities identified with the Dedan of the Bible (see Ezekiel xxviii 15.) Old Pliny speaks of the pearl fisheries which had from time to time existed along this Arabian coast. The main island, Bahrain itself, which gives its name to the group, is about twenty-seven miles long from north to south, and ten in breadth. The northern half, where there are abundant fresh water springs of lukewarm temperature, is covered with beautiful gardens of date palms, pomegranate, and other fruit trees. Minaach, the large town with 10,000 people at the northeast end of the island, is built along the shore for a mile. This is the head-centre of the pearl-fishery. If Egypt is the gift of the Nile, Bahrain may well be called the gift of the pearl-oysters. The pearl-fishing is carried on every year from June to October, and longer if the hot weather sets in earlier. The total value of the pearls annually caught off this wonderful group of islands averages over £300,000. Nearly a thousand boats are engaged in the industry in the Persian Gulf. Hundreds of craft come to the oyster-banks from various other ports on the gulf.

The superstitious customs of the Bahrain divers are most singular. Each boat carries on its bows a sort of figure-head, called the "kubait," which is covered with the skin of the sheep or goat sacrificed when the craft was launched. No Moslem fisherman likes to sail in a boat until it has cut a covenant of blood with Neptune. A pearl-fishing boat holds from twenty to forty men, according to its size, half being divers, the others rope holders and oarsmen. But there is always one man in each craft call-

ed "El Mawly," or "the one who prays," because his only function is to hold the rope for any other man who stops either to pray or to feed.

A Bahrein diver wears no clothing. He descends with nothing on him but two curious articles. One is the "fitaam," or nose-clip, which is something like a clothes-pin, made of two pieces of bone riveted together and fitted on the lower part of the nostrils to keep out the water. The other apparatus is a set of "khaabas," or finger-hats, made of leather, and thrice the length of an ordinary thimble.

These are, of course, worn to protect the fingers during the process of gathering the great shells at the bottom of the sea. Attached to the diver's feet is a stone, fastened by a rope passing between his toes. On this stone he descends feet first. He carries down with him his "dajren," or basket. By another rope, fastened to him and his basket, he gives the signal for his ascent. Even the best divers can remain in the depths only two minutes, never more than three. Many are brought up utterly unconscious, and sometimes the poor diver cannot be restored to life. They are always nine-tenths suffocated. Each plunge for the pearl is a terrible ordeal. Sometimes sharks attack the men, but they most dread a small species of octopus. This little devil-fish is the subject of many horrible stories in the bazaar gossip of Mammach and other towns on the pearl coast.

Many of the islands in the South Seas are mere atolls, that is, coral reefs or narrow belts of land, each enclosing a lagoon. In many of these quiet tropical lagoons live large numbers of great pearl oysters. On some islands the natives are expert pearl

divers. They sell the great shells to white traders in exchange for "pilot bread," calico, knives, and many other articles which they have learned to use from white people. Occasionally a diver finds a pearl inside a pair of shells, and for this he receives more than for many shells.

The great Ceylon fisheries for pearls are a Government monopoly. The fleet is patrolled by Government tug Pearl Town, on the coast, is an interesting spot. Here on the shore is to be seen a mixed Oriental crowd, such as can be found in no other spot on earth. Jews, Persians, Indians, Arabs, Malays, Chinese, and a dozen other nationalities, jostle each other in the streets. When a boat arrives it is unloaded by natives, the oysters being carried up to the Government enclosures, where they are divided into three heaps. The bulk of each heap is exactly equal, for the officials will come round later and choose two of them, leaving one for the fishers.

Among the valuable possessions acquired a few years ago by the United States, together with the Philippine Islands, were the famous Sulu pearl fisheries. These and the fisheries of the north coast of Australia are rapidly developing, and they seem likely to become as important as any in the world. The enterprise requires a large capital, and the industry is now chiefly in the hands of the great London and Paris jewelers, who send out to the Sulu Isles and to Australia fleets of twenty to thirty schooners, equipped with modern diving appliances and manned by expert crews. If the profits depended on pearls alone the promoters would quickly become bankrupt, but the chief revenue comes from the mother-of-pearl, which brings in the market upwards of \$20 a ton.

Expensive Economies

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

The examples applied in the following article are taken mainly from the world of transportation. The examples introduced by mining and industrial enterprises at overseas expense seem to be paradoxical.

TIME is far more precious nowadays than it was in the leisurely days of our grandfathers. Labor, too, grows more costly year by year. Proofs of how keenly these facts are appreciated can be seen on every side, but more particularly in the enormous sums which the great corporate bodies who control locomotion and production are willing to lay out with the object of future economies of these two commodities. So immense are these sums that the ordinary observer positively gasps at their magnitude, and vaguely wonders "how it can pay." Yet the practical business men who are at the head of these great companies would certainly not incur such expenditure if the prospects did not justify them. Evidently they have a healthy faith in the future; and those pessimists who croak over evils to come, especially those who prophesy the speedy decay of the British Empire, should observe what is going on around them, and take courage from what is before their eyes.

With railway companies the all-important problem is to shorten their train mileage. A striking example of the enormous sacrifices which a company is willing to make for the purpose of reducing the length of a journey is afforded by the new route to Ireland upon which the Great Western has been engaged for more than eight years past. Hitherto travelers by the Great Western Railway to Ireland have traveled via New Milford and Waterford. The sea journey in this case is ninety-eight nautical miles, and takes six hours to cover. No less than sixty years ago the company, realizing the fact that the distance between Fishguard Bay and Rosslare was considerably less than that between the Irish coast and New Milford, obtained parliamentary powers to construct a line to Fishguard; but upon examination the scheme was found to be beyond the resources of the engineers of the time. It was not until 1896 that the company, having acquired the undertakings of the Waterford and Wexford Railway Company and of the Rosslare Harbor Commissioners, obtained the further power to run steamers between Fishguard and Rosslare, and began work in earnest.

It is no light undertaking, even for a wealthy corporation like a railway company, to construct two new harbors, and the Fishguard or Goodwick harbor presents difficulties beyond the ordinary. Where the present harbor works are situated mountainous cliffs of the hardest vitreous rock dropped sheer into deep water, not even a footpath running between cliff and sea. Blasting had to be resorted to on the largest scale, and every day an average of fifteen hundred tons of rock are torn from the cliff-side and either used for the great breakwater, which will be two thousand feet long, or are crushed for screenings and ballast. Nearly five hundred men are constantly at work, and by the time that the harbor and breakwater are completed more than two million tons of the mountainside will have disappeared. The magnitude of

the undertaking may perhaps be better comprehended when it is stated that up to date the company has expended some three hundred and eighty thousand pounds on Goodwick Harbor alone. This sum does not include the money spent on building the new railway from Leath to Llanguaenach, on Rosslare Harbor, upon shortening the Great Western main line between Wootton Bassett and Patchway, upon the great improvements in the Irish service, or upon the magnificent twenty-two-knot turbine steamers which are being built for the new service.

When all is complete, which will be within another few months, the Great Western will be able to start passengers from Paddington at eight in the morning and land them at Rosslare at half-past five in the afternoon. The sea journey will be only three hours, for the distance from Fishguard to Rosslare is but fifty-four knots as against the ninety-eight knot crossing between New Milford and Waterford. Not only that, but the new Great Western Railway route will be considerably the shortest and most direct in existence between London and Cork, for from Rosslare to Cork the railway journey will occupy only four hours.

Another railway company which considers no sacrifice too great in pursuit of future economy is the North-Eastern. The North-Eastern justly boasts of the heaviest goods traffic of any line of its mileage. Now, goods traffic is the most difficult form of business that a railway company has to deal with. This is easily understandable, for goods traffic is not a constant quantity, yet the company cannot, of course, wait until they can fill a train before starting it; they must keep up a

regular service. The consequence is that trains of forty to sixty half-filled trucks are running between the principal centres three or four times a day, and the resultant waste in coal, labor, and wear and tear is very considerable.

The North-Eastern determined that this sort of thing must be put a stop to, and their plan for so doing is a most interesting, ingenious, and—incidentally—an immensely costly one. It is no less than the construction of an immense sorting station for the whole of their goods traffic. The place selected for this station is Northallerton, which is almost in the centre of the company's system, and lies just half way between London and Edinburgh. Here the company have purchased a vast area of land, a triangle three miles long and two and half miles across its base, and have begun operations by building five hundred cottages for their workmen. To this collecting-ground will be brought trains from all the large centres, such as Newcastle, the two Hartlepoles, Darlington, and Middlesbrough in the north, and Leeds, Hull, and Normanton in the south; and here the trucks will be sorted and marshalled into proper order, and the newly-made-up trains despatched to their proper destinations.

The principle upon which this sorting is to be managed is beautiful in its simplicity. It is what is known as the "gravitational" method, and entirely dispenses with the use of shunting-engines. As each train arrives it will be hauled by a steel rope worked by an electrically driven capstan up to the top of a long incline, technically known as a "turtle-back." When it has reached the top there lies before it a great number of sidings spreading out in an immense

fan from a common centre. The train is then broken up, and as the trucks run by force of gravity down the fan side of the "turtle-back," the men in charge of the points switch them one by one into whichever siding corresponds with that truck's ultimate destination. Thus, trucks from half-a-dozen different trains, but all bound for the same destination, will be made up into one train. Then an army of men will tranship the goods from half-filled trucks into large, well packed ones, and off goes the new train straight to its proper destination. The immense economy thus effected will be apparent to every one. Lord Ridley, the chairman of the company, states that it will reduce train mileage by two-thirds, save the upkeep of some hundreds of engines, and materially lessen the wear and tear of the permanent way. The cost of the new scheme is estimated at no less than half a million, but the money will be well spent if the result is, as expected, an eventual saving to the company of eighty thousand pounds a year.

The railway coal bill of this country is about five millions a year. The employment of electric power on all our railways would halve this gigantic sum. Our companies know this; but as most of them are already staggering under excessive capital charges, they cannot afford to "scrap" their present plant and go in for even partial electrification. In this respect American railways are ahead of our own. One of the wealthiest railway companies in the world is the New York Central, and this company, fully appreciating the immense economy of electric power, has recently adopted the most gigantic and costly electrification scheme on record. It has already carried its

electric zone fifty to sixty miles out on almost every side of New York. Trains approaching the city are now picked up at that radius by electric locomotives of three thousand horsepower, capable of a speed of eighty miles an hour. The company also works all its suburban traffic by electricity, on the system that each suburban car has its own motive power. This obviates the necessity of using a full-sized locomotive and a full train crew to handle a small train with perhaps only a few dozen passengers. The cost of this transformation has been appalling in its magnitude. It approaches twenty million pounds. Such an expenditure speaks volumes for the company's faith in electricity as the motive power of the future.

Before abandoning the subject of railway economics some mention must be made of the tremendousfeat recently achieved by the Southern Pacific Railway. When the old Central Pacific Railway, now absorbed by the Southern Pacific, was first built, the engineers found that the Great Salt Lake of Utah lay directly in the way of the new railway. It is hardly probable that the idea of bridging this inland sea ever occurred to them. They carried the line round the northern shore. This added forty-three miles to the distance, and necessitated some tremendously heavy gradients. When the Southern Pacific bought the line they saw at once that the expense of taking trains over all these extra miles and of keeping the permanent way in repair was excessive, and they resolved to bridge the lake from Ogden to Lucin. The lake at this point is divided into two arms, one of which is nearly twenty-five miles broad. We have here no space to give even the barest details of this colossal undertaking. The

Great Salt Lake is practically an inland ocean, subject to terrific storms. During the progress of the work, over which three thousand men toiled for more than three years, more than twenty thousand pounds' worth of material and machinery was lost by storm alone.

A pit was found in the bottom of the lake which swallowed two thousand and five hundred tons of material a day for thirty days, and it took in all six months before the pit could be filled sufficiently to bear the foundations. The total length of bridge is thirty-four miles, and there are nearly ten miles of embankment besides. The cost was over two millions. The achievement is completely successful, and the resultant saving pays interest on the capital sunk at the rate of about 6 per cent.

The rapid increase in size of ocean steamers both for freight and passenger traffic is directly due to motives of economy, and monsters like the Amerika, the Oceanie, and Celtic, though each cost a huge fortune to build, rapidly repay the money laid out upon them. A twenty-thousand-ton ship pays better than two separate ten thousand tonners, because she needs less than two-thirds the crew and staff necessary to man the two smaller boats. She also shows an economy in coal consumption, while the saving in dock, pilot, and other similar dues is very considerable.

Among the most interesting object lessons in marine economy are the new gigantic five, six, and even seven mast schooners which are once more bringing salts—not long ago considered practically extinct—back to the ocean. When the project of building these gigantic schooners—of which the American Lawson is perhaps the first

example—was first mooted there was a general sneer. Such a ship, it was said, would be hugely costly to construct, would be unmanageable from sheer size, and could not possibly compete with steam. But Captain John Crowley, builder and owner of the Lawson, has shown how completely false were all these predictions. This seven-ton steel-built seven-master is provided with small steam engines for hoisting and lowering sail, and with steam steering gear. Although she can carry eight thousand tons dead weight, she needs a crew of only sixteen men, including her master, engineers and cook. With a good breeze she can do fifteen knots as against the average tramp steamer's eight. She has no coal bill, and her builder's faith in her as an economical money-earning investment has been absolutely justified.

Mining companies are often called upon to lay out immense sums with a view to future economies. Perhaps the most astonishing instance of this kind is the gigantic engineering operation now being carried out at Cripple Creek, Colorado. Partly with a view to draining the great mines without the expense of pumping, but chiefly in order to get the ore out cheaply, a tunnel no less than fourteen miles long is being bored through solid rock. When this is completed the ore will be run in trucks down a gentle slope on to the plain below, and thus will be saved the present excessive expense of transporting it over a lofty range of mountains. The cost of this undertaking will exceed a million and a half, which argues great faith on the part of the directors of the company in the resources of their mines.

Here in England we have a similar example of a very heavy expenditure

being incurred by a mining company with a view to future profit and economy. This is no less than an alteration of the Cumberland coast line with the object of extracting iron ore lying beneath the sea bed. In 1899 the Hodbarrow Iron Mining Company discovered that they had worked out all the veins on the land side, but when they began to cut such ore under the sea a bed of quicksand was tapped and the works were flooded. Nothing dismayed, the company erected a mighty concrete barrier in the form of a bow seven thousand feet long, which has turned one hundred and seventy acres of sea into dry land. The difficulties incurred in building the wall, which is some two hundred feet thick at the base and eighty feet at the top, were enormous. In one place an acre of soft clay was found, into which steel piles had to be driven a distance of forty feet in order to secure a foundation. The work cost fifty thousand pounds, but the result is that the bold miners will be able to drive their workings six hundred feet seaward without danger, and to tap a mass of ore estimated at five million tons.

Scores of similar instances might be cited. In South Staffordshire it is proposed to spend no less than eighty thousand pounds in pumping dry the water-logged collieries in which experts declare the forty million tons of

coal at the Dawdon Colliery, near Seaburn harbor, an immense sum will be expended to clear the mines of water. Here a German firm is at work using a secret freezing process which makes the wet soil as hard as rock and keeps it so while the shaft can be tubed.

The American Standard Oil Company is spending sixty million dollars (twelve million pounds) in pipe lines for the purpose of bringing their oil cheaply down from the oil fields to the coast, and so dispensing with railway transportation, while in South Russia an oil pipe line four hundred and eighteen miles long, with a capacity of forty-eight thousand gallons an hour, has been constructed running from the Caspian oil fields down to a Black Sea port. The eight-inch steel pipe used cost eight shillings a yard.

To give one last instance, the Edinburgh Corporation not long since spent nearly six hundred thousand pounds on the finest and largest gas works in the world, which can carburese a thousand tons of coal a day. The sum seems prodigious, but when one bears in mind that the yearly saving over the old work amounts to fifty thousand pounds, and that therefore the new gas works will pay for themselves within twelve years, no one can assert that the city fathers were not justified in their undertaking.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have.—F. W. Robertson.

The Highwayman

BY ALFRED NOYES IN BLACKWOOD'S

Nowadays poets are apparently not held in as great esteem as they were some years ago. Possibly it is because there are so few worthy ones. This absence of enthusiasm for contemporary verse, however, thins into greater prominence the work of Alfred Noyes, who has become one of the "vanguards" of the "new" school of English poets. Alfred Noyes, who has become one of the "vanguards" of the "new" school of the Atlantic. An example of one of his latest poems is "The Highwayman."

PART ONE.

I.

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,

The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,

And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

II.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;

They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,

His pistol-butt a-twinkle.

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky

III.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clanged in the dark inn-yard,

And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred:

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long black hair

IV.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked,

Where Tim the ostler listened: his face was white and peaked;

His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,

But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,

Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

V.

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,

But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,

Then look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!"

VI.

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,

But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast,

And he kissed its waves in the moonlight
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the west.

PART TWO.

I.

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;

And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,

When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,

A red-coat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—

King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

II.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead;

But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;

Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!

There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;

For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that he would ride.

III.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
 They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
 "Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her. She heard the dead man say—
 Look for me by moonlight;
 Watch for me by moonlight;
 I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

IV.

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
 She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
 They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
 Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
 Cold on the stroke of midnight,
 The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

V.

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
 Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast.
 She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
 For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
 Black and bare in the moonlight;
 And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

VI.

Tlot-tlot! tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear,—
 Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?
 Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill, the highwayman came riding,
 Riding, riding!
 The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

VII.

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot-tlot, in the echoing night!
 Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
 Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
 Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
 Her musket shattered the moonlight,
 Shattered her breast is the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

VIII.

He turned; he spurred to the westward; he did not know who stood
 Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
 Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
 How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

IX.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
 With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high!
 Blood-red were his spurs! the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;
 When they shot him down on the highway,
 Down like a dog on the highway,
 And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

X.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
 When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
 When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
 A highwayman comes riding—
 Riding—riding—
 A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

XL

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is
locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be
waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long black hair.

The Real William Randolph Hearst

BY JAMES CHEELMAN IN PEARSONS (AMERICAN)

No more masterly writer of character sketches lives on this side the Atlantic than James Cheelman, and in this sketch of the great newspaper-owner, William Randolph Hearst, he has painted a picture of the man, which few even a wonderfully lifelike book. The career and character of Hearst are fascinating, even if his methods do not attract our admiration.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST was born in San Francisco in 1863, went to the public schools and then entered Harvard University. He was tall, strong, pale, smiling, bashful, but mad for practical jokes. He was an indifferent student, although he showed ability whenever he chose to concentrate on any subject. But he had an incurable levity, a feverish love for pranks.

He became the business manager of the student paper, the Lampoon, and made money so rapidly that the students had to have frequent banquets to keep the surplus down.

When Grover Cleveland was elected President Mr. Hearst hired many bands of music, bought wagons-loads of beer, set off fireworks in all directions and raised such a red-blazing, ear-splitting, rip-roaring, all-night racket as to scandalize old Cambridge and almost cause his expulsion from Harvard. It was the first outburst of that Hearstian genius for fireworks, brass bands and bur-raking spectacularity which has

startled and entertained the country so many, many times since.

An unappreciated practical joke resulted in Mr. Hearst's suspension by the Harvard faculty, and he went back to San Francisco as shy, gentle and smiling as ever.

Senator Hearst eyed his tall, handsome son gravely and stroked his grey beard.

"My boy," he said, "I assume that you are not content to live simply as a rich man's son, but that you want to get out and do something for yourself."

"That's right, father."

"I have great ranch properties which you might develop."

The young man shook his head vigorously.

"Mines?"

Another emphatic shake of the head.

"What do you want?"

"I want the San Francisco Examiner."

"Great God!" cried the senator, throwing up his hands. "Haven't I spent money enough on that paper?

I took it for a bad debt and it's a sure loser. Instead of holding it for my own son, I've been saving it up to give to an enemy."

But Mr. Hearst's gay and successful experience as manager of the Lampoon had bitten deeply into his soul. He was only twenty-three years old and, to his adventurous, prank-loving nature, journalism was an enchanted playground in which giants and dragons were to be slain simply for the fun of the thing; a Never Never Land with pirates and Indians and fairies; a wonderful, wonderful rainbow, with uncounted gold at the other end of it.

In the end Senator Hearst reluctantly surrendered his own judgment that a newspaper was an interesting game but a "damned poor business," and his son became the proprietor and editor of the San Francisco Examiner.

San Francisco smiled at the notion that the long-legged, soft-voiced, frivolous youth, whose gorgeous extravagants were the wonder of the city, and whose personal escapades had provoked the trowns of even that liberal community, was to assume the dignities and responsibilities of editorship. It was a public joke.

But San Francisco was mistaken. Mr. Hearst threw himself into the work of reconstructing his newspaper with a vigor, intelligence and courage that astonished everybody. He brought to his task a personality hitherto unsuspected. He attacked abuses, proclaimed radical democracy, introduced a sort of typographical violence in the make-up of the paper, and smashed all journalistic traditions in his effort to arrest public attention. The circulation of the Examiner increased by leaps and bounds. Mr. Hearst stuck to his task, working harder than any

of his subordinates, seldom leaving the office before midnight. He made the members of his staff his chums and showered presents on them. He courted the applause of the crowd, and invited the opposition of the hated railroad despotism and its allies. He championed labor unionism. He even got one of his women writers to pretend to faint in the street and be taken in an ambulance to hospital, in order to tell the story of her terrible experiences and expose the inefficiency and corruption of the public hospital service.

He had all sorts of ways of varying his life. He built the Vamoose, a \$60,000 yacht that steamed twenty-eight miles an hour, the fastest thing afloat, and, finding that he could not take it from New York to San Francisco, sold it for \$22,000. He made flights through Europe, collected antiquities and made thousands of photographs, even catching with his camera bats flying in the underground tombs of Egyptian kings.

Before Mr. Hearst had spent \$75,000 in his new venture the Examiner had been converted from a newspaper wreck into a profitable business and a recognized power on the Pacific Coast. Then the humorous smile faded from the face of San Francisco, and the tall young editor with the pale blue eyes and almost feminine smile was denounced as a clever but unscrupulous sensationalist.

Even in those adolescent days, when Mr. Cleveland's ponderous utterances were the wonder and delight of the Democracy newly restored to power, Mr. Hearst monotonously repeated his prediction that unless the Democratic party had the courage to be "really democratic" it would be swept from office. But nobody paid much attention to the per-

sonal views of the young "freak journalist," in spite of his success.

When Senator Hearst died in 1891 he bequeathed his fortune to his widow. It has been commonly supposed that his possessions were worth \$40,000,000, and some estimates have been as high as \$80,000,000. The truth is that the estate left by Senator Hearst was worth about \$17,000,000.

Mr. Hearst wanted to own a newspaper in New York. San Francisco had grown too small for him. His desire to burst into the metropolis became an overpowering passion.

There can be no doubt that at this time Mr. Hearst had no desire either for political leadership or for public office. The excitements and romances of newspaper life satisfied him. He avoided political attachments and reveled in the society of working newspapermen. His bashfulness was extreme and he shrank from personal publicity.

It is hard to recognize the nervously demure W. R. Hearst of those days in the Williams Randolph Hearst whose name is printed in big type several times a day in his own newspapers and screamed from the very rooftops by his agents.

Mr. Hearst wanted to conquer New York in a newspaper sense, to make a grand splash, to build up "the biggest circulation in the world" and be the acknowledged master of sensational journalism. Politics were merely incidental to this iridescent ambition.

He came to New York in 1895 and bought the *Morning Journal*, a cheap and amusing, although somewhat discreditable, sheet published by Albert Pulitzer. He paid \$150,000 for the paper; but, before he reached the climax of his activities, he invested

more than \$7,000,000 in this single enterprise, with its various editions.

At first Mr. Hearst's New York paper was bright, enterprising, full of clever pictures and striking cartoons, saucy, but without malice or ruffianism. It caught the fancy of the crowd and won friends. Its raw and abusive politics were developed later on.

Mr. Hearst's great opportunity came in 1896 when Mr. Bryan was nominated for President. The New York press was bitterly antagonistic to the free silver movement and all its concomitants, and the great eastern newspapers bolted the Democratic ticket.

Mr. Hearst was not a free silver man, and never has been, but he at once took up the abandoned Democratic cause and made a campaign for Mr. Bryan which astonished the country by its dash and brilliant audacity. He hired the ablest writers he could get and spent money in a way to make the richest New York newspaper proprietors gasp. His expenditures were so lavish that the salaries of newspaper men on most of the rival journals were raised to keep them from Mr. Hearst; and the present large incomes of American newspapermen are to some extent due to the pace which he has set.

It was in the long struggle to arouse the United States to armed interference with the cruel and bloody rule of Spain in Cuba that Mr. Hearst showed the terrible power of sensational journalism backed by wealth. His frantic and vulgar methods of attracting attention to his newspaper disgusted conservative journalists; but underlying the screaming headlines and crazy illustrations there was a note of moral earnestness that steadily made itself felt. The *Journal* did things. It

proclaimed itself as the protagonist of "the journalism that acts."

Mr. Hearst was not content merely to print news; he felt it to be a proper part of journalism to make news.

So, when Evangeline Cisneros, a young Cuban girl, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for having resisted the vile attentions of a Spanish officer, Mr. Hearst spent thousands of dollars in cabling petitions for the girl's release to the Queen Regent of Spain, and he even secured the intercession of the Pope by cabling petitions to the Vatican, until the Spanish Government was beside itself with helpless anger.

And in the end Mr. Hearst sent Karl Decker to Cuba to rescue pretty Evangeline by sheer jail-breaking. When the friendless fugitive reached New York, he had her dressed like a princess, set her in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and had a military parade, a mass meeting of a hundred thousand persons in Madison Square and a reception at Delmonico's, all in her honor and all at his own expense.

It was a tremendous advertisement for his newspaper, and he was shrewd enough to see its sordid bearings; but it was a genuine stroke for the oppressed Cubans, the hardest struck before the destruction of the battleship Maine; and, besides, Mr. Hearst was entertained, and sometimes thrilled, by the mere excitement and romance of it.

Frederick Remington, the famous artist, was sent to Cuba, with instructions to remain there until the war began. After a few days Mr. Remington sent this telegram from Havana:

W. R. Hearst, New York Journal,
N. Y.:

Everything is quiet. There is no

trouble here. There will be no war. I wish to return.

REMINGTON.

This was the answer he got: Remington, Havana:

Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war.

W. R. HEARST.

The outbreak of the Spanish-American War found Mr. Hearst in a state of proud ecstasy. He had won his campaign and the McKinley Administration had been forced into war. His newspapers broke into a new madness of big type and red-ink appeals to public passion. He spent \$500,000 above ordinary expenses in covering the news of the short campaign. He went to Cuba himself and made notes of the fighting under fire.

One of the Journal's correspondents was shot down at El Caney. Mr. Hearst knelt in the grass beside him and took down his story of the battle.

"It's fun, isn't it?" he said, as the bullets whinged past his head. "I'm sorry you're hurt, but wasn't it splendid fight! We must beat every paper in the world."

After the sinking of Cervera's ships by the American fleet Mr. Hearst, who was near at hand, lowered a steam launch from his own ship—he had already armed and presented his yacht to the Government—and ran to the Cuban shore, where he found a party of surviving Spanish bluejackets huddling on the beach. Pulling off his trousers and drawing his revolver, Mr. Hearst leaped into the surf, drove twenty-six prisoners into his launch and delivered them to the nearest American warship.

Mr. Hearst pays \$122,000 a year for the services of three men in his New York office. That is exactly the sum which the United States pays

for the services of President Roosevelt and the nine members of his cabinet. The highest salary paid by Mr. Hearst is \$32,000, the next \$40,000 and the next \$30,000. Besides this he has five assistants who receive \$20,000 a year each. This makes \$222,000 a year for eight captains of yellow journalism, just \$100,000 more than the total income of the President and his whole Cabinet.

These are Mr. Hearst's principal lieutenants:

Solomon Silas Carvalho, general manager of all the Hearst newspapers, a highly trained journalist and shrewd business man; said to be a descendant of a famous Portuguese statesman. Mr. Carvalho owns a notable collection of Chinese blue and white porcelain.

Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York Evening Journal and writer of its remarkable editorials. He is the son of Albert Brisbane, disciple of Fourier, the French socialist, and was one of the most highly-paid writers for Charles A. Dana and Joseph Pulitzer.

Samuel S. Chamberlain, managing editor of the New York American and supervising editor of all the Hearst newspapers. He is a recognized master of bright and entertaining "make-up" in a newspaper, a brilliant news-feature editor. He is the son of a former chief editorial writer on the World and Herald, and was for many years the friend and secretary of James Gordon Bennett.

Merrill Goddard, editor of the New York American Sunday Magazine and the inspirer of its lurid and fantastic sensations.

Max F. Ihssen, Mr. Hearst's political manager; once a member of the New York Herald's staff.

Clarence Shearn, Mr. Hearst's

lawyer and the thinker-out of his costly injunction suits and other litigations against corporations and "oppressors of the common people."

With more than fifty editors and hundreds of political agents working out his instructions and with two million copies of his newspapers drifting over the face of society every day, it might be supposed that Mr. Hearst lives in a state of perpetual exultation. The truth is that he is the most placid of humans and finds plenty of time for play. It is hard to believe that this smooth-faced, soft-spoken and tranquil young man of forty-three years who idles in the restaurants, lolls amiably in automobiles, and generally studies the American people from the standpoint of the vaudeville theatre, is the master-mind of a movement that keeps a large part of the nation in an uproar.

In the midst of a great tumult stirred up by the Hearst papers, a friend called on Mr. Hearst. He found the editor stretched on a bed beside his infant son, holding a milk bottle, at which the child tugged vigorously. Now and then the baby would utter a loud squall, whereat Mr. Hearst would kick up his heels delightedly, and cry, "Uxtry! Uxtry! Uxtry edition!"

It was only natural that the son of a man whose money carried him into the United States Senate should in time develop political ambitions. The Senator was an easy-going and docile party man. But his son has always been impatient of restraint and cannot abide the discipline and limitations of regular party service. He must lead, never follow. It was that lawless, uncontrollable spirit that made Tammany Hall distrust him and, even after he had helped to elect the notorious Van Wyck mayor

of New York, Tammany shot him out of its councils. Boss Croker could never understand him, and when Mr. Hearst, on the eve of a permanent revolt against Tammany, sent word that he would continue his support on condition that the organization's pledge to spend more money on the public schools should be carried out, the wily old Tammany leader spat on the ground, wagged his head and announced that no man in the world was so green as to swallow such a tale as that. And yet the beginning of a sensational grand public school movement was Mr. Hearst's real object. He is a fanatic on the subject.

"When we have more and better schools," he said, "the time will come when men like Croker must fall from power."

Mr. Hearst was, in a furtive and half-hearted way, a candidate for second place on the ticket with Mr. Bryan in 1896. But the very men who have been shrieking Mr. Hearst's name from one end of the country to the other laughed at the editor's pretensions. Even Mr. Bryan looked upon the matter as a jest.

Mr. Hearst had not yet learned to discard his fashionable clothes and change his straw hat with its gay ribbon to a "black slouch." He was still W. R. Hearst and as yet did not dream of the resounding and stately William Randolph Hearst. But he was President of the National Association of Democratic Clubs, and his experiences in that presidential campaign taught him that political organizations are, after all, largely made up of noise and boasting, and that most of the men who do the real work among the voters can be controlled by any one with boldness enough to proclaim himself leader

and pay for the printing, music and red fire.

He had a terrible awakening in 1891 when President McKinley was assassinated. His newspaper rivals recalled the fact that the Evening Journal had once printed an editorial saying that assassination was sometimes a good thing, and that the Morning Journal had published this quatrain:

The bullet that pierced Goebel's
breast
Cannot be found in all the west.
Good reason—it is speeding here
To stretch McKinley on his bier.

It did not matter that these and other things had been printed without Mr. R. Hearst's knowledge and against his wish. It made no difference that he had stopped the presses when he read the assassination editorial. A cry of rage sounded across the continent and Mr. Hearst was burned and hung in effigy, while bonfires fed by his newspapers were lighted north, south, east and west. It is doubtful whether any American has ever faced such a wild storm of passion as that which burst over the head of the hapless young editor. He was everywhere denounced as a murderer, anarchist and scoundrel.

It would be unfair to refer to this terrible incident without also recording the fact that, months before the President was slain, Mr. Hearst sent a representative to Mr. McKinley to express his regret that his newspaper, in the heat of active political warfare, had been led into excess of personal attack, and offering to exclude from its pages anything that the President might find personally offensive, but also pledging him hearty support in all things as to which Mr. Hearst did not differ with him politically.

The President seemed deeply touched by this wholly voluntary offer and sent a message of sincere thanks. The writer of this article was the bearer of the President's message. These facts are given as an explanation of the actual terms upon which Mr. Hearst and Mr. McKinley were living when Czolgoz fired the fatal shot.

In less than three years after this appalling experience, Mr. Hearst worked up a Presidential boom for himself which carried the Democratic conventions of California, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Washington, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, and Hawaii, with parts of the delegations of Maine, Minnesota, Oregon, West Virginia, Indiana Territory, Oklahoma and Porto Rico.

All was forgotten in the roaring passion aroused by his newspapers and agents. Yet, in spite of the fact that the most active men in this unprecedented campaign were his own employees, working through his National Association of Democratic Clubs and through political leaders anxious to gain the favor of his newspapers, there was some evidence that Mr. Hearst had touched the hearts and gained the confidence of a great multitude, and that he was beginning to be honestly taken as an unselfish and untarred champion of the poor and the helpless.

It has been said that he spent more than \$2,000,000 in that attempt to be nominated for President. The fact is, that, outside of the salaries and ordinary expenses of his regular employees, he paid out not more than \$150,000—practically all for printing, fireworks, hall-hire, banners, badges, music and transpor-

tation. He had spent as much for Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Hearst's campaign for mayor of New York was carried on without the support of any political party. He was nominated by petition, the arrangements being made by his employes, and he paid his own expenses. Mr. Odell, the New York Republican leader, informed Mr. Hearst's representative, when an attempt was made to unite the Republicans, Hearstites and the Citizens' Union on a mayoralty candidate, that a legitimate campaign, supported by disciplined organization methods, would cost, without a dollar for bribery, at least \$800,000. Mr. Hearst had no party and a mere pretense of organization, known as the Municipal Ownership League, yet he came within a fraction of being elected mayor at a cost of about \$95,000.

That amazing and passionate struggle awakened the country to a new view of Mr. Hearst and a realization of the fact that, whatever his merits or demerits, Hearstism is a political and social force that must be reckoned with in earnest.

Hardly had Mr. Hearst's industrious but stealthy campaign to capture the governorship of New York been under way for a month when the signs of his political strength caused the bitterist of the anti-Bryan Democratic leaders to unite in a loud cry for Mr. Bryan to come back to America and save the conservatives from Mr. Hearst and, apparently by a previous arrangement, several Democratic state conventions endorsed Mr. Bryan for President two years in advance of the national convention.

There was a time when Mr. Hearst would tremble and grow pale at the

bare thought of making a speech. That was before he found out that an American political leader must do his own talking. His devices for avoiding speeches excited laughter and jeers. It was said that everything that appeared over his name was written by employes, that he was too shallow to think and too dull and shamefaced to talk.

But in his mayoralty campaign he developed powers of oratory and slashing, original, straightforward attack that surprised everybody. And ever since he has shown an almost incredible love for public speaking, and a growing mastery of the art of extemporaneous cajolery of the poor but honest citizen who has a vote.

Phyllis' Fallacies

BY GELEEN BURGERS IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

Phyllis had made up her mind that she wanted to be a perfect type of woman as Edna May is thought to be, the epitome of all good housekeepers. The conditions she went through were enough to distract her mind. In the end the result was quite different from what she would expect.

PHYLLIS wasn't satisfied with herself. I was, though.

I even called her pretty—which is as much better than being beautiful as people pretend it isn't. She was plump and freckled. I didn't mind, I liked her that way. But Phyllis wanted to look like Edna May. She wanted wear these silly, snaky gowns you see in the pictures in the hallways of the \$3 photographers. She wanted to be able to stand with her hands clasped behind her head and throw out her chest with a tight Princess clinging 'round her legs. And, to do that successfully, you have to have a shape. Therefore, she determined on a course of Physical Culture.

It was no use arguing with Phyllis when she has once made up her mind, and so I didn't attempt it. (This is the sort of thing bachelors imagine that married men always say.) I only made remarks; it's much more effective.

"I'm getting too stout," said Phyllis. "Why, I can't even pick up a handkerchief from the floor without bending my knees, and that's one of the first and simplest things to do!"

"But why not bend your knees?" I asked. "Why spend your time and make yourself ridiculous in acquiring unnecessary accomplishments?"

"It makes you strong!" she replied.

"You don't need to be strong; you ought to rule me by love alone," I declared.

"It makes you agile and supple," was her next reason.

"Of course, if you want to be a contortionist—but it seems to me that you can wriggle out of almost anything now!"

"It makes you graceful," quoth she, undisturbed.

"Oh, no it doesn't! If you could only see yourself trying to stoop

down without bending your knees! Hebe and Venus and the Nymphs never did that, I'll wager."

Phyllis then took refuge in a treatment that I deliberately and persistently misunderstood her. So I let her have her way.

She subscribed to three Gymnastic-Vegetarian Magazines, and bought a book. The illustrations were simply awful. My unmarried cousin used to borrow it. He called it "Beauty on the Half-Shell." In the book the well developed men proudly contemplated their hires, and the perfect women pointed ecstatically at a star. The rest of the pictures portrayed boys and girls in negligee, doing Navajo ghost dances or imitating the Flying Mercury.

Phyllis conscientiously went through the exercises while I jeered and cheered her on. She did them in front of her cheval-glass with the illustrations propped open on a chair. She did them in the prescribed costume, which resembles that of the Happy Villagers of the Chorus in the second set of a musical comedy. My one regret was that she wouldn't wear a blonde wig. I never permitted the hired girl to see her, for I wanted Jane to respect her mistress as long as she could.

These exercises certainly were funny. They were the kind of gestures you might imagine a Martian would make, if she were trying to attract the attention of the earth. She bent down and back and sideways, she waved her arms, she shot out her knees, she pointed her toes, she squatted, sloped, scounged, squirmed and slanted. The idea seemed to be that you had to imitate

every letter of the alphabet in turn, from A, which was rather easy, to Z, which was as difficult as it was amusing.

The fine thing about Phyllis was that she was unashamed. I won't say that she was exactly naked and unashamed, but it came pretty near to it. in the black tights she now adopted in the place of the chorus get-up. She explained exactly how keeping your legs stiff and revolving 'round your hips reduced your waist if you were too thick. She showed me a lot about flexors and extensors, with a big poster of a man, which she peeled, showing him first skinned and then by various awful anatomic stages till he became a mere collection of vermicular blub and pink organs.

She showed me, too, all sorts of ways of using your legs without walking and how to swim without water, and how to climb without ladder or rope. The exercises seemed to be absolutely dissociated with human life as it is lived in the temperate zone, but I was assured that her object was not utilitarian but aesthetic in principle. She acquired a rubber neck and could clap the backs of her hands behind her back if necessary or desirable, and lift herself up on tip-toe so many times that she looked like some parts of a steam engine—the marine kind that you see on ferry boats. If I could only have sold tickets to her, I would have made money!

But Edna May was still about eight miles ahead.

Phyllis roamed all over the house, exercising with ordinary domestic appliances, with the object, as the

Apostle of Beauty said, of "inaugurating a systematic endeavor to build up a superb health, vitality and that splendid degree of physical vigor which characterizes the full beauty and power of true womanhood."

Her favorite stunt was balancing on her stomach on the footboard of our bedstead. She used chairs in every possible way except to sit down upon, she climbed doors and hung from them like an anthropoid ape. The balusters suffered most. I began to invest in mission furniture—nothing else could stand the wear and tear of my athletic wife. She soon grew so strong that she could dismiss the cook or complain of the gas meter without fear. When I asked her to sew on a few buttons, Phyllis said that she was acquiring power through repose. She had to perfectly relax! she had to devitalized and to practice breathing exercises—a thing I learned while still young. But, as she had already begun boxing I did not insist.

From these simple, inexpensive tastes, she developed a taste for spic-paras (if that's the plural), and first came the punching bag. It seemed tame and useless to me until I thought of painting the bag with a face remotely resembling my maiden Aunt Boria, after which I could witness Phyllis' triple tattoo with great glee. I even tried it myself and found a certain enjoyment in it. A rowing machine was next in order, rowing being a perfect exercise. Phyllis often took me across the Atlantic and back without expense or seasickness, in a single morning.

As I had still clung to a carnivorous diet, I used to put my beefsteaks under her pulley-weights when she wasn't looking (she always acted as if she were being photographed for a beauty contest) and I dined always on tenderloin.

She had given up meat long ago, in fact, she never used a knife nowadays and ate nothing but pulverized protein. She would eat anything that you could put cream on, and she gnashed her teeth and counted her chews with a statistical table in front of her, leaning against the sugar bowl. After a while she adopted the live food theory and the cook stove was abolished. She abandoned her corsets, she wore flat-soled shoes, she invested in porous mesh goods that made her look like a coarse half-tone cut in the newspapers. She put ice and salt in her bath tub. I don't know but she sandpapered herself, for friction. She began to run a half mile every morning before breakfast. She did it in the bath room, which is five by eight. I offered to buy her a treadmill because she wore out the rug; she said it wasn't hygienic.

But her resemblance to Edna May didn't seem to increase a bit.

One day when I saw her using a little mallet all over herself for increasing her circulation I reminded her that there were trip hammers which were so delicately adjusted that they could smash an iron beam or crack an egg shell. I thought one would be fine for mellowing her. But no. Then as she proposed to train up our little son to her infamous mode of life. I suggested that it would be

economy instead of an Indian club, so that both would get muscle from the same exercise. She tried it, but the boy cried. Swinging him by the feet was exciting, but painful.

Having acquired strength and noble womanhood as a proper foundation, Phyllis now began trying seriously for beauty. There are 321 different kinds of massage—you'll see them contained serially in the Sunday papers—Phyllis tried them all. Why she didn't end by being black and blue all over, I never knew. She had an original method of rubbing herself all over the face with a pencil eraser every morning that fascinated me. She did it in front of the glass, looking for hollows. Her brazen top was covered with rollers, brushes and flatirons, skin foods and vibrators.

"There's only one thing in the world that will beat freckles," I said.

"Oh, WHAT is it?" Phyllis said.

"Printer's ink," I replied; "you put it on with a pad, and the freckles immediately disappear."

Phyllis, by this time, was sleeping in a mask and gloves, wearing wrinkle eradiators to breakfast and putting glyco-hairoil on her head. She made faces in front of the mirror for a half hour to stimulate the circulation.

"See here," I said, "aren't you a superb type of womanhood enough, yet?"

"Oh, I'm all wrong. I'm only six heads high! They say that if you crawl through forty feet of eighteen-inch drainpipe three times every day

it gives you just the right proportions. But I'm so tired! I've been jumping rope all day."

"Why not live rational for a while?" I proposed. "Why not try eating food? What do you need of muscle anyway? I never saw a fat person who wasn't cheerful and contented."

"Oh, I am unhappy!" Phyllis admitted. "It's a lot of work and worry, but I do so want to have an ideal figure. I want a normal, healthy body—but oh, how I'd like to wear high-heeled shoes again and eat an ice cream soda! Would you hate me if I did?"

"I think you ought to have the courage of your convictions," I said. You see, I had suddenly changed my mind—I wanted to see how she would get out of it.

A week later I came home to find her living on a corset. She had on silk stockings—a sure sign of mental exaltation in Phyllis—and, on her bureau was a plate with only a few crumbs left. I smelled of it—it had once been a large lemon pie. Then I pointed a finger at her.

"Oh, that's all right," Phyllis remarked, doing something with a hairy foot. "I can eat anything I want, now, and do anything, too! Isn't it lovely?"

"Apostate!" I cried.

"Not at all! I've found out that there's no such thing as matter, and I haven't got any such thing as a body—even Edna May hasn't—so I don't care whether mine is ideal or not. I'm going to get a new pair of shoes—2 A's with high heels. Corns are only errors. They told me so!"

King Solomon Was a Black Man

BY ST. JULIEN GRINKE IN CENTURY

This was an attempt on the part of any professor of historical history to prove so nobly that King Solomon was black. It is a mockery of an old doctor, who brought out his book and demonstrated therewith, is a sceptical and the sceptic for his belief. The reader will enjoy meeting a quaint character like "Professor" Grinke.

I MET the professor on Broad street a few days after my interview with him on the subject of the trolley. The old man was sunning himself in the window-sill of the office that he has cleaned out every morning and locked up every evening "since freedom come on" for the sum of one dollar per week, payable in as many installments as collectable. He was clad in his "Gin-ol Shuman" overcoat, and he wore upon his ebony features an air of dignified reserve and imperious sternity.

"Hello, professor!" I said. "How do you find yourself this morning? Glad to see you looking so spry. What's the news? Have you received that little appointment from President Roosevelt yet?"

"I ain't tarrogated de gent'man dat totes his letters furruh dis mawnin'," he replied, "but 't would

knock me off dis winder-sill of de Publikin' ministratin' was to notification me tub-day. Dey said in dat letter dey wrote me after de 'lection dat dey had me on a fil, an' jest as soon as de widda fellers stopped pushin' dem so hard, dey wuz gwine to he'p deur frien's en de Sout'. I tell yuh," he said, shaking his head at me, "yuh Democrats is gwine to have to boz'd wid yuh frien's mighty soon. I don't call no names, but some o' dese sassy people better biggin' to git deir stummocks en trainin', fuh hom'y is gwine to be mighty sea'ne wid some buckras. Yuh can't fool o' man Roosevelt, I tell yuh. He's de wissest man de

Lawd put onto dis wurl' sence old man Solomuns lef' it. Understan' me good, I don't class um een de same class wid Solomuns, "cause Solomuns wuz a called gent'lman, an' I don't t'ink Mr. Roosevelt is called—bestways, he face stan' wite een he pictuh. But of he face been black, Solomuns hissef 'blige to giv' way turrum."

"Excuse me, professor," I said, "but did I understand you to say that Solomon was colored?"

"Colored? Oh co'se he wuz colored. I like to know who say he wite. De Bible don't say so. De Bible say he wuz black. Ain't yuh never read yuh Bible? Yuh better go home an' set down an' study um right now, 'fo' ol' man Nick come rom' wid his basket an' stow yuh 'way in it. Yuh won't git any mo' chances w'en de toastin' boggins—I tell yuh dat, my frien'!"

"I am sorry I overlooked that part of the Scriptures at Sunday-school," I said, "but if you have got a copy handy, I wish you would show it me where it says King Solomon was black."

The professor looked very sorry for me. Then he slid down off the window-sill, and, without a word, made for the office door and left me to follow him. He led me to a little room at the rear where he kept a pieces of a broom stored, and an old shoe-box full of odds and ends, from among which he dug out a very greasy and very dirty and very much tattered copy of the Holy Strip-tures.

Then he fished out from the same receptacle a pair of cracked spectacles with rusty frames and cotton strings, which he tied behind his ears, and then began to turn the pages of the Bible, mumblembling to himself. Finally he struck it:

"First chapter Songs o' Solomuns, de fif' verse: 'I am black, dough comely.'" The professor regarded me with a triumphant air. "I like to see yuh wash dat away! Dat means he is black, don't it? Dat's too strong for yuh. Yuh can't git 'way from dat!"

"Yuh 's a mudder verse," he continued: "Look not upon me, dough I am black." "Wat? Yuh don't b'lieve dat? Well, w'at yuh t'ink o' dis, een do sixty-eight chapter o' de thirti-fus verse? 'Princes shall come out o' Egypt,' an' Ethiopia shall stretch out his hands todes God!"

"Now I like to know w'at yuh call dat? Yuh can't wipe dat out. Dat's got de onderholz on yuh. 'Umph! yuh chalung t'ink yuh know sumunuch sense de Union come on, an' yuh don't know nuttin'. Yuh better go back to yuh gramma an' ax him 'bout ol' man Solomuns.

"W'at, yuh satisfy Solomuns wuz a white man? Well, I satisfy he black, jes de same way you satisfy he white. Ef he heen white, den I white. Ef I black, he got de hery same complexion. All two o' us paint wid onk hresh."

Saying which, the professor clammed his Bible vigorously back into the shoe-box, untied his glasses and put them into his hat, slammed it on his head, and stamped off out of the office, sniffing the air contemptuously, and pounding the floor triumphantly with his stick.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheeks, and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.—Ruskin

The Gayety of Old Edmonton

NEW YORK EVENING POST.

In this short description of the capital of Alberta, we are afforded a glimpse of life in that interesting city from an American standpoint. The contrasts between the old and the new are pointed out and the character of the social life of the place portrayed.

At the last reception at Government House in Edmonton, Alberta, nine women wore gowns that were imported directly from Paris. Nothing can express more forcibly than this the change that has come over the old Hudson's Bay trading post within three years. Three hundred and twenty-five miles north of the international boundary seems so very far north, indeed, that New Yorkers think of it as a country wrapped in snow and ice, with Eskimo styles in favor the year 'round. That the town can furnish this number of women who know the charms of a Paris gown and men of means enough to pay for their knowing shows that after one hundred and eleven years and several attempts to make something of herself, Edmonton is at last started on the high road to metropolitan honors.

On the brow of the plateau overlooking the wide reaches of the Saskatchewan stands the weather-beaten Hudson's Bay fort, the old "Edmonton House," around which for more than a hundred years centred all the trade of the vast country to the north, as well as all the social life of the vicinity. For decades, Edmonton was called the "Last House," the end of the trail, beyond which lay a trackless wilderness. Today, the once busy trading post is silent, its stockade crumbling, its houses and roofs rapidly falling into decay. Higher on the crest of one of the hills are the great Hudson's Bay Company's stores, in an exceedingly modern business block. Instead

of piles of furs, coarse cloth, firearms, cheap rum and whisky, and the few paltry trinkets of the old-time Indian trade, there is a thoroughly up-to-date department store where one may buy the latest styles in everything. Nothing is lacking from the much-desired long black silk or kid gloves to a bottle of champagne.

The town is full of just such contrasts, where the old still hangs on doggedly refusing to give place wholly to the new. On a slight hillside, overlooking the river and facing the old Hudson's Bay fort is Government House—typical both of the picturesque past and the practical present. The old trading post is low ceilinged, its interior finish crude and primitive, while its smoke-grimed beams and walls are still musty with the odor of pelts, stores of supplies, the pungent tang of "spirits" and the clinging taint of cheap tobacco smoke. Government House is typically modern. It has steam heat, electric light, and running water. Its scheme of interior decoration is the same of good taste in color and design, and what Edmonton is, compared with what it so recently was, is shown by the fact that in every detail the decoration of Government House is the work of an Edmonton firm.

In the finest residence district of Edmonton is a house which only unlimited wealth could plan and build. Everything without and within speaks perfect taste, except for one thing—a tumble-down log hut, containing but a single room, which

stands conspicuously in the grounds. It marks the view of the house and is an eyesore to the passerby, but nothing could draw the line more distinctly between the life during the ascendancy of Edmonton House and that of the city of to-day. For the owner of the log hut and the stately mansion was one of the very first settlers and began his married life in the little old hut. To-day, in the enjoyment of the great wealth that has come to him with the opening of the "last west," he cherishes the crude cabin as a reminder of his humble beginning.

Social life in Edmonton is quite different in tone from that of any American city of its size—12,000—and "has to be seen to be appreciated." When the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were erected from the four territories of Saskatchewan, Assiniboina, Alberta, and Athabasca, not quite a year ago, Edmonton became the capital of Alberta, and entitled to a Government House as the official residence of the Lieutenant-governor. There is nothing in American life that corresponds exactly to Government House throughout Canada. It is not so formal as the White House, but it is considerably more so than the official residence of the governor of a State. Moreover, the atmosphere of the Government House differs greatly in the various provinces. Government House in Toronto is ultra English; Government House in Winnipeg is rather English, while Government House in Edmonton is like the home of a cultured American family of wealth, minus any frantic desire for frivolous social recognition and conducted with dignity and a reasonable amount of ceremony.

Aside from the functions at Gov-

ernment House, society is very gay in Edmonton. There are dinners and dances, teas and receptions, formal and informal; "at home" days are more strictly observed than in the United States, and "the little something to eat" and a cup of tea are as much a part of every afternoon as the hours themselves. Then there are all sorts of outdoor recreations, of which those of English blood are so fond; there are glorious drives for miles along famous old trails which for so long echoed only the creaking and rumbling of the clumsy, picturesque old Red River carts; there are clubs for both men and women; there is a large circulating library, and "way up there beyond the fifty-fourth parallel there is a cafe where banquets are served of which Delmonico himself would not be ashamed, either as to menu or service. The only things lacking are first-class plays and music.

Decidedly a different standard from the days of Edmonton House, when clerks, bourgeois, voyageurs, and bous brutes met in carnival to celebrate the return of the canoes with the harvest of pelts. Instead of the soft music of the stringed orchestra, the murmur of voices in refined conversation, the tap of slippers fast and the swish of women's garments (made in Paris), there were the hoarse voices of the woodsmen raised in drink-roughened shouts in the French-Canadian songs of the day, the pounding of moccasined feet upon the floor, and, as the finishing touch, when for once the official lines were dropped, the singing of a popular boating song to the rhythm of pokers, togs, shovels—anything that could be made to do duty as a pseudo-nar.

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: :: ::

ACADIENSIS.

The third issue of this maritime quarterly for the year has appeared. It is a neat looking periodical, well-printed and full of interesting matter of an historical nature about the Maritime Provinces.

Jonathan Eddy and Grand Maman.
By G. O. Bent.

The Union of the Maritime Provinces.
By Reginald V. Harris.
The History of Tracadie.
By W. F. Canong.

Halifax in Books.
By A. MacEachan.

AMERICAN.

The September issue is a good all-around number with several valuable articles and a fair assortment of short stories. Stewart Edward White's romance "The Mystery" continues its intense interest.

An Awakening in Wall Street.
By Sherman Morse.

A "Bad Man" Who Made Good.
By Edwin B. Ferguson.

Chicago's Five Maiden Aunts.
By William Hard.

The World's Lost Treasures.
By Broughton Brudenellburg.

Lynx and Lion.
By W. N. Wright.
Can We Keep Sober.
By Julian Williard Hellburn.

AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS.

The first portion of the August issue of this fine publication is printed in a brown tint, which adds richness to the illustrations. The table of contents is as usual full of interest and the many outdoor scenes pictured delight the eye.

Notable American Homes.
The House of E. C. Knight, Jr., Newport.
By Barr Ferree.

Some Modern Concrete Country Houses.
By F. D. Nichols.

The Automobile and the Country House. By Paul Thurston.

Training the Cavalry of the United States. By Benjamin Winslow.

American Forestration. By J. Chandler-French.

Summer Camps. By Elizabeth L. Gehhard.

AMERICAN INVENTOR.

In the August issue, the contents are slightly extended and the articles are, if anything, a little longer and more comprehensive.

The Telephone. By Frederick B. Wright.

Electric Power in Domestic Service. By Frank C. Perkins.

An Adjustable Tension Spring Window Balance.

New Machinery in the Production of Potatoes. By T. B. Collins.

Florida Gorgonias. By Chas. F. Holden.

Igniters for Cylinder Fired Motors. By Frederick Collins.

APPLETON'S.

John Philip Sousa's article on "The Menace of Mechanical Music" with its humorous illustrations is a readable feature of the September issue.

There is also a well-written character sketch of Tillman.

A State Going to Waste. By Allan L. Benson.

Some Rare Napoleons. By S. D. Smith.

The Submarine Diver. By A. W. Bolker.

India and the Opium Trade. By Chester Holecosbe.

Tillman. By Clifford Housard.

ARENA.

An illustrated article on "Picturesque Rottemburg" is the most

interesting contents of the August number. The pictures are excellently reproduced. Other contents.

San Francisco and Her Great Opportunity. By G. W. James.

The Court is King. By T. S. Mosby.

The Spirit of American Literature. By Winifred Webb.

The Right of the Child not to be Born. By Louise Markscheffel.

The Virgin Birth. By Katrina Trask.

Mr. G. H. Wells: The Prophet of the New Order. By C. J. Hawkins.

Our Next Ice-Age. By John C. Elsot.

Common Ground for Socialist and Individualist. By J. W. Bennett.

British Egypt. III. By Ernest Crosby.

Shall Prohibition be Given a Fair Trial? By F. C. Hendrikson.

Food-Production of the Future. By John A. Morris.

Byron: A Study in Heredity. By Charles Kassel.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A hitherto unpublished sketch by Ralph Waldo Emerson appears in the August Atlantic. There is also a capital short story by Norman Duncan and many other readable features.

The Year in France. By Stoddard Dewey.

The Nature-Student. By Dallas Lore Sharp.

The Novels of Mrs. Wharton. By H. D. Sedgwick.

Vulgarity. By Arthur C. Benson.

A Dissolving View of Punctuation. By W. P. Garrison.

Lord Randolph Churchill. By A. Lawrence Lowell.

The Humor of the Colored Supplement. By Ralph Bergengren.

BLACKWOOD'S.

There is a military note to the contents of Blackwood's for August. Colonel G. K. Scott Moncrieff makes a strong appeal for more land for training troops, while in "The Military Obligations of Empire" an anonymous writer criticises the proposal of the British War Secretary to reduce the army. There are stories by Neil Munro and Jack London.

Land for Military Training. By Colonel Moncrieff.

Folk, Fish and Flowers in Montenegro. By Rt. Hon. Sir H. Maxwell.

The "Times" History of the War in South Africa.

On Heather-Burning. By Lieutenant Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B.

Crofters, Past and Present.

The Military Obligations of Empire.

The Church of England, the Schools and the Lords.

BRITISH WORKMAN

Though a small publication the British Workman is full of excellent articles and the August number presents the following:

Men Who are Working for Others. Charles Dibdin.

The Romance of Work. Some Noted Shoemakers.

About Cheshire Cheese.

The Cotton Industry of Britain. By John T. Wood.

A Day on the Bass Rock.

BROADWAY.

Under its new management the Broadway shows marked signs of improvement and the August number is

one of the best of the current issues. Stories are naturally given the preference.

What Has Been Done to Exterminate the Mosquito. By Charles A. Seldien.

The Summer Pleasures of New York. By Anne O'Hagan.

On Flats and Migrations. By Jas. L. Ford.

How Little Italy Worships San Rocco. By Montague Glass.

Plays of the Season Past. By Lillian Bell.

CANADIAN.

An essay on "The Exhibition Hah!" by Norman Patterson illustrated with tinted drawings of scenes at the Toronto Exhibition is the leading article in the August Canadian. An article on the bridges across the St. Lawrence River is also valuable.

The Exhibition Habit. By Norman Patterson.

Canadian Celebrities. Tl. W. H. Schofield. By Dr. R. Keys.

When the Dominion was Young. VI. By J. E. B. McCready.

Mexico and the Civil Virtues. By J. H. Women of Spanish-America. By G. M. L. Brown.

Bridging the St. Lawrence. By Jas. Johnston.

State and Church in France. By W. H. Ingram.

CASSELL'S.

Cassell's for August is an admirable issue, with many exceedingly good features. Stories and illustrations are numerous and uniformly excellent. Mr. W. T. Stead's explanation of his system of work is instructive.

Royal Automobileists. By Everard Dugay.
Biography by Anecdote.
All-Round Sportsmen of To-Day. By A. Wallis Myers.
My System. By W. T. Stodd.
The Philistine in Switzerland. By E. McDowell.
How to Choose a Healthy Home. By Dr. J. Dahlberg,

CASSIER'S.

The list of contents of the August number is an inviting one to the reader interested in engineering and industry.

Manufacture of High Explosives. By W. H. Booth.

Alcohol and the Future of the Power Problem. By Eliza Thomson.

Smokeless Fuel for Cities. By C. G. Atwater.

New Business for Electric Central Stations. By John C. Hammond.
Wind Power. By E. Lancaster Burne.

Remedies for Electrolysis. By A. A. Knudson.

The Rationale of the Industrial Betterment Movement. By H. F. J. Porter.

A New Gas Engine By-Product. By F. E. Jungo.

Noteworthy Railway Appliances. By George L. Fowler.

CENTURY.

A. E. W. Mason's new serial "Running Water," begins in the Century for August. Color illustrations of the eruption of Vesuvius and the fire in San Francisco lend brightness to the pages, while the supply of fiction is large.

The Catching of the Cod. By W. J. Henderson.

French Cathedrals. By Elizabeth Robbins Pease.
Vesuvius in Fury. By William P. Andrews.

Heroic San Francisco. By Louise Herried Wall.

Gilbert Stuart's Portraits of Men. By C. H. Hart.

Why Some Boys Take to Farming. By L. H. Bailey.

Sketch Plans for Outing Cottages. By Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

Chambers's Journal occupies a niche all its own in the temple of magazines. There is nothing just like it, at once so entertaining, so instructive and so high-class. Consider the contents, other than fiction, in the August issue.

Thibbie Shields and the visitors to her Cottage at St. Mary's Loch. By Rev J. Sharpe.

A Neglected Branch of Woman's Work. By May Martin.

Some Exquisites of the Regency. By Lewis Melville.

Cattle Thieves in India. By Capt. C. H. Buck.

St Andrew's Links in the Days of Young Tom Morris. By W. T. Linskill.

The Sand Grouse. By Captain J. H. Baldwin.

A Lost Velasquez. Ranching in Mexico.

A Word for the Servant. What to do at the Seaside. By R. Gatty.

An Unknown Riviera. A Forest Sanctuary.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

August 4. "New York Seen from a Balloon"; "A Sky-View of New

OTHER CONTENTS OF CURRENT MAGAZINES

York's Skyscrapers," by James H. Hale; "The Great American Fraud," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "Stanford White," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Power Wagon," by James E. Homans.

August 11. "The Way of a Railroad," by Mark Sullivan; "Fiction Award and a Talk Afloat Ideas," by Norman Hapgood; two short stories.

August 18. "Americans at Play," by Robert W. Chambers; "The Resuscitation of a River," by Richard Lloyd Jones; "The Lady Bull-Fighters of Juarez," by Arthur Ruhl.

August 25. "Ottawa, the Washington of the North," by Samuel E. Moffatt; "The Annexation of Cuba," by Frederick U. Adams; "The Power Wagon," by James E. Homans; "Control by Competition"; "Woman Suffrage."

CONNOISSEUR.

With recurring monthly interest the Connoisseur comes to hand. The August number is, as usual, richly illustrated, with several reproductions in color of famous old paintings.

Penshurst Place. By Leonard Wilbrough.

Tea-Caddies. By Olive Milne Rae.

Bell-Metal Mortars. By D. Davison.

A Primitive Italian Opera. By W. J. Lawrence.

The Charente Sevres Porcelain.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The August issue opens with a summary of the work of the Liberal Government of England for the past half-year, followed by a series of thoughtful articles on current topics. The First Six Months. By J. A. Spender.

Goethe's Orientalism. By Yusaf Ali.

Socialism in France. Economic Army Reform. By Col. F. N. Mandel.

The Evolution of the Lord's Prayer. I. By Monsignor Barnes.

Culture Among the Poor. By Miss M. Lane.

The Ecclesiastical Discipline Report. By Canon Hensley Henson.

Form and Color. By L. March-Philips.

Foreign Affairs. By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

Some Recent Books. By "A Reader."

CORNHILL

The first of two articles on "Russia in Venice," by Count Alvise Zorzi, appears in the August number, and also the conclusion of Halliwell Sutcliffe's novelette "On Windy Hill."

Objects of Polar Discovery. By Sir Clements Markham.

Memories of Church Restoration. By Thomas Hardy.

When the Herring Come in. By Stephen Gwynn.

Links With the Past—Old Miniatures. By Martin Hallé.

At Montmirail in 1814. By Emma Marie Caillard.

Buskin in Venice. I. By Count Alvise Zorzi.

COSMOPOLITAN.

An amusing story by W. W. Jacobs appears in the August Cosmopolitan, as well as the first of a series of Ghetto stories by Bruno Lessing. The articles on "The Treason of the Senate" and "The Life of Andrew Jackson" are continued.

Causes of the Great Earthquake. By David Starr Jordan.
 A Honeymoon in a Canoe. By Winifred Fales.
 The Treason of the Senate. By D. G. Phillips.
 What Life Means to Me. By Henry D. Thoreau.
 Can a Dramatic Critic be Quite Honest? By Alan Dale.
 Weapons and Ornaments of Women. By Octave Uzanne.
 Story of Andrew Jackson. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

The September issue is notable for the first article in a series of Edwin Markham, "The Hoe-Man in the Making," telling of child life in cotton factories.

Panama—the Human Side. By Poultney Bigelow.
 Diary of a Lion Tamer. By Claire Heliot.
 The Nobel Prizes. By Vance Thompson.
 The Hoe-Man in the Making. By Edwin Markham.
 Story of Andrew Jackson. By Alfred Henry Lewis.
 What Life Means to Me. By Bailey Millard.
 Why Women are Greater Actors than Men. By Alan Dale.
 The Treason of the Senate. By D. G. Phillips.
 Insurance in Ancient America. By Ambrose Bierce.

An Age of Common Sense. By Elbert Hubbard.

CRAFTSMAN.

In the August issue of the Craftsman is to be noted the development of the magazine's idea of what life should be. Articles on sociological subjects are prominent.

A New Civilization. What New Zealand has Accomplished. By Florence Finch Kelly.
 Social Sweden. By Mary R. Cranton.
 A City Architect's Country Retreat. By Henry A. Smith.
 The Art of Vine-Growing. Illustrated.
 The Social Service of a City School. By John Sparge.
 Simple Life in Japan. By Marguerite Glover.
 The Spiritual Regeneration of Dreyfus. By John Sparge.
 A Craftswoman in Agriculture. By Eliza H. Badger.

CRITIC.

Portraits of Julia Ward Howe, Bliss Perry, Austin Dobson, and John Burroughs appear in the August Critic. There is also a long installment of the Critic's serial "The Lion and the Moose."
 The Anglo-Saxon Myth. By an American Resident in England.
 Idle Notes. By an Idle Reader.
 Georg Brandes and His Country. By Paul Harboe.
 The Italian Stage of To-Day. By Raffaello Simboli.
 Miss Marlowe and Her Juvenile Spectators. By Elizabeth McCracken.

EMPIRE REVIEW.

In the August number there is the usual list of articles of an imperial interest. The following are the titles of the various articles.
 The New Constitutions. Points for Consideration.
 Islam in Fermentation. By Edward Dicey, C.B.
 The Kafir as a Worker. By L. E. Neame.

OTHER CONTENTS OF CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Australian Rabbit Pest. By Frank S. Smith.
 Farm-Life in Rhodesia. By Gertrude Page.
 A Modern Maori Wedding. By E. J. Massy.
 See-Dyak Legends. By Rev. E. H. Gomes.
 Imperial Literature.
 Indian and Colonial Investments. By Trustee.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

The Seaside Number of the English Illustrated, published in August is a bright and entertaining issue. A novelty is the series of comic full-page drawings, which are interspersed throughout. The stories are short and clever.

The Seaside Home of Queen Victoria of Spain. By Katherine Kimball.
 A Holiday by Caravan. By Robert Aitken.

A Canvey Pilgrimage. By Owen Ashe.

Walmer Castle.

The London Stage. By Oscar Parker.

EVERYBODY'S.

A word of praise must be bestowed on the fiction in the September number of Everybody's and especially on two amusing stories, one by Joseph C. Lincoln and the other by G. W. Ogden.

A City of Special Schools. By Marion Melins.

Soldiers of the Common Good. By Charles Edward Russell.

"Us Fellers." Drawings in color. By B. Cory Kilvert.

How the American Wage-Earner Spends His Income. By F. W. Hewes.

The Dollar-Mark and the Hall Mark of Fame. By F. T. Hill.

Bucket-Shop Sharks. By Merrill A. Teague.

FARMING.

The August number contains several timely features. Illustrations are as usual numerous and excellent. What the Farmer can do With Concrete. By C. H. Miller.
 Clearing Land With Dynamite. By Edith L. Fullerton.
 Holstein-Friesians. By J. H. Martin.

Cheap Farms Near New York City. By W. D. Alexander.

Harvesting the Small Grain. By Frederick Bonsteel.

In the Farm Kitchen. By Deshler Welch.
 Some Facts on Farm Drainage. By Grant Davis.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The August issue is a voluminous production touching a great many interests and presenting the views of a number of eminent writers.

An Anglo-Russian Entente: Some Practical Considerations. By Victor E. Mansden.

Kant and the Buddha. By W. S. Lilly.

Charles Lever. By Lewis Melville.
 The Higher Education of Working Men. By J. A. R. Marriott.

Dora Greenwell: Her Poems. By D. G. McChesney.

England, Belgium and Holland. By Y. T.

Ritualists and the Royal Commission. By H. P. Russell.

The Future of the Country Court. By His Honor Judge Parry.

Pierre Cornille: A Domestic Enigma. By M. Gerothwell.

The English Stage in the 18th Century. III. By H. B. Irving.

Local Finance. By John Holt Schooling.

John Stuart Mill. By Francis Gribble.
"The Commercialization of Literature" and the Literary Agent.

GARDEN MAGAZINE.

A number of timely articles appear in the August issue of the Garden magazine and the interest of these is very considerably enhanced by the many excellent illustrations, which accompany them.

The Humble Currant and Gooseberry. By S. W. Fletcher.

The Cultivation of Hardy Orchids. By W. Miller.

The Ten Best Hardy Conifers. By J. W. Duncan.

The Real Things in Greenhouse Construction. By Leonard Barron.

The Joys of a Cool Greenhouse. By P. T. Barnes.

Bulbs for August Planting. By Thomas McAdam.

Flower Seeds for Summer Sowing. By W. Clark.

The September number is a transition in a way because one notices in it the approach of Winter, heralded by plans for indoor gardening. **All the Beesches Worth Growing.** By Louis H. Peet.

Growing Winter Salads in a "Pit." By Frank H. Freshy.

Quality Tomatoes for the Home Garden. By L. and E. M. Barron.

Winter Flowers in a Piazza Conservatory. By M. K. Farrand.

Making More and Better Fruit Trees. By S. W. Fletcher.

Water Lilies for the Business Man. By H. S. Conard.

A Garden of Pink Flowers. By Helen R. Albee.

GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

At least four important articles appear in the August number of the

Geographical Journal, together with the usual departmental matter. A large map of Eastern Turkey in Asia accompanies the number.

Travels on the Boundaries of Bolivia and Peru. By Baron E. Norden-skield.

The Economic Geography and Development of Australia. By J. W. Gregory.

The Geography of International Frontiers. By Major E. H. Hiles.

A Plea for the Investigation of Biological and Anthropological Distributions in Melanesia. By Dr. Alfred C. Haddon.

The Survey of India.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

As a home magazine for the housewife, Good Housekeeping offers many advantages. Its departments are ably written and cover a wide ground. The general contents of the September number are as follows:

Single Blessedness. By Elizabeth K. Tompkins.

A Mothers' and Fathers' Club. By J. L. Harhour.

Fatigue and its Consequences. By Luther H. Gulick.

Mrs. Fiske to the Rescue of Suffering Cattle. By E. H. Westwood.

The Dog Baths of Munich. By K. M. Roof.

HARPER'S.

Fiction occupies considerable space in the August issue of Harper's and among the story writers are Mark Twain, Grace M. Cooke, W. D. Howells, Joseph Conrad and Alice Brown. The other contents are:

The Sense of Newport. By Henry James.

On the Hostility to Certain Words. By T. R. Lounsherry.

Legends of the City of Mexico. By Thomas A. Janvier.

Some Rare Elements and Their Application. By Robert Kennedy Duncan.

Wealth and Democracy in American Colleges. By Arthur T. Hadley.

HIBBERT JOURNAL.

The July issue of this religious quarterly is marked by the publication of a number of excellent articles by thoughtful writers.

First Principles of Faith. By Sir Oliver Lodge.

Denominationalism, Undenominationalism and the Church of England. By Cuneo Knox Little.

A Layman's Plea for the Separation of the Creeds from Worship. By H. A. Garnett.

The Teaching of the Christian Religion in Public Schools. By the Headmaster of Bradford College.

The Working Faith of the Social Reformer. IV. By Professor Henry Jones.

The Great Fallacy of Idealism. By D. H. Macgregor.

Japanese Character and its Probable Influence Outside Japan. By Professor R. H. Smith.

The Rallying-Ground for the Free Churches. By Rev. P. T. Forsyth.

Why not Face the Facts? An Appeal to Protestants. By Rev. K. C. Anderson.

Saints and Wonders in Divine Guidance. By Miss C. E. Stephen.

The Suffering of the Saints. By Miss Edith Gitties.

Gospel Types in Primitive Tradition. By Rev. Benjamin W. Bacon.

HOUSE AND GARDEN.

A wealth of illustrations fill the September number of House and

Garden, which are a delight to the eye of the reader.

One Source of Color Values. By Samuel Howe.

Los Angeles Parks. By C. M. Robinson.

Digny Doorways and Decorations. By Phoebe W. Humphreys.

German Model Houses for Workmen. By Wm. Mayner.

Brook Farm, New York.

Some Object Lessons from San Francisco. By F. W. Fitzpatrick.

The First Country Park System in America. IV.

IDLER.

A good supply of short stories is to be found in the August Idler, with a few sketches and some appropriate poetry.

Among the Orcadians. By F. S. S. Terry.

The Idler in Arcady. By Tickner Edwards.

Italian Art at the Milan Exhibition. By Alfredo Milana.

Modern Homes. By T. Raftis Davis.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

Seven charming color inserts accompany the August issue of the Studio and the number of black and white illustrations is profuse.

A Romanticist Painter. J. L. Pickering. By A. L. Beldy.

Charles Henry Niehans, Sculptor. By Austrian Peasant Embroidery. By A. S. Levetes.

Volendam as a Sketching Ground for Painters. By Jane Quigley. Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture.

The Salon of the Societe Nationale des Beaux-Arts. By Henri Frantz.

Technical Hints from the Drawings of Past Masters of Painting. VII. François Clouet.

Colored Glass Windows. The Supremacy of the Modern School. By W. H. Thomas.

IRISH MONTHLY.

Not the least interesting of the contents of the August number of this periodical is a lengthy appreciation of the merits of the *Busy Man's Magazine*. The four short poems in the number are meritorious.

An Idyl of Amalfi.

Irish Saints in Irish Schools.

How Reubin Redbreast Came to Ireland.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

The novelties in the August Lippincott's is a pretty Summer romance by Ralph Henry Barbour, entitled "An Adventure in Aready." The number contains a good supply of clever fiction.

The Chautauqua Movement. By Paul M. Penrose.

Current Misconceptions of the Philippines. By Willard French.

McCLURE'S.

Stories by Myra Kelly, Jack London, O. Henry and Rudyard Kipling are to be found in the August issue of McClure's. A first installment of C. P. Connolly's "Story of Montana" is also included in the contents.

The Story of Montana. I. By C. P. Connolly.

Impressions of Rachel. By Carl Schurz.

The Story of Life Insurance. IV. By Burton J. Hendrick.

Cancer—Can it be Cured? By C. W. Salesby.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

The second number of the fifth volume of this publication has been received. In its scope, its contents and its appearance it is entirely creditable. A portrait of William Molson appears as a frontispiece, followed by a sketch of him by C. W. Colby.

McGill University in British Columbia. By H. M. Tory.

Biological Sensationalism. By E. W. MacBride.

The Philosophy of Shelley's Prometheus. By A. T. Taylor.

Bacon and Galilei. By J. W. A. Jackson.

The Rehabilitation of Charles II. By Stephen Leacock.

An Unofficial Liberal on Fiscal Reform. By Archibald McGown.

The Various Races of Man. By E. W. MacBride.

Education as a University Study. By G. R. Lomer.

Recent Hamlet Criticism. By John W. Cudliffe.

Slavery in Montreal. By Henry Mott.

METROPOLITAN.

The special art feature of the August number of the Metropolitan is a series of photographs of modern English beauties. These are admirably reproduced. The other illustrations are uniformly excellent.

The Romance of State Lotteries. By W. G. Fitz-Gerald.

Angling by the City Side. By William E. Simmon.

American Official Society. By a Chinese Gentleman.

Isben and the Circus. By James Huneker.

OTHER CONTENTS OF CURRENT MAGAZINES

125

September's issue is a special Fall feature number with stories by Thos. Nelson Page, A. E. W. Mason, Theodore Roberts and many other excellent writers.

Insects from Brobdingnag. By René Bache.

Charles James Fox. By Homer Saint-Gaudens.

Some Roof Gardens. By James Huneker.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

In the July number of the Monthly Review are to be found several readable articles of a lighter nature than the average review article. These are contributed by well-known writers.

The Race Question in South Africa.

The Coming Power. By Mrs. Page.

A Leaf from the Admiralty. By Dorn G. McChesney.

How Does it Feel to be Old? By Edward Marston.

A Night in the House of Lords. By M. MacDonagh.

Hybridisation and Plant Breeding. By Arthur J. Bliss.

The Need for Social Reform in Russia. By Leest. Cameron.

Instinct in Birds, Animals and Insects. By C. Bingham Newland.

MOODY'S.

Moody's for August is, as usual, devoted to financial affairs, its most notable content being an article on the "Amazing Prosperity of the United States," illustrated with diagrams.

New York City Bonds. By John P. Ryan.

Cycles of Grain Speculation. By Thomas Gibson.

Cause of Our Financial Stringency. By W. H. Allen.

New York's Barge Canal. By Day Allen Wiley.

Money Supply Should be Regulated. By A. J. Warner.

Investment Features of Railroad Stocks. By Bronson C. Keefer.

Thoughts on Clearing House Methods. By James C. Hallock.

MUNSEY'S.

An illustrated article on the house-boat opens the August number of Munsey's. The number contains eleven short stories and in addition the following list of special articles. The Charm of the House-Boat. By Samuel Crowther.

The Story of the Short-Story. By Bauder Matthews.

The Countess of Warwick. By Anna O'Hagan.

The Romance of Steel and Iron in America. V.

Blanche Bates. By Matthew White, Jr.

The Best Prose Epigrams. By Arthur Penn.

The Scandinavians in America. By Herbert N. Casson.

Emil Fuchs, Sculptor and Portrait Painter. By R. H. Titherington.

The Value of Titles. By F. Cummins-Orpen.

NATIONAL.

The August National is given over mainly to stories, though space is given to such readable articles as the following.

A Modern Monte Cristo. By C. W. Stoddard.

Gathering of Christian Scientists. By Alfred Furlow.

Japan's Modern Novelists. By Yone Noguchi.

NEW ENGLAND.

Fiction occupies considerable space in the August number of the New

England and the various stories are well told.

The Massachusetts Bench and Bar.
Old-Home Week. By Thomas F. Anderson.

Weymouth, Ancient and Modern.
By G. W. Chamberlain.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

The illustrations in the August issue are extremely fine. Mountain scenery, water pictures and other natural views are shown in tints and colors that charm the eye.

The Vikings of the Columbia. By Marshall Douglas.

The Bugs of the Orient. By E. T. Allen.

Rowing for Racing and Pleasure. By P. E. Stowell.

Indians of the Northwest. By Thos. Nelson Strong.

Scouts and its People. By Alma A. Rogers.

Arks and Launches About San Francisco Bay. By Blanche Partington.

The Girl's Rowing Clubs of San Diego Bay. By Waldon Fawcett.

Yachting on the Pacific.

PALL MALL.

Stories by J. J. Bell, H. C. Bailey, Eden Phillpotts, Joseph Conrad, Cutcliffe Hyne and Lawrence Melt, are to be found in the August issue of the Pall Mall, which is called a Summer number.

The Art of Bowling. By B. J. T. Bosanquet.

Egrik Ibsen. By George R. Hall-kett.

The Eton Schooldays of Herbert Gladstone, M.P.

A Tunnel to the Clouds. Up the Jungfrau by Rail. By H. G. Archer.

White Wings. The Cost of Yachts and Yachting. By Clive Holland. **Some Marvels in Insect's Eggs.** By John J. Ward.

PEARSON'S (AMERICAN).

In the September issue we are treated to a character sketch of W. R. Hearst, and a strong article on "Divorce." There are several meritorious short stories,

The Real Mr. Hearst. By James Crichton.

The Wellman Polar Airship. By Andrew Langfield.

What Easy Divorces Mean. By Rene Bache.

The Romance of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Thirteen capital articles mainly of an historical nature appear in the Quarterly for July. They are all the products of ripe scholarship.

England in the Mediterranean.

The Cry of the Children.

Geoffrey of Monmouth and the Legend of Arthur. By W. Lewis Jones.

The Origins of the Irish Race. By Robert Dunlop.

Northumberland.

Modern British Art and the Nation. The First Year of the Boer War. John Knox and the Scottish Reformation. By R. S. Rait.

The Origin and Historical Basis of the Oxford Movement. The Literature of Egotism.

The Government of the English Church.

The General Election in France. The Government, the Session and the Education Bill.

READER.

The August number is largely composed of fiction and several short

stories, with an installment of a capital serial "Blindfolded," make up the bulk of the contents.

The Gurb-Bit. A Record of Some Effective Railway Rate Regulation. By Ethel Hulson.

Letters to Heroines. II.

The Passing of the Argonauts' City. By Gertrude Bonner.

San Bernardino. By Arthur Colton.

RECREATION.

The August number is a good outdoor issue with plenty of hints for enjoying the Summer holiday.

Aeronautics in America. By Homer W. Hodge.

Battling the Wilderness. By Ernest Russell.

Gen. Zebulon Pike, Explorer. By Eugene Parsons.

The Revival of Archery. By Corn Moore.

Prospecting for Woodcock. By Dr. George McAlear.

On St. Patrick's Marches. By Sid Howard.

How to Learn to Swim. By Head Wishy.

Indians as Guides. By John Boyd.

The Art of Camping. By Charles A. Bramble.

A Vacation in a Wagon. By Mary K. Mauls.

Hunting the Pronghorn. By Everett Dafour.

Fishing in the Bad Lands. By S. B. McMains.

Hunting Western Caribou. By R. E. Godfrey.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The Review of Reviews crowds an immense amount of information into each issue, providing a liberal education in world politics for its readers. The August number is particularly well stocked.

William Torrey Harris: Teacher, Philosopher, Friend. By James H. Canfield.

The New Commission of Education. By Dr. Elmer E. Brown.

Aladyin, Russia's First "Walking Delegate." By Kellogg Durland. Oregon as a Political Experiment Station. By Joseph Schaefer.

Rio Janeiro: Scene of the Pan-American Conference. By J. Barrett. Brazil, the Great Republic of the Tropics. By G. M. L. Brown.

Opening of Shoshone Reservation. By N. H. Darton.

Ella Terry's Fifty Years on the Stage.

The Historical Pageant at Warwick, England.

The Traffic Manager and the Shipper. By Philip S. Fiske.

Free Alcohol in the Arts and as Fuel. By Charles Baskerville.

ROD AND GUN

The combination July-August number of Rod and Gun contains an unusually good supply of outdoor reading matter. The publisher announces that improvements in the typographical appearance of the magazine will be inaugurated in the next number.

Jettings from Labrador. By G. Parry Jenkins.

Interlocked Deer. By C. G. Schreiber.

How I Got By Moose Head. By John H. Conover.

Our Holiday in British Columbia. II. By Dr. A. C. Fales.

A Piece of Moose-Fortune. By Charles K. Fox.

The Quebec Fish and Game Leases. The Alpine Club of Canada's First Camp. By A. O. Wheeler.

The Haunt of the Trout. By C. W. Young.

Salmon Fishing on the Restigouche.
By James S. Macdonald.

ROYAL.

The August Royal is a bright, breezy number, with plenty of stories and pictures. For light Summer reading it can hardly be surpassed. **Dog Stories.** By Randolph de Cordova. **A Day in the Life of a Keeper at the Zoo.** By A. E. Johnson. **Camping Out in a Tramcar.** By Olive Holland.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The stories and illustrations in the August number are up to the usual standard of excellence of this interesting juvenile.

Crabs and their Habits. By M. W. Leighton.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Helen Nicolay.

Nature and Science for Young Folks.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

July 7. "Sir Edward Grey and Humanitarian Meddlers," "The Ritual Report," "Sir Wilfrid Lawson," "Christian Quackery," "The Russian Agrarian Problem," "American Amateurs at Henley," "The Warwick Pageant."

July 14. "Mr. Chamberlain's Influence," "Mr. Haldane's Surrender," "The Amendment of Company Law," "An Eton vs. Harvey Reform," "The Decay of the Bourne System," "Langhanshing Theatres," "The Human Bird."

July 21. "The South African Situation," "Istam and Egypt," "The Welsh Move," "Mr. Haldane's Scheme Reviewed," "Jugement," "Points About Animals."

July 28. "The Tsar's Stroke," "Mr. Morley's Prudence," "The

Prime Minister's Indiscretion," "Progress in the Study of Cancer," "New Insurance Laws in America," "Emigration to Siberia," "The Summer Train Service."

SCRIBNER'S.

The midsummer fiction number of Scribner's contains stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin, A. C. Smith, Edith Wharton, Churchill Williams and F. Hopkinson Smith, with four pictures in color by A. B. Frost, illustrating "The Farmer's Season."

The Mountain Goat and the Camera. By W. T. Hornaday.

In Foreign Streets. By Royal Cortissoz.

SPECTATOR.

July 7. "The Report of the Church Commission," "The Prospects of Disestablishment," "Army Reduction," "The Position of the Duma," "The First Difficult of Constitution Making," "The Manufacture of Panpers—the Hospitals," "The Tercing of Patriotism," "Cribes," "Insect-Eating Birds."

July 14. "Mr. Haldane's Proposals," "The British People and the Dark Races," "A Clause to Abolish Passive Resistance," "The Laborers' Stepping Stones," "The Colored Vote in the Transvaal," "The Lessons of the Old Poor Law," "On the Other Side of the Wall," "An African Sibyl," "The Charm of Sand."

July 21. "The Army that we Need," "The Problem of the Transvaal Constitution," "Egypt and the Pan-Islamic Danger," "The Political Moral of the Dreyfus Aequitatis," "English Opinion and the Natal Rising," "The Motor Bus," "The Prophet of Nazareth," "Indiscriminate Friendship," "Prospects of Game."

OTHER CONTENTS OF CURRENT MAGAZINES

129

July 28. "Disarmament," "The Dissolution of the Duma," "The Transvaal Constitution," "Mr. Morley on India," "The Wesleyan Conference and Public Houses," "Lashing the Vices of Society," "Narrow-Wideneds," "In Praise Sea Fishing."

SUBURBAN LIFE.

Four large full-page pictures portraying country scenes during August are pleasant features of the August number. All the other illustrations, and there are many of them, are equally enticing. The literary contents are decidedly readable. **Our Country Roads.** By Henrietta Soule.

Where Wild Fruits Grow and When They Ripen. By M. G. Peterson. **A Practical Greenhouse for the Suburban Home.** By L. W. C. Tait.

A Woman's \$2,400 Cottage. By G. D. Smith.

Well-Made Walks and Driveways. By Herbert J. Kellaway.

Evergreens for Everybody. By Arthur P. Anderson.

Why I Grow 100 Varieties of Grapes. By E. P. Powell.

Sowing Vegetable Seeds in August. By L. M. Angell.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

Ronsetelt is very much to the fore in the September number of the Success magazine. His picture appears on the cover, while in the opening article about thirty different photographs are scattered here and there.

How Roosevelt Plays the Game. By H. B. Needham.

Fools and Their Money. I. By Frank Faynt.

Taking the Hoe to Congress. By Samuel Mervin.

David Warfield. By J. Herbert Wells.

Poverty and Disease. By Orison S. Marden.

How to Write Humorous Verse. By Ellis Parker Butler.

SYSTEM.

The August System is well supplied with helpful articles on a wide range of subjects.

Landing the Big Fish.

The Vital Factor in Business Success.

Fifty-Five Years in Business. The Life of Marshall Field. IV.

The Battle for the World's Market. IX.

Advertising a Bank. I. Cost Accountants.—the Business Doctor.

TECHNICAL WORLD.

The August number is entirely readable. One of the best features is a series of photographs taken in Chicago packing houses, showing the actual state of affairs.

Are the Elements Transmutable? By Robert A. Millikan.

Inside the Great Chicago Packing Houses.

Women as Inventors. By Rene Bach.

Alcohol—the Anti-Tried Fuel. By D. A. Willey.

Baiting Silkworms in America. By John C. Cowan.

Educating a Half-Blind Nation. By F. B. Warren.

Giving Medicine to Trees. By Robert Franklin.

Workers Who Own Their Jobs. By Arthur Cook.

To Supplant Pneumatic Tires. By David Bercott.

Making a City to Order. By D. S. Peeler.

Walking on the Water. By M. G. Flagg.

In the September number we find the tendency to shorten the articles and increase their number, thus producing an extremely varied table of contents.

Selden's Explosive Buggy. By Leroy Scott.

When the Sun Grows Cold. By Paul P. Foster.

Three Hundred Shots a Minute. By D. S. Beale.

Over the Ice by Auto. By Max A. Brumner.

Doors of the Farm Horse. By David Bercroft.

New Rival of Panama Canal. By Rene Bache.

Six-Mile Tunnel Through Sierra Nevada. By J. M. Baltimore.

Gold in a Thousand Sand Pits. By Waldron Farwell.

Creating a New Harbor. By N. A. Bowers.

World's Great Canals. J. Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. By W. R. Stewart.

Ultimate End of Small Potatoes. By W. D. Graves.

Weaving Panama Hats. By M. Glen Fling.

WINDSOR.

Reproductions of some of the exquisite work of Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., form a pleasing feature of the August number of the Windsor, which is altogether an excellent issue. In it are to be found stories by Anthony Hope, S. R. Crockett and Jack London.

The Art of Mr. Marcus Stone. By R. C. Trafford.

Chronicles in Cartoon. IX. Rowing, Games and Athletics.

Sailing-Day. By B. J. Hyde.

Hats and Their Temperature. By H. J. Holmes.

The Kaiser: A Character Study. By Dr. Carl Peters.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The struggle for the rights of children continues in the September number.

Why a National Crusade Against Child Labor. By S. M. Lindsay.

In the Shadow of the Coal-Breaker. By Owen R. Lovejoy.

Free Alcohol: What it Means to the Household.

Egg Making as a Home Industry. By M. T. Priestman.

WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN).

In an article on "Wonderful Marine Photography" in the August number, some beautiful sea pictures in brown and green tints are reproduced. A sketch of Admiral Togo and a health article by Dr. Galieck, are well worth reading.

The Real Cause of the Russian Massacres.

Pitfalls Investors Must Avoid.

The Secret of Good Health. By Luther H. Gulick.

Wonderful Marine Photography. By W. A. Johnson.

China Transformed. By W. A. P. Martin.

The Players of the Game. By Freeman Harding.

Our Spendthrift Industry. By A. W. Van Zwaluwenborg.

The Pike's Peak Centennial. By Lawrence Lewis.

Horse-Racing and the Public. By Leroy Scott.

Admiral Togo. By Mary Crawford Fraser.

Desert Farming Without Irrigation. By Herbert Quick.

The Drama of Coal. By Henry Wadsworth.

OTHER CONTENTS OF CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Future of Manchuria. By Ernest Brindle.

Modern Diamond Mining in South Africa. By James Steerwood Huntington.

WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH).

A pleasant evening can be spent with the World's Work as a companion. By the time the reader has concluded such an excellent number as that for August he will have become acquainted with every progressive scientific movement in the world.

Drawing Ireland 100 Miles Nearer. By H. G. Archer.

Mining Diamonds in South Africa. By J. S. Hamilton.

Is the Turbine Doing Badly? By Robert Crombie.

The Return of a British Industry. By B. B. Chapman.

The Future of the British Navy. By Fred T. Jane.

Mr. Bryan and the Presidency. By George Turnbull.

What Becomes of Horses' Hair. By John Mackie.

The New Peat Fuel. By Frederick A. Talbot.

The Uses of Heather. Money in Mushrooms. By "Home Counties."

The March of Events. By Henry Norman, M.P.

How the Motor Bicycle will Become Popular. By Rev. B. H. Davies.

What the Lady Inspectors Saw. Fakes in the Market. By Percy Collins.

The Dog in Harness. By J. E. Whitney.

WORLD TO-DAY.

Articles on Cobalt and Coney Island, with many illustrations are

timely features of the August number of the World Today. The departments, "Events of the Month" and "The Making of To-Morrow" are as usual well prepared.

The New State of Oklahoma. By Grant Foreman.

What an Immigrant Inspector Found in Europe. By F. A. Ogg.

Roosevelt's Successes and Failures. By Charles M. Harvey.

A Hobday in Tahiti. By L. O'Connell.

New York's City of Play. By R. W. Neale.

College Men in Business. By H. J. Hapgood.

Cobalt, the Silver Land. By George L. Styker.

Sculpture for Municipal Decoration. By Lena M. McCauley.

The New Theatre for Chicago. By Wallace Rice.

The Work of the Anti-Saloon League. By W. F. McTigue.

The Making of a Socialist. By William Hard.

Paul Reinchach. By L. G. McCausie.

Gregory Maxine. By Foster Gilroy.

A Year at Panama Under Stevens. By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay.

YOUNG MAN.

The August issue has several features of interest for the young man on his summer vacation. Many of the articles will be found helpful.

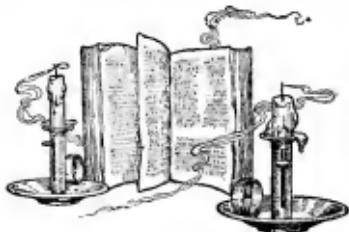
Cricketer and Missionary. By Mr. C. T. Studd.

Britain's Billions. By H. Madie Draper.

The Odour of Brine from the Ocean. Also Ran, —. By Charles F. Aked.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting Books of the Month Reviewed



In emulation of his British namesake, it is announced that the American Winston Churchill will shortly make a bid for political preferment as governor of New Hampshire. This announcement curiously follows on the heels of the publication of his latest novel, "Coniston," (the Macmillan Co. \$1.25) in which he presents a picture of state politics, that may be taken as giving his version of the situation in his own state. In the person of Jethro Bass, political boss, he has depicted a remarkable type of man. Jethro comes to maturity at a time when the political power in the state is in the hands of a body of conservatives, whose one idea is to maintain things as they are. Jethro cunningly undermines their power and suddenly emerges as a political boss.

For years he exercises arbitrary and illegal powers and then come the railway corporations and a bitter war for control begins. The book is, however, not merely a story of political intrigue. There is a deep hu-

man interest as well. Jethro himself has many lovable characteristics and there are other men and women introduced, who win the reader's regard. Judged as a whole "Coniston" is one of the most remarkable books of recent years and a welcome relief from the average novel of the day.

Those who enjoy sea stories will find their tastes gratified in a new romance by T. Jenkins Hains entitled "The Voyage of the Arrow." (Copp, Clark Co. \$1.25.) The story presents some novel features. Apart from the nautical flavor which permeates its pages and lends character to its incidents, there is worked out a somewhat unique plot. A convict ship is made to drift in a dead calm near to the Arrow, on board which the winter holds the birth of first mate. The convicts mutiny, burn their prison-ship and take possession of the Arrow. The mate, in order to save the heroine, who is next to the captain of the Arrow, makes a compact with the mutineers and navi-

gates the ship. The story of how he escapes with the girl is thrilling. Several typical sea characters figure in the tale.

In his latest book, "The Fortune Hunter," (McLeod & Allen, \$1.25), David Graham Phillips has made a new departure. Leaving the field of politics and finance from which he has been accustomed to select his subjects, his facile pen has produced a charming sketch of middle class German life in New York City. The reader is introduced to the Brauners, a typical family, simple, industrious, prosaic, whose philosophy of life is summed up in the three words, work, love, and home. The serenity of their lives is invaded by Mr. Feinstein, actor and dead-beat, whose melodramatic career and tragic end divide the interest with the sweet innocence of Hilda Brauner. There is a certain freshness and naivete about this story that is quite captivating.

A book of remarkable power and originality is the characterization which the reader is likely to bestow on "Henry Northcote," by J. C. Snail. (Copp, Clark Co. \$1.25.) Its interest is not based on the usual requirements of the mere story. It has, so to speak, neither time, action nor location. Even its characters are subordinated to its great theme—the eternal principles of law and justice. Henry Northcote is a genius after the order of Faust and although the book is more than a mere imitation it is constructed largely along the lines of Goethe's immortal drama. Bold and dashing in style and abounding in paradox, the author dares to follow arguments to their logical issues. The special pleading in the murder trial and the after scene in the judge's private room possess high literary mer-

it. Curious to the ordinary reader, this book cannot fail to elicit diversity of opinion from the reading public.

A sequel to "Pam," the novel by Bettina von Hutton, which created such a sensation last year, has appeared with the title, "Pam Deedes" (Munson Book Co. \$1.25.) In "Pam" the heroine is presented as a girl. In the new story she is twenty-seven. She is not conventional and has neither name, position nor inheritance. She is suddenly confronted with the problem of making a living for herself and her aged attendant. Just at the moment when her brave spirit has been tested almost to its limit Prince Charming appears in the person of Jack Lennox, and a competence is provided through a bequest from an old friend and admirer. From this point the story moves on through a number of charming and romantic incidents until the usual conventional ending is reached.

Several books by Guy Thorne, the author of "When it was Dark," have appeared recently. Among them probably the best is "Made in His Image" (Copp, Clark Co. \$1.25,) which in quality and treatment is equal to any of its predecessors. Two young men, equipped with all that social influence, wealth and political power can bestow, turn their attention to the solution of the difficult question of "the unemployed." Equally animated by patriotic motives, they are diametrically opposed in their methods. Charles Bosanquet, agnostic, inaugurates a process by which the unfit are to be gradually eliminated, with disastrous results. John Hazel, Christian, illustrates in his own person the divine way of self-sacrifice as the only effective

means of remunerating the lapsed masses.

As a story many of the incidents in Rider Haggard's latest novel, "The Way of the Spirit," (Messon Book Co. \$1.25) are highly improbable. As a study of faith and renunciation as principles of life attaining to victory over every trial and temptation it is intensely interesting. Rupert Ulenslaw, a man endowed with the finest qualities of mind and heart and within a mystic, has in his youth unwittingly sinned. He is henceforth under a vow of renunciation. Then Job-like he suffers loss and fiery temptation, yet to the very end he maintains his integrity and sins not. His wife, Edith, and the beautiful eastern maiden, Nea, are at once the sources of his greatest joy and his greatest sorrow. The scenes are laid in London and the Sudan. The book has much of the usual mysticism of the east that characterizes this well known and popular writer.

"Kenelm's Desire," by Hughes Cor nell (Munson Book Co. \$1.50) is a poetic love story with its scenes laid in British Columbia. The hero, Kenelm Fraser, an Alaska Indian, is adopted and educated by a Scotch family. Possessing mental gifts with ambition he becomes a political and social success. Meanwhile he meets and falls in love with Dente Llewellyn, a beautiful girl with musical tastes and ambitions. The only bar to their happiness is race prejudice on the part of the young lady's mother. This is eventually overcome and a happy consummation is reached. The

writer shows familiarity with the natural features and also the political and social conditions existing in the western province.

That tireless octogenarian, Goldwin Smith, has recently added yet another volume to his long list of literary productions, "In Quest of Light," (Macmillan Co. \$1.25) The light of which the author is in quest is that pertaining to man's existence after this life is ended. The traditional and the supernatural in religion he dismisses. The Mosaic story of the fall of man he declares has been dispelled by scientific research and with that dispelled so must also the doctrine of the atonement and the belief in the resurrection he discarded. Reason, he maintains, must rule, and Bishop Butler is quoted to sustain his argument. He scorns the idea of propounding any theory of his own and while he asserts that nothing positive is known in regard to the future life he leans rather to the belief that this life does not end all. Indeed, he asserts that without a belief in future life "interest in the future of our race would lose its force; reason would bid each man aim simply at a comfortable passage through life." But he holds that it is not on the old ground that the doctrine of a future life can be sustained. He suggests that in the process of time evolution may prove its existence and that the geo-plasm may terminate in spiritual life. Destruction, Goldwin Smith declares, is far from his object. "We seek amid these troubled waters to find if possible some anchorage for a reasonable faith."

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Men's Attire

EXTRACTS FROM AUGUST DRY GOODS REVIEW.

Comments on the Present Modes and Suggestions with a View to Greater Comfort—Indications of Coming Changes in Formal Evening Dress—Notes from Correspondents at the Leading Fashion Centres, London and New York.

TO the man who takes genuine pleasure at all times in the varieties of dress, the sweltering days of July and August present a problem of some intricacy. He likes as well as any one to be comfortable, but will not permit himself to accord with the disposition of many of his fellows to sacrifice some points of appearance to ease and coolness. With him the proprieties must be observed as far as possible, and his mind turns to the task of making materials and articles of hot-weather weight fit into the groove which correct form prescribes. This applies to everyday street wear; away from town he has no difficulty in being cool and comfortable without violating any of the conditions of the fashionable code.

Why is it not possible to adjust the strict ethics of dress so as to permit the wearing of white flannels, linens, pongees, etc., in town during the hot months? It looks practicable to us, and we believe it could be accomplished without creating any great disturbance. It would be an extremely sensible idea. At present these materials are properly regarded as being for out-of-town wear. Coats cut after a simple style that would establish a clearly marked distinction between them and the outing garments might be suggested. The business man would welcome the innovation gladly as a means to comfort from which he has long been barred.

The Review has encountered the prediction, from one who follows matters of dress closely, that the Summer of 1907 will be more of a

negligee season than any we have yet experienced. The vogue of materials of the lightest permissible shades is included in this. While we do not commit ourselves to this view, opinions of this kind are always worth noting.

Authorities on men's dress seem to feel that the time is coming for a change in the formal evening coat. The spoke-tailed garment has stood out during a long period against storms of criticism, and its vogue is not yet showing any particular signs of weakness. However, it is claimed that there is a growing sentiment in favor of such modifications as would establish, for one thing, a wider distinction between the gentleman at dinner and the man who waits upon him.

An attempt has been made in the United States to introduce colors into evening suit materials, but the movement was plainly along the wrong line. In England dark blue cloth, which in artificial light is said to be really blacker than black, has been introduced. These instances are looked upon as the thin edge of the wedge that will bring about a radical change in the formal evening coat.

A stiffened felt hat, shaped like a straw sailor, has been introduced in London. The colors are grey, brown and black.

In London the frock coat is to be made a good deal less snug at the waist than the coats worn now. The fit is smarter over the chest but relaxes below it.



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That a close bond of sympathy exists between waistcoats and neckwear must be admitted, or, perhaps, it might more aptly be said that the waistcoat dominates to a marked extent the style of neckwear that shall be used with it. Reflection upon this point is particularly interesting at the present time.

The vogue just now calls for a low-cut waistcoat, and by reason of the fact that a great deal of the tie is shown, plain colors, with a decided

fashion decree, which says that the waistcoat may be cut to within an inch or an inch and a half of the collar.

As soon as the moderate opening is again endorsed by the best authorities we will be permitted more latitude in the selection of neckwear. The less of it that shows the brighter the colors that may be utilized.

Plain colors have been in vogue for some time, and neckwear men are on the lookout for indications of a revulsion of public feeling. "Just let some people who are somebody appear on King street wearing bright-colored ties, and then watch the demand," said a Toronto member of the trade to *The Review*. "One good result of the continued run of the plain colors," he continued, "is the very fine quality of neckwear that is being turned out."

A new type of evening tie is illustrated. It is made with small tabs which may be buttoned to the collar button to prevent riding up.

Manufacturers have had trouble to meet the demand for four-in-hand wash ties this season. Business all through the range has been brisk, with plain whites or self-figured designs as the decided leaders. Better class trade took to linens and silks and linen mixtures.

* * *

Fancy waistcoats have sold exceedingly well, especially in the better class shops. Greys and white grounds were the favorites. In the Fall lines the range of greys is very attractive. Some smart waistcoats have a very decided dip in front and flap pockets.

* * *

The coat shirt and the attached cuffs have now established themselves firmly in the good graces of the pub-



New Evening Tie.

tendency toward the more sober tones, are the correct thing. Neckwear manufacturers feel that the extreme has been reached in this direction and that the pendulum will swing back before long. Already waistcoats with a higher cut are discussed seriously, and they are bound to come, in moderate form at any rate. We will not, however, be likely to follow the latest London

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The sale of the new soft collar has been lively, and for outing wear it gives good satisfaction. Use on the street has placed it somewhat lower in the scale of favor with smart people than it should be. They will receive it cordially again, for its intended purposes, when the popular trade drops it.

Moderation of the men's suit styles which obtained last Spring were inevitable, in accordance with the unimpeachable rule that whatever embodies an element of the freakish is destined for only temporary use. The long sack coat, it must be confessed, had quite a dresy appearance. From this must be subtracted the inconvenience which its length caused and the odd look of the pressed side-seams. The long vest-like vest was necessary to make the garment hang right, and also from the standpoint of comfort. The form-fitting waist could not logically hope to claim any lasting degree of popularity, that is, in the extreme cut.

The sack coat for Fall and Winter is shorter than the Spring model, which, however, sets its general lines. Pressed side seams are correct, but the vent has been dropped altogether. The form-fitting feature has been moderated considerably. Lapels are cut about the same. The breast pocket is obviated in many cases, and there is a tendency towards a smaller V-shaped opening at the bottom of the waistcoat front. To prevent unsightly curling of the points is the reason for this latter.

No change has been introduced into

the cut of the trousers. They are semi-peg-top, a garment which allows for plenty of leg room, and hangs well besides. It will likely be a considerable time before any innovation that aims to make the trousers fit more snugly will be accepted. As they are smart appearance is maintained without the sacrifice of comfort.

Trade which sought the paddock



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overcoat during the past two seasons will this Winter be served by a new garment. It is of moderate length, form-fitting, with a plain flare over the hips and long single vent. Pleated or pressed seams may be used if desirable.

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